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THE

CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. TOWN,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

------ NON DE VILLIS DOMIBUSVE ALIENIS,
NEC MALE NECNE LEPOS SALTET; SED QUOD MAGIS AD NOS
PERTINET, ET NESCIRE MALUM EST, AGITAMUS. ----
HOR.

THE FIFTH EDITION.

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THE

THE CONNOISSEUR.

By Mr. *TOWN*,

CRITIC and CENSOR-GENERAL.

NUMB. XXXVI. *Thurſday, October* 3, 1754.

Non ſic incerto mutantur flamine Syrtes,
Nec folia hyberno jam tremefacta Noto.
PROPERT.

Our Dreſs, ſtill varying, nor to forms confin'd,
Shifts like the ſands, the ſport of ev'ry wind.

I HAVE ſomewhere ſeen a picture, repreſenting a man and woman of every nation in the world, dreſt according to the mode of their reſpective countries. I could not help reflecting at the time, that the faſhions, which prevail in *England* for

the ſpace of a century, would enable any of our painters to fill a piece with as great a variety of habits; and that an *Engliſhman* or *Engliſhwoman*, in one part of it, would be no more like an *Engliſhman* or *Engliſhwoman* in the other, than a *Frenchman* reſembles a *Chineſe*. Very extraordinary revolutions have already happened in the habits of this kingdom; and as dreſs is ſubject to unaccountable changes, poſterity may perhaps ſee without ſurpriſe, our ladies ſtrut about in breeches, while our men waddle in hoop-petticoats.

In the days of queen *Elizabeth*, it was the faſhion for the ladies to conceal and wrap up as much of their bodies as they could: Their necks were encompaſſed with a broad ruff, which likewiſe ſpread itſelf over their boſoms; and their ſleeves were continued down and faſtened cloſe to their wriſts, while only their feet were allowed juſt to peep from beneath the modeſt fardingale; ſo that nothing was expoſed to the impertinent eye of man but their faces. Our modern ladies have run into the contrary extreme, and appear like ſo many rope-dancers: They have diſcarded as much of their cloaths as with any tolerable decency can be thrown off, and may be ſaid (like the *Indian*) to be all face: the neck

neck and boſom are laid bare, and diſentangled from the invidious veil of an handkerchief; the ſtays are ſunk half way down the waiſt, and the petticoat has riſen in the ſame proportion from the ancle. Nor is the lover only captivated by the naked charms, which meet his ſight before; but our ladies, like the *Parthians*, have alſo learned the art of wounding from behind, and attract our attention no leſs by laying their ſhoulders open to the view; which (as a young phyſician of my acquaintance once obſerved) makes them look, as if they were prepared to receive a bliſter. A Naked Lady is no longer the admiration only of a maſquerade: every public aſſembly will furniſh us with *Iphigenias* undreſt for the ſacrifice; and if the next ſummer ſhould happen to be an hot one, our ladies will perhaps improve on the thin veſture of the *Spartan* virgins, and appear abroad in nothing but a gauze ſhade and lawn petticoat. If the men ſhould take the hint from the other ſex, and begin to ſtrip in their turn, I tremble to think what may be the conſequence: for, if they go on in proportion with the women, we may ſoon expect to ſee our fine gentlemen, like the Highlanders, without breeches.

It would be endleſs to trace the ſtrange revolutions, that have happened in every part of the female dreſs within theſe few years. The hoop has been known to expand and contract itſelf from the ſize of a butter-churn to the circumference of three hogſheads: at one time it was ſloped from the waiſt in a pyramidical form; at another it was bent upwards like an inverted bow, by which the two angles, when ſqueezed up on each ſide, came in contact with the ears. At preſent it is nearly of an oval form, and ſcarce meaſures from end to end above twice the length of the wearer. The hoop has, indeed, loſt much of it's credit in the female world, and has ſuffered much from the innovation of ſhort ſacks and negligées; which, it muſt be confeſſed, are equally becoming to the lady of pleaſure and the lady of quality: for as the men will agree, that next to no cloaths at all nothing is more raviſhing than an eaſy diſhabille, our ladies for that reaſon perhaps come into public places, as if they were juſt got out of bed, or as if they were ready to go into it. This, while it is the faſhion, muſt be agreeable; but I muſt own, that I could ſooner approve of their encircling themſelves in ſo many ells of whalebone, than to ſee them affect to appear with their cloaths huddled on ſo looſely and indecently. This manner of

dreſſing,

dreſſing, or rather not dreſſing, was brought from *Paris:* but I would have my fair readers conſider, that as this looſe method of dreſs is calculated to hide any defects in the body, it is very impolitic to ſuffer all that ſymmetry and elegant turn of ſhape they are miſtreſſes of, to be ſmothered under it; ſince theſe habits can be of no more ſervice to their perſons, than paint (that other *Paris* commodity) can add to the natural red and white of their complexion, though perhaps it may heighten the ſallow viſages of the *French*.

But of all the branches of female dreſs, no one has undergone more alterations than that of the head. The long lappets, the horſe-ſhoe cap, the *Bruſſels* head, and the prudiſh mob pinned under the chin, have all of them had ther day. The preſent mode has rooted out all theſe ſuperfluous excreſſencies, and in the room of a ſlip of cambrick or lace has planted a whimſical ſprig of ſpangles or artificial flowrets. We may remember, when for a while the hair was tortured into ringlets behind: at preſent it is braided into a *queüe*, (like thoſe formerly worn by the men, and ſtill retaining the original name of *Ramillies*) which, if it were not reverted upwards, would make us imagine, that our fine ladies were afflicted with the *Plica Polonica*,

If the caps have paſſed through many metamorphoſes, no leſs a change has been brought about in the other coverings contrived for the head. The diminutive high-crowned hat, the bonnet, the hive, and the milk-maid's chip hat, were reſcued for a time from old women and ſervant girls, to adorn heads of the firſt faſhion. Nor was the method of cocking hats leſs fluctuating, 'till they were at length ſettled to the preſent mode; by which it is ordered, that every hat, whether of ſtraw or ſilk, whether of the chambermaid or miſtreſs, muſt have their flaps turned up perpendicularly both before and behind. If the end of a fine lady's dreſs was not rather ornamental than uſeful, we ſhould think it a little odd, that hats, which ſeem naturally intended to ſcreen their faces from the heat or ſeverity of the weather, ſhould be moulded into a ſhape, that prevents their anſwering either of theſe purpoſes: but we muſt, indeed, allow it to be highly ornamental, as the preſent hats worn by the women are more bold and impudent than the broad-brimmed ſtaring *Kevenhullers* worn a few years ago by the men. Theſe hats are alſo decorated with two waving pendants of ribband, hanging down from the brim on the left ſide. I am not ſo much offended at the flaming air, which theſe ſtreamers carry with them,

as

as I am afraid leſt it ſhould ſpoil the charming eyes of my pretty country-women, which are conſtantly provoked to caſt a glance at them; and I have myſelf often obſerved an obliging ogle or raviſhing leer intercepted by theſe mediums; ſo that, when a lady has intended to charm her lover, ſhe has ſhocked him with an hideous ſquint.

THE ladies have long been ſeverely rallied on their too great attention to finery: but, to own the truth, dreſs ſeems at preſent to be as much the ſtudy of the male part of the world as the female. We have gentlemen, who "will lay "a whole night (as *Benedick* ſays) carving the "faſhion of a new doublet." They have their toilettes too, as well as the ladies, ſet out with waſhes, perfumes and coſmetics; and will ſpend the whole morning in ſcenting their linnen, dreſſing their hair, and arching their eyebrows. Their heads (as well as the ladies) have undergone various mutations, and have worn as many different kinds of wigs, as the block at their barber's. About fifty years ago they buried their heads in a buſh of hair; and the beaux (as *Swift* ſays) "lay hid beneath the penthouſe of a full-bot-"tomed periwig." But as they then ſhewed nothing but the noſe, mouth and eyes, the fine

gentlemen of our time not only oblige us with their full faces, but have drawn back the ſide curls quite to the tip of the ear.

As *France* appears to be the wardrobe of the world, I ſhall conclude my paper with a piece of ſecret hiſtory, which gives us ſome inſight into the origin of deriving all our faſhions from thence. ——— The celebrated lord *Foppington*, among his other amours, had once an intrigue with a milliner of *Covent-Garden*, who after ſome time brought a lovely girl into the world, and called her after his lordſhip's ſurname, FASHION. The milliner brought up the child in her own houſe 'till the age of fifteen, at which time ſhe grew very preſſing with lord *Foppington* to make ſome proviſion for his daughter. My lord, who was never much pleaſed with this conſequence of his amours, that he might be rid of the girl for ever, put her into the hands of a friend, who was going abroad, to place her in a nunnery: but the girl, who had very little of the veſtal in her diſpoſition, contrived to eſcape from her conductor, and flew to *Paris*. There her beauty and ſprightlineſs ſoon procured her many friends; and ſhe opened a genteel ſhop in her mother's buſineſs. She ſoon made herſelf remarkable for contriving the moſt elegant head-dreſſes, and cutting

cutting out ruffles with the moſt raviſhing ſlope: her fancy was beſides ſo inexhauſtible, that ſhe almoſt every day produced a great variety of new and beautiful patterns. She had many adorers, and at laſt married his Moſt Chriſtian Majeſty's taylor. This alliance brought the dreſs of all *Paris* under their juriſdiction; and the young lady, out of a natural love to her native country, propoſed the extending their care to the fine gentlemen and ladies of *London*. In perſuance of this, *Monſieur* her huſband, two or three times in the year, tranſmits a ſuit of cloaths entirely *à la Paris* as a Pattern to *Meſſieurs Regnier* and *Lynch* of *Leiceſter-Fields* and *Pall-Mall*, while his wife ſends over a little wooden *Mademoiſelle* to her relations in *Taviſtock-Street*.

NUMB. XXXVII. *Thurſday, October* 10, 1754.

—— —— —— Eja! ſudabis ſatis,
Si cum illo incæptas homine: ea eloquentia eſt!
TER.

By my troth, you will ſweat for it, if you once begin with this man: he has ſuch amazing eloquence.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me, that after having conſidered the Art of Speaking in the Theatre, as alſo celebrated the practice of it in the *Robin Hood* Society, my remarks will not be complete, except I take notice of the extraordinary eloquence of the *Clare-Market* Orator. He deſires me to remember, that this Univerſal Genius has from time to time declared from his Roſtrum with a thundering elocution,—"that "there is but one Orator in the world, and He "is the man—that Sir *Robert Walpole*, and all "the great men in the kingdom, have been His "ſcholars—and that Biſhops have come to his "Oratory to learn to preach."

I HAVE, indeed, obſerved with a good deal of concern, that the Orator has of late diſcontinued to oblige the public with his Sunday evening lectures

lectures as uſual. Inſtead of ſeeing his Oratory-Chapel ſhut up, I was in hopes, that every pariſh church in the kingdom would be opened on the ſame principles. How much more ſalutary were his tenets, ſetting forth the ſufficiency of reaſon, than the cold doctrine of our clergy preaching up the neceſſity of faith! how ſuperior was his form of prayer to our whole liturgy, and how much better adapted to particular occaſions! — "A "Prayer for a ſinking bridge!—Prayer for the "White Roſe! — Prayer for *Jackſon*'s Journal! "—Prayer for the heads on *Temple-Bar!*"—— In theſe pious addreſſes he would firſt invoke the Supreme Being in the moſt ſolemn manner; then ſuddenly ſlide into the familiar, and pray,— "that we might not hear the croaking of *Dutch* "*Nightingales* in the king's chambers; —— or on another occaſion, "that our clergy might "not ſtudy *Shakeſpeare* more than the Goſpel, "and that they might be rather employed on "the Evangeliſts, than *As you like it*, or *Much* "*ado about nothing*".

I CANNOT but likewiſe lament the loſs of the entertainment, which his Advertiſements uſed to give us every Saturday in the news-papers. The terms in which they were commonly expreſſed were clear and elegant, and furniſhed the reader

with an admirable idea of the Doctor's manner from the pulpit. For inſtance, when he told you his text was from *Iſaiah*, and quoted theſe words "—*Strt!* 10 *Jun! No Hnvr! Down with* "*the Rmp!*—we might form a tolerable judgment of the great reverence he paid the Bible; and when he called his Aſſembly—"*The* ORA- "TORY—P. *Charles*'s *Chapel*"—we might gueſs at his loyalty and patriotiſm. Theſe were the advantages, which we derived from his Chapel; and if the Oratory remains ſhut, I ſhall begin to fear, that things will continue in their preſent ſhocking ſtate; and that the Scheme lately propoſed in one of my papers *for aboliſhing Chriſtianity* will not take effect; at which I am more particularly concerned, as it will hinder the advancement of this great man. For, if ſuch a revolution ſhould happen in the church, the Orator's principles would be found ſo entirely fundamental, that he would probably then hold ſome honourable ſtation, equal to our preſent Archbiſhop of *Canterbury*.

THE public for theſe reaſons will doubtleſs join with me in a petition, that this illuſtrious Divine would again reſume his ſtation in the pulpit: at leaſt I could wiſh, that ſome able Theologiſt, who has been long practiſed in deciding

ciding on the moſt abſtruſe points of religion in the *Robin Hood* Society, may be deputed, in the abſence of the Orator, to officiate as his curate. I would alſo recommend it to the members of the abovementioned Society to attend theſe lectures regularly; whence they may gather ſtronger arguments for their diſputations, than from reading *Collins*, *Chubb*, *Tindal*, *Bolingbroke*, or any other orthodox Free-thinker whatever. Upon the whole I cannot conclude without obſerving, that ſuch is the ingratitude of the age, that the ſingular merits of our Orator are not ſufficiently regarded. He is, indeed, deſervedly careſſed by the Butchers of *Clare-Market:* but had our Orator been born at *Athens* or *Rome*, he would certainly have been deified as the God of Butchers, have been worſhipped like *Oſiris* under the figure of a Calf, or have had a ſtatue erected to him in the *Forum* or *Market-Place* among the Shambles.

THUS much I thought myſelf bound to ſay in praiſe of the Orator and Oratory; as he has ſome time ago done me the honour of a letter, which I am very glad of this opportunity to communicate to my readers. The private epiſtles of *Tully* are very unequal to his orations: but the following letter is in the very ſtile and ſpirit of our Orator's animated diſcourſes from the pulpit. I ſhall therefore preſent it to the public exactly as

as I received it, (the emphatical words being diſtinguiſhed in ſtrict conformity to the original manuſcript) without preſuming to alter or ſuppreſs the leaſt ſyllable.

To Mr. BALDWIN *and Mr.* TOWN.

1754 *July* 26.

THE Liberty of the Preſs, as you practiſe it, and your author, Mr. Town, (i. e. Mr. No-body, for he dares not publiſh his Name, and abode, nor confront one he abuſes,) is the Greateſt of Grievances; it is the Liberty of Lying and of Slandering, and deſtroying Reputations, to make your Paper ſell; Reputation is dearer than Life, and your and your Scribbler's BLOOD ſhould anſwer your Scandal: —— You have publiſhed the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*, put *his Name* and *your own* into *it*; He and you have often beſpattered the *Orator and Oratory* in Claremarket —— the Oratory is NOT in Claremarket, which is in a different Pariſh; So that, You and He LYE: * and Butchers are [*ſeldom* blotted out]

* This reminds me of a ſimilar defence made by *Ward* the doggrel-writer, whoſe genius for poetry was exactly of a piece with that of our Orator for proſe compoſitions. *Jacob*, in his Account of *Ward*, happened to ſay, that "of late years he had kept a "public houſe in the city." This Mr. *Ward* highly reſented; and in a book, called *Apollo's Maggot*, declared it to be a LYE, proteſting, "that his public houſe was NOT in the City, but in *Moor-Fields*."

never

never there;——You both LYE too in saying, that it is calculated (INTENDED) for Atheism and Infidelity,——its Religion is——the 'Obligation of Man to resemble the Attributes of God to his power, by the practice of Universal Right Reason; believing Christianity of Christ call'd Reason the wisdom of God.—This is the Reverse of Atheism and Infidelity——and Blasphemy.'——

The writer of the following, who signs himself a Member of the *Robin Hood* Society, threatens me, that in case I do not print his letter immediately, the Question "Whether Mr. TOWN be "a greater fool or a scoundrel," shall be debated at their next meeting.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

I WOULD have you to know, that the person as sent you the account of our Club did not do right. He represents us all as a pack of tradesmen and mechanics, and would have you think as how there are no gentlemen among us. But that is not the case: I am a gentleman, and we have a great many topping people besides. Though Mr. President is but a baker, and we have a shoemaker, and some other handicraftsmen, that come to talk; yet I can assure you they know as much of

of religion and the good of their country, (and other ſuch matters,) as any of we gentlemen. But, as I ſaid, we have a good many topping folks beſides myſelf: for there is not a night, but we have ſeveral young lawyers and counſellors, and doctors, and ſurgeons, and captains, and poets, and players, and a great many Iriſhmen and Scotchmen (very fine ſpeakers) who follow no buſineſs; beſides ſeveral foreigners, who are all of them great men in their own country. And we have one ſquire, who lives at t'other end of the town, and always comes in his chariot.

And ſo as I ſaid, we have a good many tip-top people, as can talk as well as any of your play-folks or parſons: and as for my part every body knows that I am a lord's gentleman, and never was the man that wore a livery in my life. I have been of the Club more or leſs off and on for theſe ſix years, and never let a queſtion paſs me, Mr. Preſident knows it: and though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it, I can talk (and ſo can any of our Club) as well as the beſt of you poets can write. And ſo as I ſaid, I expect you will put it in your paper, that we have a great many gentlemen in our Club beſides myſelf.

Your humble ſervant,

T JAMES WAIT.

NUMB. XXXVIII. *Thurſday, October* 17, 1754.

—— Equos ut qui mercantur. —— HOR.

To have and hold for better or for worſe,
We buy a wife, juſt as we buy an horſe.

AT a certain coffee-houſe near the *Temple*, the bar is kept by a pretty coquet; a piece of furniture almoſt as neceſſary for a coffee-room in that ſituation as the news-papers. This lady, you may be ſure, has many admirers, who are now and then glad of an opportunity to relieve themſelves from the ſevere ſtudy of the law by a ſoft converſation with this fair one, and repeating on the occaſion all the tender things they can remember from plays, or whatever elſe *Orgeat* or *Capillaire* can inſpire. Among the many pretenders to her favour there is one faithful ſwain, who has long entertained a ſerious paſſion for her. This tender-hearted gentleman, who is grown ſo lean with living upon love, that one would imagine "the blaſts of *January* would "blow him through and through," comes every evening, and ſits whole hours by the bar, gazing at his miſtreſs, and taking in large draughts of love and hyſon tea. Never was ſwain in ſuch cruel

cruel circumſtances. He is forced to bear with patience all the haughty inſolence of this goddeſs of bread and butter; who, as ſhe knows him in her power, keeps him at a diſtance, though ſhe behaves with the perteſt familiarity to the other coxcombs, who are continually buzzing about her. At eleven he ſneaks off pale and diſcontented; but cannot forbear coming again the next evening, though he knows how vilely he ſhall be uſed by his miſtreſs, and that he is laughed at even by the waiters.

If all true lovers were obliged, like this unhappy gentleman, to carry on their courtſhips in public, we ſhould be witneſs to many ſcenes equally ridiculous. Their aukward deſire of pleaſing influences every trivial geſture; and when love has once got poſſeſſion of a man's heart, it ſhews itſelf down to the tips of his fingers. The converſation of a languiſhing *inamorato* is made up chiefly of dumb ſigns, ſuch as ſighs, ogles, or glances: but if he offers to break his paſſion to his miſtreſs, there is ſuch a ſtammering, faultering, and half-wording the matter, that the language of love, ſo much talked of by poets, is in truth no language at all. Whoever ſhould break in upon a gentleman and lady, while ſo critical a converſation is going forward, would

would not forbear laughing at ſuch an extraordinary *tête à tête*, and would perhaps cry out with *Ranger*, that "nothing looks ſo ſilly as a pair "of your true lovers."

SINCE true and ſincere love is ſure to make it's votaries thus ridiculous, we cannot ſufficiently commend our preſent people of quality, who have made ſuch laudable attempts to deliver themſelves and poſterity from it's bondage. In a faſhionable wedding the man or woman are neither of them conſidered as reaſonable creatures, who come together in order to "comfort, love, "cheriſh, honour or obey," according to their reſpective duties, but are regarded merely as inſtruments of joining one eſtate to another. Acre marries acre; and to increaſe and multiply their fortunes, is in genteel matches the chief conſideration of man and wife. The courtſhip is carried on by the council of each party; and they pay their addreſſes by billet-doux upon parchment. The great conveniency of expelling love from matrimony is very evident: Married perſons of quality are never troubled with each others company abroad, or fatigued with dull matrimonial diſcourſes at home: My lord keeps his girl, my lady has her gallant; and they both enjoy all the faſhionable privilege of wedlock

wedlock without the inconveniences. This would never be the caſe, if there was the leaſt ſpark of love ſubſiſting between them; but they muſt be reduced to the ſame ſituation with thoſe wretches who (as they have nothing to ſettle on each other but themſelves) are obliged to make up the deficiencies of fortune by affection. But while theſe miſerable, fond, doating, unfaſhionable couples are obliged to content themſelves with love and a cottage, people of quality enjoy the comforts of indifference and a coach and ſix.

THE late Marriage-Act is excellently adapted to promote this prudential proceeding with reſpect to wedlock. It will in time inevitably aboliſh the old ſyſtem of founding matrimony on affection; and marrying for love will be given up for the ſake of marrying according to Act of Parliament. There is now no danger of an handſome worthy young fellow of ſmall fortune running away with an heireſs; for it is not ſufficient to inſinuate himſelf into the lady's favour by a voluble tongue and a good perſon, unleſs he can alſo ſubdue the conſiderate parents or guardians by the merits of his rent-roll. As this act promotes the method of diſpoſing of children by way of bargain and ſale, it conſequently puts an end to that ridiculous courtſhip, ariſing from ſimple

love.

love. In order therefore to confirm (as far as poſſible) the happy conſequences of this Act, I have been long endeavouring to hit on ſome expedient, by which all the circumſtances preparatory to wedlock may be carried on in a proper manner. A *Smithfield* bargain being ſo common in metaphor, I had once ſome thoughts of propoſing to realize it, and had almoſt completed a plan, by which all the young perſons (like ſervant girls at a ſtatute-fair in the country) were to be brought to market, and diſpoſed of in one part of *Smithfield*, while the ſheep and horſes were on ſale in another.

In the midſt of theſe ſerious conſiderations, I received a ſcheme of this nature from my good friend Mr. Keith, whoſe chapel the late Marriage Act has rendered uſeleſs on it's original principles. This reverend gentleman, ſeeing that all huſbands and wives are henceforward to be put up to ſale, propoſes ſhortly to open his chapel on a more new and faſhionable plan. As the ingenious Meſſieurs *Henſon* and *Bever* have lately opened in different quarters of the town Repoſitories for all horſes to be ſold by auction; Mr. Keith intends ſetting up a Repoſitory for all young males and females to be diſpoſed of in marriage. From theſe ſtuds (as the Doctor himſelf expreſſes

expreſſes it) a lady of beauty may be coupled to a man of fortune, and an old gentleman, who has a colt's tooth remaining, may match himſelf with a tight young filly.

THE Doctor makes no doubt, but his Chapel will turn out even more to his advantage on this new plan than on it's firſt inſtitution, provided he can ſecure his ſcheme to himſelf, and reap the benefits of it without interlopers from the *Fleet*. To prevent his deſign being pirated, he intends petitioning the parliament, that as he has been ſo great a ſufferer by the Marriage Act, the ſole right of opening a Repoſitory of this ſort may be veſted in him, and that his place of reſidence in *May-Fair* may ſtill continue the grand mart for marriages. Of the firſt day of ſale proper notice will be given in the public papers; and in the mean time I am deſired to communicate the following ſpecimen of his ſtock to my readers.

CATALOGUE *of* MALES *and* FEMALES, *to to be diſpoſed of in Marriage to the Beſt Bidder, at Mr.* KEITH's *Repoſitory in* May-Fair.

A LADY of Quality, very high blood; related by the mother's ſide to a peer of *France*; her Dam came from one of the oldeſt families in *Wales*, and her great great great Grandſire was brought

brought over with *William* the Conqueror. Fit to go in a coach and ſix, and proper for any rich tradeſman, who is deſirous to mend the breed. Her loweſt price to prevent trouble is 500*l. per ann.* pin-money, and a proportionable jointure.

A Young Lady of 100,000*l.* fortune—to be bid for by none under the degree of peers, or a commoner of at leaſt treble the income.

An Homely Thing that can read, write, caſt accounts, and make an excellent pudding.—— This lot to be bid for by none but ſhop-keepers or country parſons.

Three Maiden Ladies—Aged—to be bid for by none but ſtout young fellows of ſix foot, ſound wind and limb, and without blemiſh.

Four Widows, young and rich—to be bid for by none but things of mettle and high blood.

The Daughter of a Country Squire—the father of this Lady came to town to ſell a yoke of oxen at *Smithfield*, and a load of hay in the *Hay-Market*. Whoever buys them ſhall have the Lady into the bargain.

A Methodiſt Lady, Relict of a Knight deceaſed within this twelvemonth—would be a good bargain to any handſome young gentleman, who would comfort her in the Spirit.

A very

A very pretty Young Woman, but a good deal in debt—would be glad to marry a Member of Parliament, or a Jew.

An handſome Houſekeeper, juſt come out of the country—would do for any private gentleman. She has been uſed to go in an one-horſe-chair, and is fit for a citizen's ſervice on a Sunday.

A tall *Iriſhman*, warranted ſound, lately in the poſſeſſion of a Lady Dowager. The reaſon of his being ſold, is that the owner (who is married) has no further uſe for him.

A Blood of the firſt rate, very wild, and has run looſe all his life, but is now *broke*, and will prove very tractable.

An Hackney Writer, troubled with the farcy, broken-winded, and very poor——would be glad to be releaſed from his preſent maſter, a book-ſeller, and bear the leſs grievous yoke of matrimony. Whoever will take him into feeding, ſhall have his *Pegaſus* into the bargain.

A Young Ward, now in training at *Eton* ſchool.——The guardian is willing to part with him to any lady for a round ſum of money.—— If not ſold, he will be ſent into the country, and matched with his guardian's daughter.

Five

Five Templars—all Iriſh—No one to bid for theſe lots of leſs than 10,000 *l.* fortune.

Wanted—four dozen of Young Fellows, and one dozen of Young Women willing to marry to advantage—to go to *Nova Scotia*

W

NUMB. XXXIX. *Thurſday, October* 24, 1754.

——— Sepulchri
Mitte ſupervacuos honores. HOR.

Theſe but the trappings and the ſigns of woe.
SHAKESPEARE.

AS I was paſſing the other night through a narrow little lane in the ſkirts of the city, I was ſtopped by a grand proceſſion of an hearſe and three mourning-coaches drawn by ſix horſes, accompanied with a great number of flambeaus and attendants in black. I naturally concluded, that all this parade was employed to pay the laſt honours to ſome eminent perſon, whoſe conſequence in life required, that his aſhes ſhould receive all the reſpect, which his friends and relations could pay them: but I could not help ſmiling, when upon enquiry I was told, that the corpſe (on whom all this expence had been laviſhed) was no other than *Tom Taſter* the cheeſe-

monger, who had lain in ſtate all the week at his houſe in *Thames-ſtreet*, and was going to be depoſited with his anceſtors in *White-Chapel* burying-ground. This illuſtrious perſonage was the ſon of a butcher in *White-Chapel*, and died, indeed, but in indifferent circumſtances: his widow, however, for the honour of *her* family, was reſolved at all events to BURY HIM HANDSOMELY.

I HAVE already taken notice of that ridiculous affectation among the middling ſort of people, which induces them to make a figure beyond their cirucmſtances: Nor is this vanity leſs abſurd, which extends to the duſt, and by which the dead are made acceſſary to robbing the living. I have frequently known a greater ſum expended at the funeral of a tradeſman, than would have kept his whole family for a twelvemonth; and it has more than once happened, that the next heir has been flung into goal, for not being able to pay the undertaker's bill.

THIS abſurd notion of being HANDSOMELY BURIED has given riſe to the moſt contradictory cuſtoms, that could poſſibly be contrived for the advantage of death-hunters. As funerals are at preſent conducted, all diſtinction is loſt among us; and there is no more difference between the duke

duke and the dancing-maſter in the manner of their burial, than is to be found between their duſt in the grave. It is eaſy to account for the introduction of the hearſe and mourning-coach in our funeral ceremonies; though their propriety is entirely deſtroyed by the promiſcuous uſe of them. Our ancient and noble families may be ſuppoſed to have particular family-vaults near their manſion-houſes in the country, and in which their progenitors have been depoſited for ages. It is therefore very natural, that perſons of diſtinction, who had been uſed to be conveyed to their country-ſeats by a ſet of horſes, ſhould be alſo tranſported to their graves by the ſame number; and be attended with the ſame magnificence at their deaths, which they had been accuſtomed to in their lives. But the ſpirit of affecting the manners of the great has made the loweſt plebeians vie with people of quality in the pomp of their burials: A tradeſman, who has trudged on foot all his life, ſhall be carried after death, ſcarce an hundred yards from his houſe, with the equipage and retinue of a lord; and the plodding cit, whoſe ambition never ſoared beyond the occaſional one-horſe-chair, muſt be dragged to his long home by ſix horſes. Such an ill-timed oſtentation of grandeur appears to me no leſs ridiculous than the vanity of the highwayman, who ſold

his body to the ſurgeons, that he might hire a mourning-coach, and go to the gallows like a gentleman.

THERE is another cuſtom, which was doubtleſs firſt introduced by the great, but has been ſince adopted by others, who have not the leaſt title to it. The herald's office was originally inſtituted for the diſtinction and preſervation of gentility; and nobody is allowed to bear a coat of arms unleſs it is peculiarly appropriated to the family, and the bearer himſelf is entitled to that honourable badge. From this conſideration we may account for the practice of hanging the hearſe round with eſcutcheons, on which the arms of the deceaſed were blazoned, and which ſerved to denote whoſe aſhes it conveyed. For the ſame purpoſe, an atchievement was afterwards fixed over the door of the late habitation of the deceaſed. This enſign of death may fairly be indulged, where the perſons are enobled by their birth or ſtation, and where it ſerves to remind the paſſer-by of any great or good actions performed by the deceaſed, or to inſpire the living with an emulation of their virtues. But why, forſooth, cannot an obſcure or inſignificant creature go out of the world, without advertiſing it by the atchievement? For my part, I generally conſider it as a bill on an empty houſe, which ſerves the widow to acquaint us, that the former tenant

tenant is gone, and that another occupier is wanted in his room. Many families have, indeed, been very much perplexed in making out their right to this mark of gentility, and great profit has ariſen to the herald's office by the purchaſe of arms for this purpoſe. Many a worthy tradeſman of plebeian extraction has been made a gentleman after his deceaſe by the courteſy of his undertaker; and I once knew a keeper of a tavern, who not being able to give any account of his wife's genealogy, put up his ſign, the *King's Arms*, for an atchievement at her death.

It was the cuſtom, in the time of the plague, to fix a mark on thoſe houſes, in which any one had died. This probably may have given riſe to the general faſhion of hanging up an atchievement. However this be, it is now deſigned as a polite token, that a death has happened in the family; and might reaſonably be underſtood as a warning to keep people from intruding on their grief. No ſuch thing is, indeed, intended by it; I am therefore of opinion, that it ought every where to be taken down after the firſt week. Whatever outward ſigns of mourning may be preſerved, no regard is ever paid to them within: the ſame viſitings, the ſame card-playings, are carried on as before; and ſo little reſpect is ſhewn to the

atchievement, that if it happens (as it often does) to interſect one of the windows in the grand apartment, it is occaſionally removed, whenever the lady dowager gives a grand entertainment.

THIS naturally leads me to conſider how much "the cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black," and the other "trappings and ſigns of woe," are become a mere farce and matter of form only. When a perſon of diſtinction goes out of the world, not only the relations, but the whole houſehold, muſt be cloathed in ſable. The kitchen-wench ſcours her diſhes in crape, and the helper in the ſtables rubs down his horſes in black leathern breeches. Every thing muſt put on a diſmal appearance: even the coach muſt be covered and lined with black. This laſt particular, it is reaſonable to imagine, is intended (like a death's head on the toilette) to put the owner conſtantly in mind, that the pomp of the world and all gay purſuits are but vain and periſhable. Yet what is more common, than for theſe vehicles to wait at the doors of the theatres, the opera-houſe, and other public places of diverſion? Thoſe, who are carried in them, are as little affected by their diſmal appearance, as the horſes that draw them; and I once ſaw with great ſurpriſe an harlequin, a ſcaramouch, a ſhepherdeſs,

herdeſs, and a black ſattin devil, get into a mourning-coach to go to a jubilee maſquerade.

If I ſhould not be thought to lay too much ſtreſs on the leſſer formalities obſerved in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning-ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady, who wore on the ſame finger a ring ſet round with death's heads and croſs marrow-bones, for the loſs of her father, and another prettily embelliſhed with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in reſpect to her lover. But what I moſt of all admire is the ingenious contrivance, by which perſons ſpread the tidings of the death of their relations to the moſt diſtant parts, by means of black-edged paper, and black ſealing-wax. If it were poſſible to inſpect the ſeveral letters that bear about them theſe external tokens of grief, I believe we ſhould hardly ever find the contents of the ſame gloomy complexion: a merry tale, or an amorous *billet-doux*, would be much oftener found to be conveyed under theſe diſmal paſports, than doleful lamentations or reflections on mortality: and, indeed, theſe mock ſigns of woe are ſo little attended to, that a perſon opens one of theſe letters with no more concern, than is felt by the poſtman who brings it.

We cannot ſuppoſe, that black-edged paper was ever intended to be defiled by vulgar hands, but was contrived, like gilt paper, for the uſe of the polite world only. But alas! we muſt always be aping the manners of our betters. My agent ſends me letters about buſineſs upon gilt paper; and a ſtationer near the *'Change* tells me, that he not only ſells a great quantity of mourning paper to the citizens, but that he has lately blacked the edges of the ſhop-books for ſeveral tradeſmen. My readers muſt have ſeen an elegant kind of paper, imported from *France*, for the uſe of our fine ladies and gentlemen. An acquaintance of mine has contrived a new ſort of mourning paper on the ſame plan: and as the margin of the other is prettily adorned with flowers, true lovers knots, little *Cupids*, and amorous poſies in red ink; he intends, that the margin of his paper ſhall be diſmally ſtamped in black ink with the figures of tomb-ſtones, hour-glaſſes, bones, ſkulls, and other emblems of death, to be uſed by perſons of quality, when in mourning.

T

NUMB. XL. *Thurſday, October* 31, 1754.

Periculoſæ plenum opus aleæ. HOR.

Curſt is the wretch, enſlav'd to ſuch a vice,
Who ventures life and ſoul upon the dice.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

YOUR frequent ridicule of the ſeveral branches of Gaming has given me great pleaſure: I could only wiſh, that you had compleated the deſign by drawing at large the pourtrait of a gameſter. This, ſince you omitted it, I have ventured to undertake; and while your papers on this ſubject ſerve as a counter-treatiſe to that of *Hoyle* on Whiſt, Hazard, &c. my rough draught of the profeſſors of theſe arts may tend to illuſtrate the work, and ſtand as properly in the frontiſpiece, as the Knave of Clubs at the door of a cardmaker.

THE whole tribe of Gameſters may be ranked under two diviſions: Every man, who makes carding, dicing, and betting his daily practice, is either a Dupe or a Sharper; two characters,

equally the objects of envy and admiration. The Dupe is generally a perſon of great fortune and weak intellects,

"Who will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
"As aſſes are." SHAKESPEARE.

He plays, not that he has any delight in cards or dice, but becauſe it is the faſhion; and if whiſt or hazard are propoſed, he will no more refuſe to make one at the table, than, among a ſet of hard drinkers, he would object to drinking his glaſs in turn, becauſe he is not dry.

THERE are ſome few inſtances of men of ſenſe as well as family and fortune, who have been Dupes and bubbles. Such an unaccountable itch of play has ſeized them, that they have ſacrificed every thing to it, and have ſeemed wedded to ſeven's the main, and the odd trick. There is not a more melancholy object than a gentleman of ſenſe thus infatuated. He makes himſelf and family a prey to a gang of villains, more infamous than highwaymen; and perhaps, when his ruin is completed, he is glad to join with the very ſcoundrels that deſtroyed him, and live upon the ſpoils of others, whom he can draw into the ſame follies that proved ſo fatal to himſelf.

HERE

HERE we may take a ſurvey of the character of a Sharper; and that he may have no room to complain of foul play, let us begin with his excellencies. You will perhaps be ſtartled, Mr. TOWN, when I mention the excellencies of a Sharper; but a Gameſter, who makes a decent figure in the world, muſt be endued with many amiable qualities, which would undoubtedly appear with great luſtre, were they not eclipſed by the odious character affixed to his trade. In order to carry on the common buſineſs of his profeſſion, he muſt be a man of quick and lively parts, attended with a Stoical calmneſs of temper, and a conſtant preſence of mind. He muſt ſmile at the loſs of thouſands; and is not to be diſcompoſed, though ruin ſtares him in the face. As he is to live among the great, he muſt not want politeneſs and affability; he muſt be ſubmiſſive, but not ſervile; he muſt be maſter of an ingenuous liberal air, and have a ſeeming openneſs of behaviour.

THESE muſt be the chief accompliſhments of our hero: but leſt I ſhould be accuſed of giving too favourable a likeneſs of him, now we have ſeen his outſide, let us take a view of his heart. There we ſhall find avarice the main ſpring, that moves the whole machine. Every Gameſter is

eaten up with avarice; and when this paſſion is in full force, it is more ſtrongly predominant than any other. It conquers even luſt; and conquers it more effectually than age. At ſixty we look at a fine woman with pleaſure: but when cards and dice have engroſſed our attention, women and all their charms are ſlighted at five and twenty. A thorough Gameſter renounces *Venus* and *Cupid* for *Plutus* and *Ames-ace*, and owns no miſtreſs of his heart except the Queen of Trumps. His inſatiable avarice can only be gratified by hypocriſy; ſo that all thoſe ſpecious virtues already mentioned, and which, if real, might be turned to the benefit of mankind, muſt be directed in a Gameſter towards the deſtruction of his fellow-creatures. His quick and lively parts ſerve only to inſtruct and aſſiſt him in the moſt dextrous method of packing the cards, and cogging the dice; his fortitude, which enables him to loſe thouſands without emotion, muſt often be practiſed againſt the ſtings and reproaches of his own conſcience; and his liberal deportment and affected openneſs is only a ſpecious veil, to recommend and conceal the blackeſt villainy.

It is now neceſſary to take a ſecond ſurvey of his heart; and as we have ſeen it's vices, let us conſider it's miſeries. The covetous man, who has

has not ſufficient courage or inclination to encreaſe his fortune by bets, cards, or dice, but is contented to hoard up his thouſands by theſts leſs public, or by cheats leſs liable to uncertainty, lives in a ſtate of perpetual ſuſpicion and terror; but the avaricious fears of the Gameſter are infinitely greater. He is conſtantly to wear a maſk; and like *Monſieur St. Croix*, coadjutor to that famous *empoiſonneuſe*, *Madame Brinvillier*, if his maſk falls off, he runs the hazard of being ſuffocated by the ſtench of his own poiſons. I have ſeen ſome examples of this ſort not many years ago, at *White*'s. I am uncertain, whether the wretches are ſtill alive; but if they are, they breathe like toads under ground, crawling amidſt old walls, and paths long ſince unfrequented.

BUT ſuppoſing that the Sharper's hypocriſy remains undetected, in what a ſtate of mind muſt that man be, whoſe fortune depends upon the inſincerity of his heart, the diſingenuity of his behaviour, and the falſe bias of his dice? What ſenſations muſt he ſuppreſs, when he is obliged to ſmile, although he is provoked; when he muſt look ſerene in the height of deſpair; and when he muſt act the Stoic, without the conſolation of one virtuous ſentiment, or one moral principle? How unhappy muſt he be even in that

that ſituation, from which he hopes to reap moſt benefit;—I mean, amidſt ſtars, garters, and the various herds of nobility? Their lordſhips are not always in an humour for play: they chuſe to laugh; they chuſe to joke; in the mean while our hero muſt patiently await the good hour, and muſt not only join in the laugh, and applaud the joke, but muſt humour every turn and caprice, to which that ſet of ſpoiled children, called bucks of quality, are liable. Surely his brother *Thicket*'s employment, of ſauntering on horſeback in the wind and rain 'till the *Reading* coach paſſes through *Smallberry-Green*, is the more eligible, and no leſs honeſt occupation.

THE Sharper has alſo frequently the mortification of being thwarted in his deſigns. Opportunities of fraud will not for ever preſent themſelves. The falſe die cannot be conſtantly produced, nor the packed cards always placed upon the table. It is then our Gameſter is in the greateſt danger. But even then, when he is in the power of fortune, and has nothing but mere luck and fair play on his ſide, he muſt ſtand the brunt, and perhaps give away his laſt guinea, as cooly as he would lend a nobleman a ſhilling.

OUR

OUR hero is now going off the ſtage, and his cataſtrophe is very tragical. The next news we hear of him is his death, atchieved by his own hand, and with his own piſtol. An inqueſt is bribed, he is buried at midnight, and forgotten before ſun-riſe.

THESE two pourtraits of a Sharper, wherein I have endeavoured to ſhew different likeneſſes in the ſame man, puts me in mind of an old print, which I remember at *Oxford*, of Count *Guiſcard*. At firſt ſight he was exhibited in a full-bottom wig, an hat and feather, embroidered cloaths, diamond buttons, and the full court-dreſs of thoſe days: but by pulling a ſtring, the folds of the paper were ſhifted, the face only remained, a new body came forward, and Count *Guiſcard* appeared to be a DEVIL.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

M. N.

NUMB. XLI. *Thurſday, November* 7, 1754.

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer. ——— HOR.

Gownſmen with Jockeys hold an equal pace,
Learn'd in the Turf, and Students of the Race.

Mr. *VILLAGE* to Mr. *TOWN*.

DEAR COUSIN,

THE following letter, occaſioned by the late races at *Newmarket*, and written by a fellow-commoner of ——— College, *Cambridge*, to a friend in *London*, fell into my hands by accident. The writer, if we may judge by his ſtile and manner, is really, according to the modern phraſe, a GENIUS. As I look upon his epiſtle to be a very curious original, I cannot help demanding for it a place in your paper, as well as for the remarks which I have taken the liberty to ſubjoin to it.

To JOHN WILDFIRE, *Eſq; to be left at Mrs.* DOUGLASS's, Covent-Garden, London.

Dear *Jack!* *October* 10, 1754.

I WAS in hopes I ſhould have met you at *Newmarket* races; but to ſay the truth, if your luck had turned out ſo bad as mine, you did better

better to ſtay away. *Dick Riot*, *Tom Loungeit*, and I went together to *Newmarket*, the firſt day of the meeting. I was mounted on my little bay mare, that coſt me thirty guineas in the North. I never croſſed a better tit in my life; and if her eyes ſtand, as I dare ſay they will, ſhe will turn out as tight a little thing as any in *England*. Then ſhe is as fleet as the wind. Why, I raced with *Dick* and *Tom* all the way from *Cambridge* to *Newmarket*: *Dick* rode his roan gelding, and *Tom* his cheſnut mare, (which, you know, have both ſpeed) but I beat them hollow. I cannot help telling you, that I was dreſſed in my blue riding-frock with plate-buttons, with a leather belt round my waiſt, my jemmy turn-down boots made by *Tull*, my brown ſcratch bob, and my hat with the narrow ſilver-lace, cocked in the true ſporting taſte: ſo that altogether I don't believe there was a more *knowing* figure upon the courſe. I was very fluſh too, *Jack*; for *Michaelmas-day* happening damn'd luckily juſt about the time of the races, I had received fifty guineas for my quarterage. As ſoon as I came upon the courſe, I met with ſome jolly bucks from *London*. I never ſaw them before; however, we were ſoon acquainted, and I took up the odds; but I was damnably let in, for I loſt thirty pieces ſlap, the firſt day. The day or two after, I had no remarkable

markable luck one way or the other; but at laſt I laid all the caſh I had left upon lord *March's Smart*, who loſt, you know; but between you and me, I have a great notion *Tom Marſhal* rode booty. However, I had a mind to puſh my luck as far as I could; ſo I ſold my poor little mare for twelve pieces, went to the coffee-houſe, and left them all behind me at the gaming-table; and I ſhould not have been able to have got back to *Cambridge* that night, if *Bob Whip* of *Trinity* had not taken me up in his Phaeton. We have had a round of dinners at our rooms ſince; and I have been drunk every day to drive away care. However I hope to recruit again ſoon: *Frank Claſſic* of *Pembroke* has promiſed to make me out a long catalogue of *Greek* books; ſo I will write directly to old Square-toes, ſend him the liſt, tell him I have taken them up, and draw on him for money to pay the bookſeller's bill. Then I ſhall be rich again, *Jack*; and perhaps you may ſee me at the *Shakeſpeare* by the middle of next week; 'till when, I am,

Dear *Jack*, yours,

T. FLAREIT.

I HAVE often lamented the narrow plan of our Univerſity Education, and always obſerve with pleaſure any attempts to enlarge and improve it.

In

In this light, I cannot help looking on *Newmarket* as a judicious ſupplement to the univerſity of *Cambridge*, and would recommend it to the young ſtudents to repair duly thither twice a year. By theſe means they may connect the knowledge of polite life with ſtudy, and come from college as deeply verſed in the genteel myſteries of Gaming, as in *Greek*, *Latin*, and the Mathematics. Attending theſe ſolemnities muſt, indeed, be of great ſervice to every rank of ſtudents. Thoſe, who are intended for the church, have an opportunity of tempering the ſeverity of their character, by an happy mixture of the jockey and clergyman. I have known ſeveral, who by uniting theſe oppoſite qualifications, and meeting with a patron of their own diſpoſition, have rode themſelves into a living in a good ſporting country; and I doubt not, if the excurſions of gownſmen to *Newmarket* meet with the encouragement they deſerve, but we ſhall ſhortly ſee the Beacon Courſe crouded with ordained ſportſmen in ſhort caſſocks. As to the fellow-commoners, I do not ſee how they can paſs their time more profitably. The ſole intention of their reſidence at the Univerſity is, with moſt of them, to while away a couple of years, which they cannot conveniently diſpoſe of otherwiſe. Their rank exempts them from the common

common drudgery of lectures and exerciſes; and the Golden Tuft, that adorns their velvet caps, is at once a badge of honour and an apology for ignorance. But as ſome of theſe gentlemen, though they never will be ſcholars, may turn out excellent jockeys, it is but juſtice to let them carry ſome kind of knowledge away with them; and as they can never ſhine as adepts in Sir *Iſaac Newton*'s philoſophy, or critics on *Homer* and *Virgil*, we ſhould ſuffer them to make a figure as arbiters of the courſe, and followers of *Aaron* and *Driver*.

I AM the more earneſt on this occaſion, becauſe I look upon Races as a diverſion, peculiarly adapted to an Univerſity, and founded upon claſſical principles. Every author, who has mentioned the Ancient Games, includes the Race, and deſcribes it with great dignity. This Game was always celebrated with great pomp, and all the *people of faſhion* of thoſe days were preſent at it. In the twenty-third *Iliad* in particular, there is not only a diſpute at the Race, but a bet propoſed in as expreſs terms as at *Newmarket*. The wager offered, indeed, is a goblet, which is not entirely in the manner of our modern ſportſmen, who rather chuſe to melt down their plate into the current ſpecie, and bring their ſideboards to the courſe in their purſes. I am aware alſo,

alſo, that the Races celebrated by the ancients were Chariot-Races: but even in theſe, our young ſtudents of the Univerſity have great emulation to excell: There are among them many very good coachmen, who often make excurſions in thoſe noble vehicles, with great propriety called *Phaetons*, and drive with as much fury along the road, as the charioteers in the Ancient Games flew towards the goal. In a word, if we have not ſuch noble Odes on this occaſion as were produced of old, it is not for want of a *Theron* but a *Pindar*.

THE advices, which I have at ſeveral times received of the influence of the Races at *Newmarket* on the Univerſity, give me great pleaſure. It has not only improved the behaviour of the ſtudents, but enlarged their plan of ſtudy. They are now very deeply read in *Bracken's Farriery* and the *Complete Jockey*, know exactly how many ſtone they weigh, and are pretty competent judges of the odds. I went ſome time ago to viſit a fellow-commoner, and when I arrived at his chambers, found the door open, but my friend was not at home. The room was adorned with *Seymour*'s prints of horſes neatly framed and glazed; a hat and whip hung on one hook, a pair of boots on another, and on the table lay a formidable

midable Quarto, with the *Sportſman's Calendar* by *Reginald Heber*, Eſquire. I had the curioſity to examine the book; and as the college is remarkable for the ſtudy of philoſophy, I expected to ſee *Newton's Principia*, or perhaps *Sanderſon's Algebra:* but on opening it, this huge volume proved to be a pompous edition of *Gibſon's Treatiſe on the Diſeaſes of Horſes.*

THESE indeed are noble ſtudies, will preſerve our youth from pedantry, and make them men of the world. Men of genius, who are pleaſed with the theory of any art, will not be contented 'till they arrive at the practice. I am told, that the young gentlemen often try the ſpeed of the *Cambridge* nags on the Beaſon Courſe, and that ſeveral hacks are at preſent in training. I have often wondered, that the gentlemen, who form the club at *Newmarket*, never reflected on their neighbourhood to *Cambridge*, nor eſtabliſhed (in honour of it) an Univerſity Plate, to be run for by *Cambridge* hacks, rode by young gentlemen of the Univerſity. An hint of this kind will certainly be ſufficient to have this laudable deſign put in practice the very next meeting; and I cannot help reflecting on this occaſion, what an unſpeakable ſatisfaction it muſt be to thoſe perſons of quality, who are conſtantly at *Newmarket*, to

ſee

ee their ſons cheriſh the ſame noble principles with themſelves, and act in imitation of their example.

" Go on, brave youths! 'till, in ſome future age,
" Whips ſhall become the ſenatorial badge;
" 'Till *England* ſee her jockey ſenators
" Meet all at *Weſtminſter* in boots and ſpurs;
" See the whole houſe, with mutual frenzy mad,
" Her patriots all in leathern breeches clad;
" Of bets, not taxes, learnedly debate,
" And guide with equal reins a ſteed and ſtate."

WARTON'S NEWMARKET.

NUMB. XLII. *Thurſday, November* 14, 1754.

—— Sermonum ſtet honos, et gratia vivax.
HOR.

What energy and grace adorns our tongue!
Sweet as the Grecian, *as the* Roman *ſtrong!*

A FRIEND of mine lately gave me an account of a ſet of gentlemen, who meet together once a week, under the name of *The* ENGLISH CLUB. The title, with which they dignify their Society, ariſes from the chief end of their meeting,

ing, which is to cultivate their Mother Tongue. They employ half the time of their aſſembling in hearing ſome of our beſt Claſſics read to them, which generally furniſhes them with converſation for the reſt of the evening. They have inſtituted annual feſtivals in honour of *Spenſer*, *Shakeſpeare*, *Milton*, &c. on each of which an oration, interſperſed with encomiums on the *Engliſh* language, is ſpoken in praiſe of the author, who (in the phraſe of the almanack) gives the red letter to the day. They have alſo eſtabliſhed a fund, from which handſome rewards are allotted to thoſe, who ſhall ſupply the place of any exotic terms, that have been ſmuggled into our language, by homeſpun *Britiſh* words, equally ſignificant and expreſſive. An order is alſo made againſt importing any contraband phraſes into the Club, by which heavy fines are laid on thoſe, who ſhall have any modiſh barbariſms found upon them: whether they be foreign words, ancient or modern, or any cant terms coined by *The* TOWN, for the ſervice of the current year.

THE whole account, which I received from my friend, gave me great ſatisfaction: and I never remember any ſociety, that met together on ſuch commendable principles. Their proceedings, it muſt, however, be confeſſed, are ſomewhat

what unfaſhionable; for the *Engliſh* Tongue is become as little the general care as *Engliſh* Beef, or *Engliſh* Honeſty. Young gentlemen are obliged to drudge at ſchool for nine or ten years, in order to ſcrape together as much *Greek* and *Latin*, as they can forget during their tour abroad; and have commonly at the ſame time a private maſter, to give them *French* enough to land them with ſome reputation at *Calais*. This is to be ſure very prudent as well as genteel. Yet ſome people are perverſe enough to imagine, that to teach boys a foreign language, living or dead, without at the ſame time grounding them in their Mother Tongue, is a very prepoſterous plan of education. The *Romans*, though they ſtudied at *Athens*, directed their ſtudies to the benefit of their own country; and though they read *Greek*, wrote in *Latin*. There are at this day in *France* Academies eſtabliſhed for the ſupport and preſervation of the *French* language: and perhaps, if to the preſent Profeſſorſhips of *Hebrew* and *Greek*, there ſhould be added a Profeſſorſhip of the *Engliſh* language, it would be no diſgrace to our learned Univerſities.

WHEN we conſider, that our language is preferable to moſt, if not all others now in being, it ſeems ſomething extraordinary, that any attention

ſhould be paid to a foreign tongue that is refuſed to our own, when we are likely to get ſo little by the exchange. But when we reflect further on the remarkable purity, to which ſome late authors have brought it, we are ſtill more concerned at the preſent neglect of it. This ſhameful neglect I take to be owing chiefly to theſe two reaſons; the falſe pride of thoſe who are eſteemed men of learning, and the ridiculous affectation of our fine gentlemen, and pretenders to wit.

In complaiſance to our fine gentlemen, who are themſelves the allowed ſtandards of politeneſs, I ſhall begin with them firſt. Their converſation exactly anſwers the deſcription, which *Benedick* gives of *Claudio*'s: "their words are a very fantaſtical banquet, juſt ſo many ſtrange diſhes." Theſe diſhes too are all *French*; and I do not know, whether their converſation does not a good deal depend on their bill of fare; and whether the thin meagre diet, on which our fine gentlemen ſubſiſt, does not in ſome meaſure take away the power of that bold articulation, neceſſary to give utterance to manly *Britiſh* accents: whence their converſation becomes ſo "fantaſtical a banquet," and every ſentence they deliver is almoſt as heterogeneous a mixture as a ſalmagundy. A faſhionable coxcomb now never complains of the vapours, but

but tells you that he is very much *ennuyèe*:—he does not affect to be genteel but *degagèe*:—nor is he taken with an elegant ſimplicity in a beautiful countenance, but breaks out in raptures on a *je ne ſçai quoi*, and a certain *naivetè*. In a word, his head as well as his heels is entirely *French*; and he is a thorough *petit maitre* in his language as well as behaviour. But notwithſtanding all this, I do not know, whether the converſation of our pretenders to wit is not ſtill more barbarous. When they talk of *Humbug*, &c. they ſeem to be jabbering in the uncouth dialect of the *Huns*, or the rude gabble of the *Hottentots*: or if their words are at all allied to the language of this country, it probably comes neareſt to the ſtrange cant ſaid to be in uſe among houſebreakers and highwaymen; and if their jargon will bear any explanation, the curious are moſt likely to meet with it in a polite vocabulary, lately publiſhed under the title of the *Scoundrel's Dictionary*.

MANY, who are accounted men of learning, if they do not join with fops and coxcombs to corrupt our language, at leaſt do very little to promote it, and are ſometimes very indifferently acquainted with it. There are many perſons of both our Univerſities, who can decypher an old *Greek* manuſcript, and conſtrue *Lycophron extempore*,

who ſcarce know the idiom of their own language, and are at a loſs how to diſpatch a familiar letter with tolerable facility. Theſe gentlemen ſeem to think, that learning conſiſts merely in being verſed in languages not generally underſtood. But it ſhould be conſidered, that the ſame genius, which animated the ancients, has diſpenſed at leaſt ſome portion of it's heat to later ages, and particularly to the *Engliſh*. Thoſe, who are really charmed with *Homer* and *Sophocles*, will hardly read *Shakeſpeare* and *Milton* without emotion; and if I was inclined to carry on the parallel, I could perhaps mention as many great names as *Athens* ever produced. The knowledge of *Greek*, *Latin*, &c. is certainly very valuable; but this may be attained without the loſs of their Mother Tongue: for theſe reverend gentlemen ſhould know, that languages are not like preferments in the church, too many of which cannot be held together.

THIS great neglect of our own tongue is one of the principal reaſons, that we are ſo ſeldom favoured with any publications from either of our Univerſities; which we might expect very often, conſidering the great number of learned men who reſide there. The preſs being thus deſerted by thoſe, who might naturally be expected to ſupport

ſupport it, falls to the care of a ſet of illiterate hirelings, in whoſe hands it is no wonder if the language is every day mangled, and ſhould at laſt be utterly deſtroyed. Writing is well known to be at preſent as much a trade as any handicraft whatever; and every man, who can vamp up any thing for preſent ſale, though void of ſenſe or ſyntax, is liſted by the bookſellers as an author. But allowing all our preſent writers to be men of parts and learning, (as there are doubtleſs ſome who may be reckoned ſo) is it probable that they ſhould exert their abilities to the utmoſt, when they do not write for fame, like the ancients, but as a means of ſubſiſtence? If *Herodotus* and *Livy* had ſold their hiſtories at ſo much a ſheet, and all the other *Greek* and *Latin* Claſſics had written in the ſame circumſtances with many modern authors, they would hardly have merited all that applauſe they ſo juſtly receive at preſent. The plays of *Sophocles* and *Euripides* might perhaps not have been much better than modern Tragedies; *Virgil* might have got a dinner by half a dozen *Town Eclogues*; and *Horace* have wrote Birth-day Odes, or now and then a lampoon on the company at the *Baiæ*.

A FALSE modeſty is another great cauſe of the few publications by men of eminence and learn-

ing. However equal to the taſk, they have not ſufficient confidence to venture to the preſs, but are rather guilty of wilful injuſtice to themſelves and to the public. They are alſo aſhamed of appearing among the common herd of authors. But the preſs, though it is often abuſed, ſhould by no means be accounted ſcandalous or diſhonourable. Though a learned and ingenious writer might not chuſe to be muſtered in the ſame roll with ——— ——— or Mr. TOWN, yet we have an HOOKE, a BROWNE, an AKENSIDE, and many others, in whoſe company it will be an honour to appear. I would not willingly ſuppoſe, that they are afraid to hazard the characters they now maintain, of being men of learning and abilities; for while we only take theſe things for granted, their reputations are but weakly eſtabliſhed. To reſcue our Native Language from the hands of ignorants and mercenaries, is a taſk worthy thoſe, who are accounted ornaments of our Seats of Learning; and it is ſurely more than common ingratitude in thoſe, who eat the bread of literature, to refuſe their utmoſt endeavours to ſupport it.

NUMB. XLIII. *Thurſday, November* 21, 1754.

Spectaret populum ludis attentiùs ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura.
HOR.

Pit, box, and gallery I with joy ſurvey,
And more obſerve the audience than the play.

A FEW years ago an ingenious player gave notice in the bills for his benefit night, that the Prologue ſhould be ſpoken by the Pit, which he contrived to have repreſented on the ſtage. Another time he drew in the whole houſe to act as Chorus to a new farce; and I remember, that in the laſt rebellion the loyal acclamations of "God ſave the King" might have been heard from *Drury-Lane* to *Charing-Croſs*. Upon theſe and many other occaſions the audience has been known to enter into the immediate buſineſs of the Drama; and, to ſay the truth, I never go into the theatre, without looking on the ſpectators as playing a part almoſt as much as the actors themſelves. All the company from the ſtoge-box to the upper gallery know their cues very well, and perform their parts with great

ſpirit. I begun the ſeaſon with a few animadverſions on the chief faults, to which our performers are liable. To-day I ſhall beg leave to ſay a word or two to the audience, as my reflections on the theatre would otherwiſe be incomplete. On this occaſion I expect the thanks of the managers: and would recommend it to them to put my thirty-fourth number into a frame and glaſs, and hang it up in the Green Room for the benefit of the players; and to diſpoſe three or four thouſand of the preſent number into the ſeveral parts of the houſe, as *Bayes* diſperſed papers to inſinuate the plot of his piece into the boxes.

THE firſt part of the audience, that demands our attention, is ſo nearly allied to the actors, that they always appear on the ſame level with them: but while the performer endeavours to carry on the buſineſs of the play, theſe gentlemen behind the ſcenes ſerve only to hinder and diſturb it. There is no part of the houſe, from which a play can be ſeen to ſo little advantage as from the ſtage; yet this ſituation is very convenient on many other conſiderations, of more conſequence to a fine gentleman. It looks particular: it is the beſt place to ſhew a handſome perſon, or an elegant ſuit of cloaths: a bow from the ſtage to a beauty in the box is moſt likely to attract our notice;

notice; and a pretty fellow may perhaps with tolerable management get the credit of an intrigue with ſome of the actreſſes. But notwithſtanding all theſe advantages accruing to our fine gentlemen, I could heartily wiſh they would leave a clear ſtage to the performers; or at leaſt that none ſhould be admitted behind the ſcenes, but ſuch as would ſubmit to be of ſome uſe there. As theſe gentlemen are ready dreſt, they might help to ſwell the retinue of a monarch, join the engagement in a tragedy battle, or do any other little office that might occur in the play, which requires but little ſenſe and no memory. But if they have not any genius for acting, and are ſtill deſirous of retaining their poſts by the ſide-ſcenes, they ſhould be obliged to take a muſket, bayonet, pouch, and the reſt of the accoutrements, and ſtand on guard quietly and decently with the Soldiers.

THE Boxes are often filled with perſons, who do not come to the theatre out of any regard to *Shakeſpeare* or *Garrick*, but like the fine Lady in *Lethe*, "becauſe every body is there." As theſe people cannot be expected to mind the play themſelves, we can only deſire them not to call off the attention of others; nor interrupt the dialogue on the ſtage by a louder converſation

of their own. The ſilent courtſhip of the eyes, ogles, nods, glances, and curtſies from one box to another, may be allowed them the ſame as at church; but nothing more, except at Coronations, Funeral Proceſſions and Pantomimes. Here I cannot help recommending it to the gentlemen, who draw the pen from under their right ears about ſeven o'clock, clap on a bag-wig and ſword, and drop into the boxes at the end of the third act, to take their half-crown's worth with as much decency as poſſible; as well as the Bloods, who reel from the taverns about *Covent-Garden* near that time, and tumble drunk into the boxes. Before I quit this part of the houſe, I muſt take notice of that diviſion of the upper-boxes, properly diſtinguiſhed by the name of the Fleſh Market. There is frequently as much art uſed to make the fleſh exhibited here look wholeſome, and (as *Tim* ſays in the farce) "all over red and "white like the inſide of a ſhoulder of mutton," as there is by the butchers to make their veal look white; and it is as often rank carrion and fly-blown. If theſe ladies would appear in any other quarter of the houſe, I would only beg of them, and thoſe who come to market, to drive their bargains with as little noiſe as poſſible: but I have lately obſerved with ſome concern, that theſe women begin to appear in the lower boxes

to

to the deſtruction of all order, and great confuſion of all modeſt ladies. It is to be hoped, that ſome of their friends will adviſe them not to pretend to appear there any more than at court: for it is as abſurd to endeavour the removal of their market into the front and ſide boxes, as it would be in the butchers of St. *James's Market*, to attempt fixing the ſhambles in St. *James's Square*.

I MUST now deſire the reader to deſcend with me, among laced hats and capuchins, into the Pit. The Pit is the grand Court of Criticiſm; and in the center of it is collected that awful body, diſtinguiſhed by the title of *The Town*. Hence are iſſued the irrevocable decrees; and here final ſentence is pronounced on plays and players. This Court has often been very ſevere in its deciſions, and has been known to declare many old plays barbarouſly murdered, and moſt of our modern ones *felo de ſe:* but it muſt not be diſſembled, that many a cauſe of great conſequence has been denied a fair hearing. Parties and private cabals have often been formed to thwart the progreſs of merit, or to eſpouſe ignorance and dulneſs: for it is not wonderful, that the Parliament of Criticiſm, like all others, ſhould be liable to corruption. In this aſſembly Mr. TOWN was firſt nominated CRITIC and

CENSOR-GENERAL: But conſidering the notorious bribery now prevailing, I think proper to declare, (in imitation of *Tom* in the *Conſcious Lovers*) that I never took a ſingle order for my vote in all my life.

THOSE, who pay their two ſhillings at the door of the Middle Gallery, ſeem to frequent the theatre purely for the ſake of ſeeing the play: Though theſe peaceful regions are ſometimes diſturbed by the incurſions of rattling ladies of pleaſure, ſometimes contain perſons of faſhion in diſguiſe, and ſometimes critics in ambuſh. The greateſt fault I have to object to thoſe who fill this quarter of the theatre, is their frequent and injudicious interruption of the buſineſs of the play by their applauſe. I have ſeen a bad actor clapt two minutes together for ranting, or perhaps ſhrugging his ſhoulders, and making wry faces; and I have ſeen the natural courſe of the paſſions checked in a good one, by theſe ill-judged teſtimonies of their approbation. It is recorded of *Betterton* to his honour, that he thought a deep ſilence through the whole houſe, and a ſtrict attention to his playing, the ſtrongeſt and ſureſt ſigns of his being well received.

THE

THE inhabitants of the Upper-Gallery demand our notice as well as the reſt of the theatre. The Trunk-maker of immortal memory was the moſt celebrated hero of theſe regions: but ſince he is departed, and no able-bodied critic appointed in his room, I cannot help giving the ſame caution to the Upper-Gallery, as to the Gentry a Pair of ſtairs lower. Some of the under-comedians will perhaps be diſpleaſed at this order, who are proud of theſe applauſes, and rejoice to hear the luſty bangs from the oaken towels of their friends againſt the wainſcot of the Upper-Gallery: but I think they ſhould not be allowed to ſhatter the pannels without amending our taſte; ſince their thwacks, however vehement, are ſeldom laid on with ſufficient judgment to ratify our applauſe. It were better, therefore, if all the preſent twelve-penny critics of this town, who preſide over our diverſions in the Upper-Gallery, would content themſelves with the inferior duties of their office; *viz.* to take care that the play begins at the proper time, that the muſic between the acts is of a due length, and that the candles are ſnuffed in tune.

AFTER theſe brief admonitions concerning our behaviour at the play, which are intended as a kind of *Vade mecum* for the frequenters of the theatre, I cannot conclude my paper more properly

perly than with an extract from the *Tale of a Tub*, ſhewing the judicious diſtribution of our play-houſes into Pit, Boxes, and Galleries.

"I CONFESS, that there is ſomething very re-
"fined in the contrivance and ſtructure of our
"modern theatres. For, firſt; the Pit is ſunk
"below the ſtage, that whatever *weighty* matter
"ſhall be delivered thence, (whether it be *lead*
"or *gold*) may fall plum into the jaws of certain
"*critics*, (as I think they are called) which ſtand
"ready opened to devour them. Then, the
"Boxes are built round, and raiſed to a level
"with the ſcene, in deference to the ladies; be-
"cauſe that large portion of wit, laid out in raiſing
"pruriences and protuberances, is obſerved to run
"much upon a line, and ever in a circle. The
"whining paſſions, and little ſtarved conceits, are
"gently waſted up by their own extreme levity,
"to the middle Region, and there fix and are
"frozen by the frigid underſtandings of the inha-
"bitants. Bombaſtry and buffoonry, by nature
"lofty and light, ſoar higheſt of all, and would
"be loſt in the roof, if the prudent architect had
"not with much foreſight contrived for them a
"fourth place, called the *Twelve-Penny Gallery*,
"and there planted a ſuitable colony, who gree-
"dily intercept them in their paſſage."

NUMB. XLIV. *Thurſday, November* 28, 1754.

—— Des nominis hujus honorem. HOR.

Let ev'ry Wapping *Wife to* Lady *ſwell,*
And each St. Giles's *Miſs be* Ma'emoiſelle.

I LATELY took a ſurvey of the Female World, as CENSOR GENERAL; and upon a ſtrict review was very much ſurpriſed to find, that there is ſcarce one Woman to be met with, except among the loweſt of the vulgar. The ſex conſiſts almoſt entirely of LADIES. Every *Joan* is lifted into a Lady; and the maid and the miſtreſs are equally dignified with this polite title. The ſtage-coaches are conſtantly filled with Ladies——At *Bartholomew Fair* there is always an hop for the Ladies——And if the Ladies in the drawing room are employed at Whiſt, their laſt night's cards are made uſe of in a rubber by the Ladies in the ſteward's room; while the other Ladies of the family are ſtaking their halfpence at Put or All-Fours in the kitchen.—— In a word, whenever there is occaſion to ſpeak of the Female World, honourable mention is always made of them by the reſpectful appellation of

The

The LADIES: as the young and the old, the black and the brown, the homely and the handſome, are all complaiſantly included under the general title of *The* FAIR.

SINCE therefore the Ladies of *Great-Britain* make up ſo numerous a body, I ſhould be loth to diſoblige ſo conſiderable a ſiſter-hood, and ſhall devote this paper entirely to their ſervice. I propoſe at preſent to marſhal them into their reſpective ranks; and upon a review I find that they may be juſtly diſtributed under theſe five diviſions; *viz*, Married Ladies, Maiden or Young Ladies, Ladies of Quality, Fine Ladies, and laſtly (without affront to the good company) Ladies of Pleaſure.

I SHALL begin with the Married Ladies, as this order will be found to be far the moſt numerous, and includes all the married women in town or country above the degree of a chair-woman or the trundler of a wheel-barrow. The plain old *Engliſh* word Wife has long been diſcarded in our converſation, as being only fit for the broad mouths of the vulgar. A well-bred ear is ſtartled at the very ſound of Wife, as at a coarſe and indelicate expreſſion; and I appeal to any faſhionable couple, whether they would not be

be as much aſhamed to be mentioned together as man and wife, as they would be to appear together at court in a fardingale and trunk-breeches. From *Hyde-Park-Corner* to *Temple-Bar* this monſter of a Wife has not been heard of ſince the antiquated times of Dame and Your Worſhip; and in the City every good houſe-wife is at leaſt a *Lady of the other End of the Town.* In the country you might as well diſpute the pretenſions of every foxhunter to the title of Eſquire, as of his helpmate to that of Lady; and in every corporation town, whoever matches with a burgeſs, becomes a Lady by right of charter. My couſin VILLAGE, (from whom I have all my rural intelligence) informs me, that upon the ſtricteſt enquiry there is but one Wife in the town where he now lives, and that is the parſon's wife, who is never mentioned by the country Ladies but as a dowdy, and an old-faſhioned creature. Such is the great privilege of matrimony, that every female is ennobled by changing her ſirname: for as every unmarried woman is a Miſs, every married one by the ſame courteſy is a Lady.

THE next order of dignified females is compoſed of Maiden or Young Ladies; which terms are ſynonymous, and are indifferently applied to females of the age of fourteen or threeſcore. We

muſt

muſt not, therefore, be ſurpriſed to hear of Maiden Ladies, who are known to have had ſeveral children, or to meet with Young Ladies, that look like old dowagers. At the houſe of an acquaintance where I lately viſited, I was told that we were to expect Mrs. *Jackſon* and the two Miſs *Wrinkles*. But what was my ſurpriſe! when I ſaw on their arrival a blooming female of twenty-five accoſted under the firſt denomination, and the two nymphs, as I expected, come tottering into the room, the youngeſt of them to all appearance on the verge of threeſcore. I could not help wiſhing on this occaſion, that ſome middle term was invented between *Miſs* and *Mrs.* to be adopted, at a certain age, by all females not inclined to matrimony. For ſurely nothing can be more ridiculous, than to hear a grey-haired lady paſt her grand climacteric mentioned in terms, that convey the idea of youth and beauty, or perhaps of a bib and hanging-ſleeves. This indiſcriminate appellation unavoidably creates much confuſion: I know an eminent tradeſman, who loſt a very good cuſtomer for innocently writing *Mrs.* ——— at the head of her bill: and I was lately at a ball, where truſting to a friend for a partner, I was obliged to do penance with an old withered beldam, who hobbled through ſeveral country dances with me, though ſhe was

ancient

ancient enough to have been my grandmother. Excluding theſe Young Ladies of fifty and ſixty, this order of females is very numerous; for there is ſcarce a girl in town or country, ſuperior to a milk-maid or cinder-wench, but is comprehended in it. The daughters are indiſputably Young Ladies, though their papas may be tradeſmen or mechanics. For the preſent race of ſhopkeepers, &c. have wiſely provided, that their gentility ſhall be preſerved in the female part of the family. Thus, although the ſon is called plain *Jack*, and perhaps bound apprentice to his father, the daughter is taught to hold up her head, make tea in the little parlour behind the ſhop, and inherits the title of Lady from her mamma. To make theſe claims to dignity more ſure, thoſe excellent ſeminaries of genteel education, called Boarding-Schools, have been contrived; where inſtead of teazing a ſampler, or conning a chapter of the bible, the Young Ladies are inſtructed to hold up their heads, make a curtſey, and to behave themſelves in every reſpect like pretty little Ladies. Hence it happens, that we may often obſerve ſeveral of theſe polite damſels in the ſkirts of *White-Chapel*, and in every petty country town; nay, it is common to meet with Young Ladies *born and bred*, who have ſubmitted to keep a chandler's ſhop, or had humility enough even to go to ſervice.

I PRO-

I PROCEED next to take into conſideration what is generally underſtood by Ladies of Quality. Theſe in other words may be more properly called Ladies of Faſhion; for, in the modiſh acceptation of the phraſe, not ſo much regard is had to their birth or ſtation, or even to their coronet, as to their way of life. The ducheſs, who has not taſte enough to act up to the character of a Perſon of Quality, is no more reſpected in the polite world than a city knight's Lady; nor does ſhe derive any greater honour from her title, than the hump-backed woman receives from the vulgar. But what is more immediately expected from a Lady of Quality, will be ſeen under the next article: for, to their praiſe be it ſpoken, moſt of our modern Ladies of Quality affect to be Fine Ladies.

To deſcribe the life of a Fine Lady would be only to ſet down a perpetual round of viſiting, gaming, dreſſing, and intriguing. She has been bred up in the notion of making a figure, and of recommending herſelf as a woman of ſpirit: for which end ſhe is always foremoſt in the faſhion, and never fails gracing with her appearance every public aſſembly, and every party of pleaſure. Though ſingle, ſhe may coquet with every fine gentleman; or if married, ſhe may admit of gallantries

lantries without reproach, and even receive viſits from the men in her bed-chamber. To complete the character, and to make her a Very Fine Lady, ſhe ſhould be celebrated for her wit and beauty, and be parted from her huſband: for as matrimony itſelf is not meant as a reſtraint upon pleaſure, a ſeparate maintenance is underſtood as a licence to throw off even the appearance of virtue.

FROM the Fine Ladies it is a very natural tranſition to the Ladies of Pleaſure: and, indeed, from what has already been ſaid concerning Fine Ladies, one might imagine that, as they make pleaſure their ſole purſuit, they might properly be entitled Ladies of Pleaſure. But this gay appellation is reſerved for the higher rank of Proſtitutes, whoſe principal difference from the Fine Ladies conſiſts in their openly profeſſing a trade, which the others carry on by ſmuggling. A Lady of Faſhion, who refuſes no favours but the laſt, or even grants that without being paid for it, is not to be accounted a Lady of Pleaſure, but ranks in an order formerly celebrated under the title of DEMI-REPS. It is whimſical enough to ſee the different complexions aſſumed by the ſame vice, according to the difference of ſtations. The married Lady of Quality may intrigue with as many

many as ſhe pleaſes, and ſtill remain *Right Honourable*; the draggle-tailed Street-Walker is a *Common Woman*, and liable to be ſent to *Bridewell*; but the Whore of High Life is a *Lady of Pleaſure*, and rolls in a gilt chariot.

T

NUMB. XLV. *Thurſday, December* 5, 1754.

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus, noſtri farrago libelli. JUV.

Whate'er the buſy buſtling world employs,
Our wants and wiſhes, pleaſures, cares and joys,
Theſe the hiſtorians of our times diſplay,
And call it News, the hodge-podge of a day.

WHEN I firſt reſolved on appearing in my preſent character, I had ſome thoughts of making my public entry in the front of one or other of our News-Papers; as I conſidered that the domeſtic occurrences, which compoſe a part of their equipage, would make no bad figure in my own retinue. Some reflections on the modiſh methods of gaming would receive an additional confirmation from a paragraph in the News, that "laſt tueſday a game at Whiſt was played at "*White*'s for 1000*l.* a corner," or that "the "match between his Grace the Duke of ****

"and

"and Lord **** was decided at *Newmarket*:" and a diſſertation on the luxury of the preſent age would be very aptly illuſtrated by an exact account of the weight of the Turtle, dreſſed a few days before for the gentlemen of the above-mentioned Chocolate-houſe.

INDEED, I have always looked upon the works of Mr. *Jenour* in the *Daily Advertiſer* as a kind of ſupplement to the intelligence of Mr. TOWN; containing a more minute account of the important tranſactions of that claſs of minkind, which has been figuratively ſtiled *The World*. From theſe daily regiſters, you may not only learn when any body is married or hanged, but you have immediate notice, whenever his Grace goes to *Newmarket*, or her Ladyſhip ſets out for *Bath*: and but laſt week, at the ſame time that the gentlemen of the law were told, that the Lord Chancellor could not ſit in the Court of Chancery, people of faſhion had the melancholy news, that Signor *Ricciarelli* was not able to ſing.

NOR is that part of Mr. *Jenour*'s lucubrations, which is allotted to Advertiſements, leſs amuſing and entertaining: and many of theſe articles might very properly come under my cognizance. It is here debated, whether the prize of eloquence ſhould

ſhould be given to Orator *Macklin* or Orator *Henley*; and whether Mr. *Stephen Pitts* is not the beſt qualified to furniſh gentlemen and ladies libraries with tea-cheſts in *Octavo*, and cloſe-ſtools in *Folio*. And beſides the public notices to perſons of taſte, of very rare old japan, and moſt curious and inimitable *Epargnes* for deſerts, as alſo the moſt rich and elegant fancied ſilks to be ſold by auction; many other advices not leſs intereſting to the Town, are here given. We are daily put in mind, that Mrs. *Phillips* at the Green Caniſter ſtill hopes for the favours of her former good cuſtomers as uſual: that next door to *Haddock*'s is ſold an antidote againſt the poiſon imbibed at that bagnio: that Dr. *Rock* infallibly cures a certain epidemical diſtemper by virtue of the King's Patent: that a learned phyſician and ſurgeon will privately accommodate any gentleman (as the Doctor modeſtly expreſſes it in his own *Latin*) *Pro Morbus Veneria curandus*: and that Y. Z. a regular bred ſurgeon and man-midwife, together with fifty others, will accommodate gentlewomen, that are under a neceſſity of lying in privately.

But not only the public tranſactions of auctioneers, brokers, and horſe-dealers, but the moſt private concerns of pleaſure and gallantry may be alſo

alſo carried on by means of this paper. Aſſignations are here made, and the moſt ſecret intrigues formed, at the expence of two ſhillings. If a genteel young body, who can do all kinds of work, wants a place, ſhe will be ſure to hear of a maſter by advertiſing: Any gentleman and lady of *unexceptionable character* may meet with lodgings to be lett, and no queſtions aſked: How often has *Romeo* declared in print his unſpeakable paſſion for the charming *Peachy!* How many gentlemen have made open profeſſions of the ſtricteſt honour and ſecrecy! And how many ladies, dreſt in ſuch a manner, and ſeen at ſuch a place, have been deſired to leave a line for *A. B.* Before the late marriage Act it was very uſual for young gentlemen and ladies (poſſeſt of every qualification requiſite to make the marriage ſtate happy) to offer themſelves as a good bargain to each other; and men took the ſame meaſures of advertiſing to get an agreeable companion for life, as they do for an agreeable companion in a poſt-chaiſe. As this traffick in matrimony is now prohibited, it has given occaſion to the opening a new branch of trade; and ſince huſbands and wives are hardly to be got for love or money, ſeveral good-natured females have ſet themſelves up to ſale to the beſt bidder. The *Daily Advertiſer* is therefore become the univerſal regiſter for new

faces; and every day's advertiſements have been lately crouded with offers of young ladies, who would be glad of the company of any elderly gentleman, to paſs his leaſure hours with them, and PLAY AT CARDS.

I LOOK upon the common intelligence in our public papers, with the long train of advertiſements annexed to it, as the beſt account of the preſent domeſtic ſtate of *England*, that can poſſibly be compiled: nor do I know any thing, which would give poſterity ſo clear an idea of the taſte and morals of the preſent age, as a bundle of our daily papers. They would here ſee what books are moſt read, what are our chief amuſements and diverſions: and when they ſhould obſerve the daily inquiries after eloped wives and apprentices, and the frequent accounts of trials in *Weſtminſter-Hall* for perjury, adultery, &c. they might form a tolerable notion even of our private life. Among many other reaſons for lamenting that the art of printing was not more early diſcovered, I cannot but regret that we have perhaps loſt many accounts of this nature, which might otherwiſe have been handed down to us. With what pleaſure ſhould we have peruſed an *Athenian* Advertiſer, or a *Roman* Gazetteer! A curious critic or antiquarian would place them on the

the ſame ſhelf with the Claſſics; and would be highly pleaſed at diſcovering, what days *Tully* went to his *Tuſculum*, or *Pliny* to his magnificent *Villa*; who was the capital ſinger at the *Græcian* Opera, and in what characters *Roſcius* appeared with moſt ſucceſs. Theſe pieces of intelligence would undoubtedly give great ſatisfaction; and I am myſelf acquainted with a very learned gentleman, who has aſſured me, that he has been as much delighted at diſcovering that the *Soſii* were *Horace*'s bookſellers, that the *Hecyra* of *Terence* was damned, and other little particulars of that nature, as with an account of the deſtruction of *Carthage*, or the death of *Cæſar*. We ſhould alſo be glad to collect from their advertiſements what things were moſt in requeſt at *Athens* and *Rome*. Even our papers, (which perhaps are called *Daily* from their laſting but a day) are, I fear, of too fugitive a nature to fall under the inſpection of poſterity. To remedy, in ſome meaſure, this inconvenience, I ſhall now conclude with a few advertiſements, which, if they have not all actually been inſerted in our papers, are at leaſt of the ſame nature with thoſe, that daily have a place there.

Advertiſements.

To be ſpoke with every Day at his Houſe in the Old-Bailey,

BRYAN RAPAWAY,

WHO ſwears Oaths of all Kinds and Prices, and will procure poſitive Evidence at a Day's Warning in all Sorts of Cauſes. He will contract with an Attorney or Quack-Doctor to ſwear by the Quarter; and will ſupply *Affidavits*, &c. on the moſt reaſonable Terms.

*** *He will attend, during the* Buſineſs of Elections *and* Double Returns, *in the Lobby of the Houſe of Commons, and will ply next Term at* Weſtminſter-Hall.

WANTED,

A Genteel *Black* or *Negroe* GIRL, very handſome; with a ſoft Skin, good Teeth, ſweet Breath, at leaſt five Feet three Inches high, and not above Eighteen. Whoever has ſuch a Girl to diſpoſe of, may hear of a Gentleman who will give fifty Guineas for her, by applying at the Bar of the *Shakeſpeare's Head* Tavern, *Covent-Garden.*

Note, *At the ſame Place any Genteel* White GIRL *may hear of ſomething to her Advantage.*

A Perſon, that lives near *Guildhall*, is a very gentle Rider, rides about ten Stone, chiefly for Health, and never on a *Sunday* but on an extraordinary Occaſion, would be glad of a *Partner* much under the ſame Circumſtances, in a very genteel MARE, and very good in her Kind.

Several Sums, from 10 l. *to* 10,000 l.

WANTED immediately, by a Perſon in a large and profitable Buſineſs——Wanted directly, by a Perſon whoſe Character will bear the ſtricteſt Enquiry——Wanted for a Week only, or as long as the Lender chuſes——Upon undeniable Security——The Borrower will give his Bond and Judgment, make over his Stock in Trade, enſure his Life, &c.——A handſome Gratuity will be given——Intereſt paid punctually.——Stricteſt Honour and Secrecy may be depended on.—None but Principals will be treated with.

Direct for A. B. L. M. S. T. X. Y. &c. &c. &c.

This Day are publiſhed,

THE Adventures of *Dick Hazard.*
The Hiſtory of Mr. *Joſhua Trueman.*
The Hiſtory of *Will Ramble.*
The Hiſtory of *James Ramble*, Eſq;
The Travels of *Drake Morris.*
The Hiſtory of *Jaſper Banks.*
Memoirs of the *Shakeſpeare's Head.*
The Hiſtory of *Frank Hammond.*
The *Marriage-Act*, a Novel.

And ſpeedily will be publiſhed,

The Hiſtory of Sir *Humphry Herald* and Sir *Edward Haunch.*—Memoirs of Lady *Vainlove.*—The *Card.* Adventures of *Tom Doughty, Jack Careleſs, Frank Eaſy, Dick Damnable, Molly Peirſon*, &c. &c. &c.

Being a complete Collection of NOVELS for the Amuſement of the preſent Winter

NUMB. XLVI. *Thurſday, December* 12, 1754.

—— —— Facies non omnibus una,
Nec diverſa tamen. —— —— OVID.

Where borrow'd tints beſtow a lifeleſs grace,
None wear the ſame, yet none a different face.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

IT is whimſical to obſerve the miſtakes, that we country gentlemen are led into at our firſt coming to town. We are induced to think, and indeed truly, that your fine ladies are compoſed of different materials from our rural ones; ſince though they ſleep all day and rake all night, they ſtill remain as freſh and ruddy as a parſon's daughter or a farmer's wife. At other times we are apt to wonder, that ſuch delicate creatures as they appear, ſhould yet be ſo much proof againſt cold, that they look as roſy in *January* as in *June*, and even in the ſharpeſt weather are very unwilling to approach the fire. I was at a loſs how to account for this unalterable hue of their complexions: but I ſoon found, that beauty was not

not more peculiar to the air of St. *James*'s than of *York*; and that this perpetual bloom was not native, but imported from abroad. Not content with that red and white which nature gave, your belles are reduced (as they pretend) to the *neceſſity* of ſupplying the fluſh of health with the *rouge* of vermillion, and giving us *Spaniſh* wool for *Engliſh* beauty.

THE very reaſon alledged for this faſhionable practice is ſuch, as (if they ſeriouſly conſidered it) the ladies would be aſhamed to mention. "The "late hours they are *obliged* to keep, render "them ſuch *perfect frights*, that they would be "as loth to appear abroad without paint as with-"out cloaths." This, it muſt be acknowledged, is too true: But would they ſuffer their fathers or their huſbands to wheel them down for one month to the old manſion-houſe, they would ſoon be ſenſible of the change, and ſoon perceive how much the early walk exceeds the late aſſembly. The vigils of the card-table have ſpoiled many a good face; and I have known a beauty ſtick to the midnight rubbers, 'till ſhe has grown as homely as the Queen of Spades. There is nothing more certain in all *Hoyle*'s Caſes, than that Whiſt and late hours will ruin the fineſt ſet of features: but if the ladies would give up their

routs for the healthy amuſements of the country, I will venture to ſay, their carmine would be then as uſeleſs as their artificial noſegays.

A MORALIST might talk to them of the heinouſneſs of the practice; ſince all deceit is criminal, and painting is no better than looking a lye. And ſhould they urge that nobody is deceived by it, he might add, that the plea for admitting it then is at an end; ſince few are yet arrived at that height of *French* politeneſs, as to dreſs their cheeks in public, and to profeſs wearing vermilion as openly as powder. But I ſhall content myſelf with uſing an argument more likely to prevail: and ſuch, I truſt, will be the aſſurance, that this practice is highly diſagreeable to the men. What muſt be the mortification, and what the diſguſt of the lover, who goes to bed to a bride as blooming as an angel, and finds her in the morning as wan and yellow as a corpſe? For marriage ſoon takes off the maſk; and all the reſources of art, all the myſteries of the toilet, are then at an end. He that is thus wedded to a cloud inſtead of a *Juno*, may well be allowed to complain, but he cannot even hope for relief; ſince this is a cuſtom, which, once admitted, ſo tarniſhes the ſkin, that it is next to impoſſible ever to retrieve it. Let me, therefore, caution

caution thoſe young beginners, who are not yet diſcoloured paſt redemption, to leave it off in time, and endeavour to procure and preſerve by early hours that unaffected bloom, which art cannot give, and which only age or ſickneſs can take away.

OUR beauties were formerly above making uſe of ſo poor an artifice: They truſted to the lively colouring of nature, which was heightened by temperance and exerciſe; but our modern belles are obliged to retouch their cheeks every day, to keep them in repair. We were then as ſuperior to the *French* in the aſſembly, as in the field: but ſince a trip to *France* has been thought a requiſite in the education of our ladies as well as gentlemen, our polite females have thought fit to dreſs their faces, as well as their heads, *à là mode de Paris*. I am told, that when an *Engliſh* lady is at *Paris*, ſhe is ſo ſurrounded with falſe faces, that ſhe is herſelf obliged (if ſhe would not appear ſingular) to put on the maſk. But who would exchange the brilliancy of the diamond for the faint luſtre of *French* paſte? And for my part I would as ſoon expect, that an *Engliſh* beauty at *Morocco* would japan her face with lamb-black, in complaiſance to the ſable beauties of that country. Let the *French* ladies white-waſh and plaiſter their fronts, and lay on their colours with a

trowel: but theſe dawbings of art are no more to be compared to the genuine glow of a *Britiſh* cheek, than the coarſe ſtrokes of the painter's bruſh can reſemble the native veins of the marble. This contraſt is placed in a proper light in Mr. *Addiſon*'s fine epigram on Lady *Mancheſter*; which may ſerve to convince us of the force of undiſſembled beauty.

When haughty Gallia's *dames, that ſpread*
O'er their pale cheeks a lifeleſs red,
Beheld this beauteous ſtranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confuſion in their looks they ſhew'd,
And with unborrow'd bluſhes glow'd.

I think, Mr. TOWN, you might eaſily prevail on your fair readers to leave off this unnatural practice, if you could once thoroughly convince them, that it impairs their beauty inſtead of improving it. A lady's face, like the coats in the *Tale of a Tub*, if left to itſelf, will wear well; but if you offer to load it with foreign ornaments, you deſtroy the original ground.

AMONG other matter of wonder on my firſt coming to town, I was much ſurpriſed at the general appearance of youth among the ladies. At

At preſent there is no diſtinction in their complexions between a beauty in her teens and a lady in her grand climacteric: yet at the ſame time I could not but take notice of the wonderful variety in the face of the ſame lady. I have known an olive beauty on monday grow very ruddy and blooming on tueſday; turn pale on wedneſday; come round to the olive hue again on thurſday; and in a word, change her complexion as often as her gown. I was amazed to find no old aunts in this town, except a few unfaſhionable people, whom no body knows; the reſt ſtill continuing in the zenith of their youth and health, and falling off, like timely fruit, without any previous decay. All this was a myſtery that I could not unriddle, 'till on being introduced to ſome ladies, I unluckily improved the hue of my lips at the expence of a fair one, who had unthinkingly turned her cheek; and found that my kiſſes were given, (as is obſerved in the epigram) like thoſe of *Pyramus*, through a wall. I then diſcovered, that this ſurpriſing youth and beauty was all counterfeit; and that (as *Hamlet* ſays) "God had given them one face, and they "had made themſelves another."

I HAVE mentioned the accident of my carrying off half a lady's face by a ſalute, that your

courtly dames may learn to put on their faces a little tighter; but as for my own daughters, while ſuch faſhions prevail, they ſhall ſtill remain in *Yorkſhire*. There, I think, they are pretty ſafe; for this unnatural faſhion will hardly make it's way into the country, as this vamped complexion would not ſtand againſt the rays of the ſun, and would inevitably melt away in a country dance. The ladies have, indeed, been always the greateſt enemies to their own beauty, and ſeem to have a deſign againſt their own faces. At one time the whole countenance was eclipſed in a black velvet maſk; at another it was blotted with patches; and at preſent it is cruſted over with plaiſter of *Paris* In thoſe battered belles, who ſtill aim at conqueſt, this practice is in ſome ſort excuſable; but it is ſurely as ridiculous in a young lady to give up beauty for paint, as it would be to draw a good ſet of teeth, merely to fill their places with a row of ivory.

YET, ſo common is this faſhion grown among the young as well as the old, that when I am in a groupe of beauties, I conſider them as ſo many pretty pictures; looking about me with as little emotion, as I do at *Hudſon*'s: and if any thing fills me with admiration, it is the judicious arrangement

arrangement of the tints, and the delicate touches of the painter. Art very often ſeems almoſt to vie with nature: but my attention is too frequently diverted by conſidering the texture and hue of the ſkin beneath; and the picture fails to charm, while my thoughts are engroſſed by the wood and canvaſs.

I am, SIR, your humble ſervant,

RUSTICUS.

NUMB. XLVII. *Thurſday, December* 19, 1754.

Hìc mecum licet, hìc, Juvence, quicquid
In buccam tibi venerit, loquaris. MART.

Here, witlings, here with Macklin *talk your fill,*
On plays, or politics, or what you will.

IT has hitherto been imagined, that though we have equalled, if not ſurpaſſed, the ancients in other liberal arts, we have not yet been able to arrive at that height of eloquence, which was poſſeſſed in ſo amazing a manner by the *Græcian* and *Roman* orators. Whether this has been owing to any peculiar organization of our tongues, or whether it has proceeded from our national love of taciturnity, I ſhall not take upon me

me to determine: but I will now venture to affirm, that the preſent times might furniſh us with a more ſurpriſing number of Fine Speakers, than have been ſet down by *Tully* in his treatiſe *De Claris Oratoribus*. Foreigners can no longer object to us, that the northern coldneſs of our climate has (as it were) purſed up our lips, and that we are afraid to open our mouths: The charm is at length diſſolved; and our people, who before affected the gravity and ſilence of the *Spaniards*, have adopted and naturalized the volubility of ſpeech, as well as the gay manners, of the *French*.

THIS change has been brought about by the public-ſpirited attempts of thoſe elevated geniuſes, who have inſtituted certain ſchools for the cultivation of eloquence in all it's branches. Hence it is, that inſtead of languid diſcourſes from the pulpit, ſeveral tabernacles and meeting-houſes have been ſet up, where lay-preaches may diſplay all the powers of oratory in ſighs and groans, and emulate a *Whitefield* or a *Weſley* in all the figures of rhetoric. And not only the enthuſiaſt has his Conventicles, but even the free-thinker boaſts his Societies, where he may hold forth againſt religion in tropes, metaphors, and ſimilies. The declamations weekly thundered out at

at *Clare-Market*, and the ſubtle argumentations at the *Robin Hood*, I have formerly celebrated: It now remains to pay my reſpects to the *Martin Luther* of the age, (as he frequently calls himſelf) the great *Orator* MACKLIN; who, by declaiming himſelf, and opening a ſchool for the diſputations of others, has joined both the above plans together, and formed the BRITISH INQUISITION. Here, whatever concerns the world of taſte and literature, is debated: Our rakes and bloods, who had been uſed to frequent *Covent-Garden* merely for the ſake of whoring and drinking, now reſort thither for reaſon and argument; and the *Piazza* begins to vie with the ancient *Portico*, where *Socrates* diſputed.

BUT what pleaſes me moſt in Mr. MACKLIN's Inſtitution is, that he has allowed the tongues of my fair country-women full play. Their natural talents for Oratory are ſo excellent and numerous, that it ſeems more owing to the envy than prudence of the other ſex, that they ſhould be denied the opportunity of exerting them. The remarkable tendency in our politeſt ladies "to talk, though they have nothing "to ſay," and the torrent of eloquence, that pours (on the moſt trivial occaſions) from the lips of thoſe females, called Scolds, give abundant

dant proofs of that command of words, and flow of eloquence, which ſo few men have been able to attain. Again, if action is the life and ſoul of an oration, how many advantages have the ladies in this particular? The waving of a ſnowy arm, artfully ſhaded with the enchanting ſlope of a double ruffle, would have twenty times the force of the ſtiff ſee-ſaw of a male orator: and when they come to the moſt animated parts of the oration, which demand uncommon warmth and agitation, we ſhould be vanquiſhed by the heaving breaſt, and all thoſe other charms, which the modern dreſs is ſo well calculated to diſplay.

SINCE the ladies are thus undeniably endued with theſe and many other accompliſhments for Oratory, that no place ſhould yet have been opened for their exerting them, is almoſt unaccountable. The lower order of females have, indeed, long ago inſtituted an academy of this kind at the other end of the town, where oyſters and eloquence are in equal perfection: but the politer part of the female world have hitherto had no further opportunity of exerciſing their abilities, than the common occaſions which a new cap or petenlair, the tea or the card-table, have afforded them. I am therefore heartily glad,

that

that a plan is at length put in execution, which will encourage their propenſity to talking, and enlarge their topics of converſation: but I would more particularly recommend it to all ladies of a clamorous diſpoſition, to attend at MACKLIN's; that the impetuous ſtream of eloquence, which, for want of another vent, has long been poured on their ſervants or huſbands, may now be carried off by another more agreeable channel.

I COULD not have thought it poſſible, that this undertaking would have ſubſiſted two nights, without ſetting all the female tongues from St. *James*'s to *Temple-Bar* in motion. But the ladies have hitherto been dumb; and Female Eloquence ſeems as unlikely to diſplay itſelf in public as ever. Whether their modeſty will not permit them to open their mouths in the unhallowed air of *Covent-Garden*, I know not: but I am rather inclined to think, that the Queſtions propoſed have not been ſufficiently calculated for the female part of the aſſembly. They might perhaps be tempted to debate, "whether *Fanny* "*Murray* or Lady ——— were the propereſt to "lead the faſhion;"—"to what lengths a lady "might proceed without the loſs of her reputa-"tion;"—or "whether the Beautifying Lotion "or the Royal Waſhball were the moſt excel-

"lent

"lent Cosmetics." It might also be expected in complaisance to the fair sex, that the INQUISITOR should now and then read a dissertation on Natural and Artificial Beauty; in which he might (with that softness and delicacy peculiar to himself) analyse a lady's face, and give examples of the ogle, the simper, the smile, the languish, the dimple, &c. with a word or two on the use and benefit of paint.

BUT these points I shall leave to Mr. MACKLIN's consideration: In the mean time, as it is not in my power to oblige the public with a Lady's Speech, I shall fill up the remainder of my paper with an Oration, which my correspondent is desirous should appear in print, though he had not sufficient confidence to deliver it at the INQUISITION.

QUESTION.

Whether the STAGE *might not be made more conducive to* VIRTUE *and* MORALITY?

Mr. INQUISITOR,

THE ancient drama had, we know, a religious as well as political view; and was designed to inspire the audience with a reverence to the Gods and a love of their country. Our own

own ſtage, upon particular occaſions, has been made to anſwer the ſame ends. Thus we may remember during the laſt rebellion, beſides the loyalty of the fiddles in the Orcheſtra, we were inſpired with a deteſtation of the pope and pretender by the *Nonjuror*, the *Jeſuit Caught*, *Perkin Warbeck*, *or the Popiſh Impoſtor*, and ſuch other politico-religious dramas.

But there is a ſpecies of the drama, which has not yet been mentioned by any of the gentlemen who have ſpoke to the queſtion, and which is very deficient in point of Moral: I mean, PANTOMIMES. Mr. *Law* has been very ſevere on the impiety of repreſenting Heathen Gods and Goddeſſes before a truly Chriſtian audience: and to this we may add, that Harlequin is but a wicked ſort of fellow, and is always running after the girls. For my part I have often bluſhed to ſee this impudent rake endeavouring to creep up Columbine's petticoats, and at other times patting her neck, and laying his legs upon her lap. Nobody will ſay, indeed, that there is much virtue or morality in theſe entertainments: though it muſt be confeſſed to the honour of our neighbouring houſe here, that the *Necromancer* and the *Sorcerer*, after having played many unchriſtian pranks upon the ſtage, are at laſt

laſt fairly ſent to the devil. I would therefore recommend it to our Pantomime-writers, that inſtead of the *Pantheon*, or lewd comedies, they would take their ſubjects from ſome Old Garland, Moral Ballad, or Penny Hiſtory Book. Suppoſe, for example, they were to give us the ſtory of *Patient Grizzle* in dumb ſhew; ſetting forth, as how a noble lord fell in love with her, as he was hunting; — and there you might have the ſcene of the Spinning Wheel, and the ſong of the *Early Horn*; — and as how, after many trials of her patience, which they might repreſent by machinery, this lord at laſt married her; — and then you may have a Grand Temple and a Dance. The other houſe have already revived the good old ſtory of *Fortunatus*'s Wiſhing Cap; and as they are fond of introducing little children in their entertainments, ſuppoſe they were to exhibit a Pantomime of the *Three Children in the Wood*;—'twould be vaſtly pretty to ſee the paſte-board robin-red-breaſts let down by wires upon the ſtage to cover the poor innocent babes with paper leaves. But if they muſt have *Fairies* and *Genii*, I would adviſe them to take their ſtories out of that pretty little book, called the *Fairy Tales*. I am ſure, inſtead of oſtriches, dogs, horſes, lions, monkeys, &c. we ſhould be full as well pleaſed to ſee the *Wolf and little red Riding Hood*;

and

and we ſhould laugh vaſtly at the adventures of *Puſs in Boots*. I need not point out the excellent Moral, which would be inculcated by repreſentations of this kind; and I am confident they would meet with the deſerved applauſe of all the old women and children in both galleries.

O

NUMB. XLVIII. *Thurſday, December* 26, 1754.

—— —— Age, libertate Decembri,
Quando ita majores voluerunt, utere. ——

HOR.

Come, let us, like our jovial ſires of old,
With gambols and mince-pies our Chriſtmas *hold.*

AT this ſeaſon of the year it has always been cuſtomary for the lower part of the world to expreſs their gratitude to their benefactors; while ſome of a more elevated genius among them cloath their thoughts in a kind of holiday dreſs, and once in the year riſe into poets. Thus the bellman bids good night to all his maſters and miſtreſſes in couplets; the news-carrier hawks his own verſes; and the very lamp-lighter addreſſes his worthy cuſtomers in rhyme. As a ſervant

to

to the public, I ſhould be wanting in the due reſpect to my readers, if I alſo did not take this earlieſt opportunity of paying them the compliments of the ſeaſon, and (in the phraſe of their barbers, taylors, ſhoemakers, and other tradeſmen) wiſh them a merry *Chriſtmas* and a happy New Year.

THOSE old-faſhioned mortals, who have been accuſtomed to look upon this ſeaſon with extraordinary devotion, I leave to con over the explanation of it in *Nelſon:* It ſhall at preſent be my buſineſs to ſhew the different methods of celebrating it in theſe kingdoms. With the generality, *Chriſtmas* is looked upon as a feſtival in the moſt literal ſenſe, and held ſacred by good eating and drinking. Theſe, indeed, are the moſt diſtinguiſhing marks of *Chriſtmas:* The revenue from the malt-tax and the duty upon wines, &c. on account of theſe twelve days, has always been found to increaſe conſiderably: And it is impoſſible to conceive the ſlaughter, that is made among the poultry and the hogs in different parts of the country, to furniſh the prodigious numbers of turkeys and chines, and collars of brawn, that travel up, as preſents, to the metropolis on this occaſion. The jolly cit looks upon this joyous time of feaſting, with as much pleaſure as

on

on the treat of a new-elected alderman, or a lord-mayor's day. Nor can the country farmer rail more againſt the Game-Act, than many worthy citizens, who have ever ſince been debarred of their annual hare; while their ladies can never enough regret their loſs of the opportunity of diſplaying their ſkill, in making a moſt excellent pudding in the belly. But theſe notable houſe-wives have ſtill the conſolation of hearing their gueſts commend the mince-pies without meat, which we are aſſured were made at home, and not like the ordinary heavy things from the paſtry-cooks. Theſe good people would, indeed, look upon the abſence of mince-pies as the higheſt violation of *Chriſtmas*; and have remarked with concern the diſregard, that has been ſhewn of late years to that Old *Engliſh* repaſt: for this excellent *Britiſh Olio* is as eſſential to *Chriſtmas*, as pancake to Shrove Tueſday, tanſy to Eaſter, furmity to Midlent Sunday, or gooſe to Michaelmas Day. And they think it no wonder, that our finical gentry ſhould be ſo looſe in their principles, as well as weak in their bodies, when the ſolid ſubſtantial, Proteſtant mince-pie has given place among them to the Roman Catholic *Amulets*, and the light, puffy, heterodox *Pets de Religieuſes*.

As

As this ſeaſon uſed formerly to be welcomed in with more than uſual jollity in the country, it is probable that the *Chriſtmas* remembrances, with which the waggons and ſtage-coaches are at this time loaded, firſt took their riſe from the laudable cuſtom of diſtributing proviſions at this ſevere quarter of the year to the poor. But theſe preſents are now ſeldom ſent to thoſe, who are really in want of them, but are deſigned as compliments to the great from their inferiors, and come chiefly from the tenant to his rich landlord, or from the rector of a fat living, as a kind of tythe, to his patron. Nor is the old hoſpitable *Engliſh* cuſtom, of keeping open houſe for the poor neighbourhood, any longer regarded. We might as ſoon expect to ſee plum-porridge fill a terrene at the ordinary at *White*'s, as that the lord of the manour ſhould aſſemble his poor tenants to make merry at the great houſe. The ſervants now ſwill the *Chriſtmas* ale by themſelves in the hall, while the ſquire gets drunk, with his brother foxhunters, in the ſmoking-room.

THERE is no rank of people ſo heartily rejoiced at the arrival of this joyful ſeaſon, as the order of ſervants, journeymen, apprentices, and the lower ſort of people in general. No maſter

maſter or miſtreſs is ſo rigid, as to refuſe them an holiday; and, by remarkable good luck, the ſame circumſtance, which gives them an opportunity of diverting themſelves, procures them money to ſupport it, by the tax which cuſtom has impoſed upon us in the article of *Chriſtmas* Boxes. The butcher and the baker ſend their journeymen and apprentices to levy contributions on their cuſtomers, which are paid back again in the uſual fees to Mr. *John* and Mrs. *Mary*. This ſerves the tradeſman as a pretence to lengthen out his bill, and the maſter and miſtreſs to lower the wages on account of the vails. The *Chriſtmas* Box was formerly the bounty of well-diſpoſed people, who were willing to contribute ſomething towards rewarding the induſtrious, and ſupplying them with neceſſaries. But the gift is now almoſt demanded as a right; and our journeymen, apprentices, &c. are grown ſo polite, that inſtead of reſerving their *Chriſtmas* Box for it's original uſe, their ready caſh ſerves them only for preſent pocket-money; and inſtead of viſiting their friends and relations, they commence the fine gentlemen of the week. The ſixpenny hop is crouded with ladies and gentlemen from the kitchen; the Syrens of *Catherine-Street* charm many a holiday gallant into their ſnares; and the play-houſes are filled with

beaux, wits and critics, from *Cheapſide* and *White-Chapel*. The barrows are ſurrounded with raw lads ſetting their halfpence againſt oranges; and the greaſy cards and dirty cribbage-board employ the genteeler gameſters in every ale-houſe. A merry *Chriſtmas* has ruined many a promiſing young fellow, who has been flush of money at the beginning of the week, but before the end of it has committed a robbery on the till for more.

But in the midſt of this general feſtivity there are ſome, ſo far from giving into any extraordinary merriment, that they ſeem more gloomy than uſual, and appear with faces as diſmal as the month, in which *Chriſtmas* is celebrated. I have heard a plodding citizen moſt grievouſly complain of the great expence of houſe-keeping at this ſeaſon, when his own and his wife's relations claim the privilege of kindred to eat him out of houſe and home. Then again, conſidering the preſent total decay of trade, and the great load of taxes, it is a ſhame, they think, that poor ſhopkeepers ſhould be ſo fleeced and plundered, under the pretence of *Chriſtmas* Boxes. But if tradeſmen have any reaſon to murmur at *Chriſtmas*, many of their cuſtomers, on the other hand, tremble at it's approach; as it is made a ſanction

ſanction to every petty mechanic, to break in upon their joy, and diſturb a gentleman's repoſe at this time, by bringing in his bill.

OTHERS, who uſed to be very merry at this ſeaſon, have within this year or two been quite diſconcerted. To put them out of their old way, is to put them out of humour: they have therefore quarrelled with the almanack, and refuſe to keep their *Chriſtmas* according to act of parliament. My couſin VILLAGE informs me, that this obſtinacy is very common in the country; and that many ſtill perſiſt in waiting eleven days for their mirth, and defer their *Chriſtmas* till the blowing of the *Glaſtonbury Thorn*. In ſome, indeed, this cavilling with the calendar has been only the reſult of cloſe œconomy; who, by evading the expence of keeping *Chriſtmas* with the reſt of the world, find means to neglect it, when the general time of celebrating it is over. Many have availed themſelves of this expedient: and I am acquainted with a couple, who are enraged at the New Style on another account; becauſe it puts them to double expences, by robbing them of the opportunity of keeping *Chriſtmas* Day and their Wedding Day at the ſame time.

As to perſons of faſhion, this annual Carnival is worſe to them than Lent, or the empty town in the middle of ſummer. The boiſterous merriment, and aukward affectation of politeneſs among the vulgar, interrupts the courſe of their refined pleaſures, and drives them out of town for the holidays. The few who remain are very much at a loſs how to diſpoſe of their time; for the theatres at this ſeaſon are opened only for the reception of ſchool-boys and apprentices, and there is no public place where a perſon of faſhion can appear, without being ſurrounded with the dirty inhabitants of St. *Giles*'s, and the brutes from the *Wapping* ſide of *Weſtminſter*. Theſe unhappy ſufferers are really to be pitied: and ſince *Chriſtmas* Day has to perſons of diſtinction a great deal of inſipidity about it, I cannot enough applaud an ingenious lady, who ſent cards round to all her acquaintance, inviting them to a rout on that day; which they declared was the happieſt thought in the world, becauſe *Chriſtmas* Day is ſo much like Sunday.

T

NUMB. XLIX. *Thurſday, January* 2, 1755.

Eſt in conſilio matrona, admotaque lanis
Emeritâ quæ ceſſat acu: ſententia prima
Hujus erit: poſt hanc ætate atque arte minores
Cenſebunt: tanquam famæ diſcrimen agatur,
Aut animæ: tanta eſt quærendi cura decoris.

JUV.

Here ev'ry Belle, for taſte and beauty known,
Shall meet —— to fix the faſhion of a gown;
Of caps and ruffles hold the grave debate,
As of their lives they would decide the fate.
Life, ſoul, and all, would claim th' attention leſs;
For life and ſoul is center'd all — in Dreſs.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

CONTESTED Elections and Double Returns being at preſent the general topic of diſcourſe, a ſubject in which the ladies, methinks, are but little concerned, I have a Scheme to propoſe to you in their behalf, which I doubt not but you, as their profeſſed patron, will uſe your eloquence to recommend, and your authority to enforce. It has long been a matter

of real concern to every well-wiſher to the fair ſex, that the men ſhould be allowed the free choice of repreſentatives, to whom they can make every real or pretended grievance known, while the women are deprived of the ſame privilege; when in reality they have many grievances utterly unknown and unthought of by the men, and which cannot be redreſſed but by a FEMALE PARLIAMENT.

I DO not, indeed, pretend to the honour of firſt projecting this ſcheme, ſince an Aſſembly of this nature has been propoſed before: but as it appears to me ſo neceſſary, I would adviſe that writs be immediately iſſued out for calling a Parliament of Women, which for the future ſhould aſſemble every winter, and be diſſolved every *third* year. My reaſon for ſhortening the time of their ſitting proceeds from the reflection, that full as much buſineſs will be done, at leaſt as many ſpeeches will be made, by women in three years, as by men in ſeven. To this Aſſembly every county and city in *England* ſhall ſend two members; but from this privilege I would utterly exclude every borough, as we ſhall preſently ſee that they can have no buſineſs to tranſact there. But as I would have their number at leaſt equal to that of the other Parliament, the deficiency

ciency ſhould be ſupplied by the ſquares and great ſtreets at the court end of the town, each of which ſhould be repreſented by one of their own inhabitants. In humble imitation of the Houſes of Lords and Commons, the ladies of peers (whether ſpiritual or temporal) ſhould ſit here in their own right, the others by election only; any woman to be qualified, whoſe huſband, or even whoſe father (for I would by no means exclude the unmarried ladies) is qualified to be choſen into the other. In the ſame manner, whatever entitles the huſband or father to vote at that election, ſhould entitle his wife or daughter to vote at this.

HAVING ſettled this point, it now remains to adjuſt the ſubjects which they are to treat of: and theſe we ſhall find to be, indeed, of the laſt importance. What think you, Sir, of the riſe and fall of faſhions, of as much conſequence to them as the riſe and fall of kingdoms is to us? of the commencing a new acquaintance, equivalent to our making a new alliance? and adjuſting the ceremonial of a rout or a ball, as intereſting as the preliminaries of a treaty or a congreſs? Theſe ſubjects, and theſe alone, will ſufficiently employ them every ſeſſion; and as their judgment muſt be final, how delightful will it be to

have bills brought in to determine, how many inches of the leg or neck may lawfully be expoſed, how many curtſies at a public place amount to an acquaintance, and what are the preciſe privileges of birth or fortune, that entitle the poſſeſſors to give routs or drums, on week-days or on ſundays. Whoever ſhould preſume to tranſgreſs againſt theſe laws, might be puniſhed ſuitably to their offences; and be baniſhed from public places, or condemned to do penance in linſey-woolſey: or if any female ſhould be convicted of immodeſty, ſhe might be outlawed; and then (as theſe laws would not bind the nymphs of *Drury*) we ſhould eaſily diſtinguiſh a *modeſt woman*, as the phraſe is, if not by her looks, at leaſt by her dreſs and appearance; and the victorious *Fanny* might then be ſuffered to ſtrike bold ſtrokes, without rivalry or imitation. If any man too ſhould be found ſo groſly offending againſt the laws of faſhion, as to refuſe a member a bow at a play, or a ſalute at a wedding, how ſuitably would he be puniſhed by being reprimanded on his knees in ſuch an aſſembly, and by ſo fine a woman, as we may ſuppoſe the ſpeaker would be? Then doubtleſs would a grand committee ſit on the affair of hoops; and were they eſtabliſhed in their preſent form by proper authority, doors and boxes might be altered and enlarged acccordingly:

Then

Then ſhould we talk as familiarly of the viſit-bill as of the marriage-bill; and with what pleaſure ſhould we peruſe the regulations of the committee of dreſs? Every lover of decorum would be pleaſed to hear, that refractory females were taken into cuſtody by the uſher of the black fan: The double return of a viſit would occaſion as many debates as the double return for a certain county; and at the eve of an election, how pretty would it be to ſee the ladies of the ſhire going about, mounted on their white palfreys, and canvaſſing for votes.

'TILL this great purpoſe is attained, I ſee not how the viſible enormities in point of dreſs, and failures in point of ceremony, can effectually be prevented. But then, and not before, I ſhall hope to ſee politeneſs and good breeding diſtinguiſhed from formality and affectation, and dreſſes invented that will improve, not diminiſh the charms of the fair, and rather become than diſguiſe the wearers.

I am, SIR, yours, &c.

TIMOTHY CANVASS.

I AM much obliged to my correſpondent for his letter, and heartily wiſh that this Scheme

was carried into execution. The liberties daily taken in point of dreſs demand proper reſtrictions. The ancients ſettled their national habit by law: but the dreſs of our own country is ſo very fluctuating, that if the great grandmothers of the preſent generation were to ariſe, they would not be able to gueſs at their poſterity from their dreſs, but would fancy themſelves in a ſtrange country. As theſe affairs fall more immediately under the cognizance of the ladies, the female world in general would ſoon be ſenſible of the advantages, accruing from a Female Parliament: and though ladies of faſhion might probably claim ſome peculiar liberties in dreſs by their privilege, it might naturally be expected, that this wiſe aſſembly would at leaſt keep the reſt of the ſex in order; nor ſuffer enormous hoops to ſpread themſelves acroſs the whole pavement, to the detriment of all honeſt men going upon buſineſs along the ſtreet; nor permit the chandler's wife to retail half-quarterns from behind the counter, in a ſhort ſtomacher and without a handkerchief.

I AM aware, that a conſiderable objection may be brought againſt this Scheme: to wit, that a Female Parliament (like thoſe of the men) may be ſubject to corruption, and made dependant on a court. The enormous *Elizabeth* Ruff, and the aukward

aukward Queen of *Scots* Mob, are fatal inſtances of the evil influence, which courts have upon faſhions: and as no one can tell the power, which a *Britiſh* Queen might have over the councils of a Female Parliament, future ages might perhaps ſee the ſtays bolſtered out into hump-backs, or the petticoats let down to conceal a bandy leg, from the ſame ſervile complaiſance which warped the necks of *Alexander*'s courtiers.

BUT though a Parliament on the foregoing Scheme has not yet taken place, an inſtitution of the like nature has been contrived among that order of females, who (as I mentioned in a former paper) advertiſe for gentlemen to *play at cards* with them. The reader may remember, that ſome time ago an advertiſement appeared in the public papers, from the *Covent-Garden* Society; in which it was ſet forth, that one of their members was voted *common*. This very Society is compoſed of theſe Agreeable Young Ladies, whoſe buſineſs it is to *play at cards* with thoſe gentlemen, who have good-nature and fortune ſufficient to ſit down contented with being loſers. It is divided, like the upper and lower Houſes of Parliament, into *Ladies* and *Commons*. The upper order of *Card-players* take their ſeats

according to the rank of thoſe who game at high ſtakes with them; while the *Commons* are made up of the lower ſort of gamblers within the hundreds of *Drury* and *Covent-Garden*. Every one is obliged to pay a certain tax out of her *Card-money*; and the revenue ariſing from it is applied to the levying of hoop-petticoats, ſacks, petenlairs, caps, handkerchiefs, aprons, &c. to be iſſued out nightly, according to the exigence and degree of the members. Many revolutions have happened in this Society ſince it's inſtitution: A *Commoner* in the ſpace of a few weeks has been called up to the Houſe of Ladies; and another, who at firſt ſat as Peereſs, has been ſuddenly degraded, and voted *common*.

MORE particulars of this Society have not come to my knowledge: but their deſign ſeems to be, to erect a Common-wealth of themſelves, and to reſcue their liberties from being invaded by thoſe, who have preſumed to tyrannize over them. If this practice of playing their own cards, and ſhuffling for themſelves, ſhould generally prevail among all the Agreeable Young Gameſters of *Covent-Garden*, I am concerned to think what will become of the venerable ſiſterhood of *Douglaſs*, *Haddock*, and *Noble*, as well as the fraternity of *Harris*, *Derry*, and the reſt of thoſe gentlemen

gentlemen, who have hitherto acted as Groom-Porters, and had the principal direction of the game. From ſuch a combination it may greatly be feared, that the honourable profeſſion of Pimp will, in a ſhort time, become as uſeleſs, as that of a Fleet-Parſon.

NUMB. L. *Thurſday, January* 9, 1755.

—— —— —— —— —— Vitæ
Percipit humanos odium, luciſque videndæ,
Ut ſibi conſciſcant mærenti pectore lethum.
LUCRET.

O deaf to Nature, and to Heav'n's command! —
Againſt Thyſelf to lift the murd'ring hand!
O damn'd deſpair!—to ſhun the living light,
And plunge thy guilty ſoul in endleſs night!

THE laſt ſeſſions deprived us of the only ſurviving member of a Society, which (during it's ſhort exiſtence) was equal both in principles and practice to the *Mohocks* and *Hell-Fire-Club* of tremendous memory. This Society was compoſed of a few broken gameſters and deſperate young rakes, who threw the ſmall remains of their bankrupt fortunes into one common ſtock, and thence aſſumed the name of the

Laſt

Laſt Guinea Club. A ſhort life and a merry one was their favourite maxim; and they determined, when their finances ſhould be quite exhauſted, to die as they had lived, like gentlemen. Some of their members had the luck to get a reprieve by a good run at cards, and others by ſnapping up a rich heireſs or a dowager; while the reſt, who were not cut off in the natural way by duels or the gallows, very reſolutely made their *quietus* with laudanum or the piſtol. The laſt that remained of this Society had very calmly prepared for his own execution: he had cocked his piſtol, deliberately placed the muzzle of it to his temple, and was juſt going to pull the trigger, when he bethought himſelf, that he could employ it to better purpoſe upon *Hounſlow Heath*. This brave man, however, had but a very ſhort reſpite; and was obliged to ſuffer the ignominy of going out of the world in the vulgar way, by an halter.

THE enemies of play will perhaps conſider thoſe gentlemen, who boldly ſtake their whole fortunes at the gaming-table, in the ſame view with theſe deſperadoes; and they may even go ſo far, as to regard the polite and honourable aſſembly at *White*'s, as a kind of Laſt Guinea Club. Nothing, they will ſay, is ſo fluctuating

as

as the property of a gameſter, who (when luck runs againſt him) throws away whole acres at every caſt of the dice, and whoſe houſes are as unſure a poſſeſſion, as if they were built with cards. Many, indeed, have been reduced to the Laſt Guinea at this genteel gaming-houſe; but the moſt inveterate enemies to *White*'s muſt allow, that it is but now and then, that a gameſter of quality, who looks upon it as an even bet, whether there is another world, takes his chance, and diſpatches himſelf, when the odds are againſt him in this.

But however free the gentlemen of *White*'s may be from any imputation of this kind, it muſt be confeſſed, that Suicide begins to prevail ſo generally, that it is the moſt gallant exploit, by which our modern heroes chuſe to ſignalize themſelves; and in this, indeed, they behave with uncommon proweſs. They meet every face of death, however horrible, with the utmoſt reſolution: ſome blow their brains out with a piſtol; ſome expire, like *Socrates*, by poiſon; ſome fall, like *Cato*, on the point of their own ſwords; and others, who have lived like *Nero*, affect to die like *Seneca*, and bleed to death. The moſt exalted geniuſes I ever remember to have heard of, were a party of reduced gameſters, who bravely

bravely reſolved to pledge each other in a bowl of laudanum. I was lately informed of a gentleman, who went among his uſual companions at the gaming-table the day before he made away with himſelf, and coolly queſtioned them, which they thought the genteeleſt method of going out of the world. There is, indeed, as much difference between a mean perſon and a man of quality in their manner of deſtroying themſelves, as in their manner of living. The poor ſneaking wretch, ſtarving in a garret, tucks himſelf up in his liſt garters; a ſecond, croſt in love, drowns himſelf, like a blind puppy, in *Roſamond's Pond*; and a third cuts his throat with his own razor. But the man of faſhion always dies by a piſtol; and even the cobler of any ſpirit goes off by a doſe or two extraordinary of gin.

FROM the days of *Plato* down to theſe, a Suicide has always been compared to a ſoldier on guard deſerting his poſt; but I ſhould rather conſider a ſet of theſe deſperate men, who ruſh on certain death, as a body of troops ſent out on the Forlorn Hope. This falſe courage, however noble it may appear to the deſperate and abandoned, in reality amounts to no more than the reſolution of the highwayman, who ſhoots himſelf with his own piſtol, when he finds it impoſſible to avoid being

being taken. All practicable means therefore, ſhould be deviſed to extirpate ſuch abſurd bravery, and to make it appear every way horrible, odious, contemptible, and ridiculous. Every man in his ſober ſenſes muſt wiſh, that the moſt ſevere laws that could poſſibly be contrived were enacted againſt Suicides. This ſhocking bravado never did (and I am confident never will) prevail among the more delicate and tender ſex in our own nation: though hiſtory informs us, that the *Roman* ladies were once ſo infatuated as to throw off the ſoftneſs of their nature, and commit violence on themſelves, 'till the madneſs was curbed, by expoſing their naked bodies in the public ſtreets. This, I think, would afford an hint for fixing the like marks of ignominy on our Male-Suicides; and I would have every lower wretch of this ſort dragged at the cart's tail, and afterwards hung in chains at his own door, or have his quarters put up *in terrorem* in the moſt public places, as a rebel to his Maker. But that the Suicide of quality might be treated with more reſpect, he ſhould be indulged in having his wounded corpſe and ſhattered brains lay (as it were) in ſtate for ſome days; of which dreadful ſpectacle we may conceive the horror from the following picture drawn by *Dryden*, in one of his Fables.

The SLAYER OF HIMSELF *too ſaw I there:*
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half cloſ'd, and mouth wide ope he lay,
And grim as when he breath'd his ſullen ſoul away.

The common murderer has his ſkeleton preſerved at *Surgeon's-Hall*, in order to deter others from being guilty of the ſame crime; and I think it would not be improper to have a charnel-houſe ſet apart to receive the bones of theſe more unnatural Self-Murderers, in which monuments ſhould be erected, giving an account of their deaths, and adorned with the glorious enſigns of their raſhneſs, the rope, the knife, the ſword, or the piſtol.

FROM reading the public prints a foreigner might be naturally led to imagine, that we are the moſt lunatic people in the whole world. Almoſt every day informs us, that the coroner's inqueſt has ſat on the body of ſome miſerable Suicide, and brought in their verdict *Lunacy*; but it is very well known, that the inquiry has not been made into the ſtate of mind of the deceaſed, but into his fortune and family. The law has indeed provided, that the deliberate Self-Murderer ſhould be treated like a brute, and denied the rites of burial: but among hundreds of *Lunatics by purchaſe*,

I never

I never knew this ſentence executed but on one poor cobler, who hanged himſelf in his own ſtall. A pennyleſs poor wretch, who has not left enough to defray the funeral charges, may perhaps be excluded the church yard; but Self-Murder by a piſtol genteely mounted, or the *Paris*-hilted-ſword, qualifies the polite owner for a *ſudden death*, and entitles him to a pompous burial, and a monument ſetting forth his virtues, in *Weſtminſter-Abbey*.

THE cauſe of theſe frequent Self-Murders among us has been generally imputed to the peculiar temperature of our climate. Thus a dull day is looked upon as a natural order of execution; and *Engliſhmen* muſt neceſſarily ſhoot, hang, and drown themſelves in *November*. That our ſpirits are in ſome meaſure influenced by the air, cannot be denied; but we are not ſuch mere Barometers, as to be driven to deſpair and death by the ſmall degree of gloom, that our winter brings with it. If we have not ſo much ſunſhine as ſome countries in the world, we have infinitely more than many others; and I do not hear, that men diſpatch themſelves by dozens in *Ruſſia* or *Sweden*, or that they are unable to keep up their ſpirits even in the total darkneſs of *Greenland*. Our climate exempts us from many diſeaſes

diſeaſes, to which other more ſouthern nations are naturally ſubject; and I can never be perſuaded, that being born near the North-pole is a phyſical cauſe for Self-Murder.

DESPAIR, indeed, is the natural cauſe of theſe ſhocking actions; but this is commonly deſpair brought on by wilful extravagance and debauchery. Theſe firſt involve men in difficulties, and then death at once delivers them of their lives and their cares. For my part, when I ſee a young profligate wantonly ſquandering his fortune in bagnios or at the gaming-table, I cannot help looking on him as haſtening his own death, and in a manner digging his own grave. As he is at laſt induced to kill himſelf by motives ariſing from his vices, I conſider him as dying of ſome diſeaſe, which thoſe vices naturally produce. If his extravagance has been chiefly in luxurious eating and drinking, I imagine him poiſoned by his wines, or ſurfeited by a favourite diſh; and if he has thrown away his eſtate in bawdy-houſes, I conclude him deſtroyed by rottenneſs and filthy diſeaſes.

ANOTHER real and principal cauſe of the frequency of Suicide is the noble ſpirit of Free-thinking, which has diffuſed itſelf among all ranks of

of people. The libertine of faſhion has too refined a taſte to trouble himſelf at all about a ſoul or an hereafter: but the vulgar infidel is at wonderful pains to get rid of his bible, and labours to perſuade himſelf out of his religion. For this purpoſe he attends conſtantly at the Diſputant Societies, where he hears a great deal about free-will, free-agency, and predeſtination, 'till at length he is convinced, that man is at liberty to do as he pleaſes, lays his misfortunes to the charge of Providence, and comforts himſelf that he was inevitably deſtined to be tyed up in his own garters. The courage of theſe heroes proceeds from the ſame principles, whether they fall by their own hands, or thoſe of *Jack Ketch*: The Suicide of whatever rank looks death in the face without ſhrinking; as the gallant rogue affects an eaſy unconcern under *Tyburn*, throws away the pſalm-book, bids the cart drive off with an oath, and ſwings like a gentleman.

If this madneſs ſhould continue to grow more and more epidemical, it will be expedient to have a Bill of Suicide, diſtinct from the common Bill of Mortality, brought in yearly; in which ſhould be ſet down the number of Suicides, their methods of deſtroying themſelves, and the likely cauſes of their doing ſo. In this, I believe, we ſhould

ſhould find but few martyrs to the weather; but their deaths would commonly be imputed to deſpair, produced by ſome cauſes ſimilar to the following. In the little ſketch of a Bill of Suicide underneath, I have left blanks for the date of the year, as well as for the number of Self-Murderers, their manner of dying, &c. which would naturally be filled up by the proper perſons, if ever this ſcheme ſhould be put in execution.

A Bill of SUICIDE *for the Year* ———

Of Newmarket Races — —
Of Kept Miſtreſſes — — —
Of Electioneering — — — —
Of Lotteries — — — — —
Of French Claret, French Lace, French Cooks, and French Diſeaſe — — — — — —
Of WHITE'S — — — — —
Of Chineſe Temples, &c. — —
Of a Country Seat — — — —
Of a Town Houſe — — — —
Of Fortune Hunting — — —
Of a Tour through France and Italy — — — —
Of Lord Bolingbroke — —
Of the Robin Hood Society
Of an Equipage — — —
Of a Dog-Kennel — — —
Of Covent-Garden — — —
Of Plays, Operas, Concerts, Maſquerades, Routs, Drums, &c.
Of keeping the beſt Company — — — — —

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LI. *Thurſday, January* 16, 1755.

Adde quòd abſumunt vires, pereuntque labore:
Adde quòd alterius ſub nutu degitur ætas.
Labitur interea res, et vadimonia fiunt,
Languent officia, atque ægrotat fama vacillans.

LUCRET.

When haughty miſtreſſes our ſouls enthrall,
They waſte our ſtrength, our fortune, fame, and all:
Mortgage on mortgage loads the bankrupt cull,
Who gives up wealth and honour for a trull.

SINCE pleaſure is almoſt the only purſuit of a Fine Gentleman, it is very neceſſary, for the maintaining his conſequence and character, that he ſhould have a Girl in Keeping. Intriguing with women of faſhion, and debauching tradeſmen's daughters, naturally happen in the common courſe of gallantry; but this convenient female, to fill up the intervals of buſineſs, is the principal mark of his ſuperior taſte and quality. Every priggiſh clerk to an attorney, or pert apprentice, can throw away his occaſional guinea in *Covent-Garden*; but the ſhortneſs of their finances will not permit them to perſevere in debauchery with the air and ſpirit of a man of quality,

quality. The Kept Miſtreſs, which thoſe half-reprobates dare not think of, is a conſtant part of the retinue of a complete Fine Gentleman; and is, indeed, as indiſpenſable a part of his equipage, as a *French Valet de chambre*, or a four-wheeled poſt-chaiſe.

It was formerly the faſhion among the ladies to keep a monkey: At that time every woman of quality thought herſelf obliged to follow the mode; and even the merchants wives in the city had their faſhionable pugs, to play tricks and break china. A Girl in Keeping is as diſagreeable to ſome of our men of pleaſure, as pug was to ſome ladies; but they muſt have one to ſpend money and do miſchief, that they may be reckoned young fellows of ſpirit. Hence it happens, that many gentlemen maintain girls, who in fact are little more than their nominal miſtreſſes; for they ſee them as ſeldom, and behave to them with as much indifference, as if they were their wives: however, as the woman in a manner bears their name, and is maintained by them, they may appear in the world with the genteel character of a Keeper. I have known ſeveral gentlemen take great pains to heighten their reputation in this way; and turn off a firſt miſtreſs, merely becauſe ſhe was not ſufficiently known,

known, for the ſake of a celebrated woman of the town, a dancer, or an actreſs: and it is always the firſt ſtep of an *Engliſhman* of faſhion after his arrival at *Paris*, to take one of the *Filles d'Opera* under his protection. It was but the other day, that *Florio* went abroad, and left his girl to roll about the town in a chariot, with an unlimited order on his banker; and almoſt as ſoon as he got to *France*, took a ſmart girl off the ſtage, to make as genteel a figure at *Paris*. In ſhort, as a gentleman keeps running horſes, goes to *White*'s, and gets into parliament, for the name of the thing; ſo muſt he likewiſe have his Kept Miſtreſs, becauſe it is the faſhion: and I was mightily pleaſed with hearing a gentleman once boaſt, that he lived like a man of quality—"For, ſays he, I have a poſt-chaiſe, and never "ride in it; I have a wife, and never ſee her; "and I keep a miſtreſs, and never lie with her."

But if theſe ſort of Keepers, who never care a farthing for their miſtreſſes, are to be laughed at, thoſe who are really fond of their *Dulcineas* are to be pitied. The moſt hen-pecked huſband, that ever bore the grievous yoke of a ſhrew, is not half ſo miſerable, as a man who is ſubject to the humours and unaccountable caprice of a cunning ſlut, who finds him in her power. Her

behaviour will continually give him new occaſion of jealouſy; and perhaps ſhe will really diſpenſe her favours to every rake in town, that will bid up to her price. She will ſmile, when ſhe wants money; be inſolent, when ſhe does not; and, in ſhort, leave no artifice untried, to plague his heart, and drain his pocket.

A FRIEND of mine uſed conſtantly to rail at the ſlaviſh condition of married men, and the tyranny of petticoat government: he therefore prudently reſolved to live an uncontrouled batchelor, and for that reaſon pitched upon a country girl, who ſhould ſerve him as an handmaid. Determining to keep her in a very ſnug and retired manner, he had even calculated, how much ſhe would ſave him in curtailing his ordinary expences at taverns and bagnios: but this ſcheme of œconomy did not laſt long; for the artful jade ſoon contrived "to "wind her cloſe into his eaſy heart," and inveigled him to maintain her in all the ſplendor and *eclat* of a firſt-rate lady of pleaſure. He at firſt treated her with all the indifference of a faſhionable huſband: but as ſoon as ſhe found herſelf to be entire miſtreſs of his affections, it is ſurpriſing to think what pains ſhe took, to bring him to the moſt abject compliance with all her whimſies, and to tame him to the patient thing he

he now is. A frown on his part would frequently coſt him a brocade, and a tear from her was ſure to extort a new handkerchief or an apron. Upon any ſlight quarrel ——— O ſhe would leave him that moment; —— and though the baggage had more cunning than to hazard an intrigue with any one elſe, ſhe would work upon his jealouſy by continually twitting him with — She knew a gentleman, who would ſcorn to uſe her ſo barbarouſly, — and ſhe would go to him, — if ſhe could be ſure ſhe was not with child. —— This laſt circumſtance was a *coup de reſerve*, which never failed to bring about a reconciliation: nay, I have known her make great uſe of breeding qualms upon occaſion; and things were once come to ſuch an extremity, that ſhe was even forced to have recourſe to a ſham miſcarriage to prevent their ſeparation. He has often been heard to declare, that if ever he had a child by her, it ſhould take it's chance at the *Foundling-Hoſpital*. He had lately an opportunity of putting this to a trial: but the bare hinting ſuch a barbarous deſign threw the lady into hyſterics. However, he was determined, that the babe, as ſoon as it was born, ſhould be put out to nurſe, — he hated the ſquall of children. Well! madam was brought to bed; ſhe could not bear the dear infant out of her ſight; and it would kill her not

to ſuckle it herſelf. The father was therefore obliged to comply; and an acquaintance caught him the other morning, ſtirring the pap, holding the clouts before the fire, and (in a word) dwindled into a mere nurſe.

SUCH is the transformation of this *Kind Keeper*, whoſe character is ſtill more ridiculous than that of a *Fondlewife* among huſbands. The amours, indeed, of theſe fond ſouls commonly end one of theſe two ways: they either find themſelves deſerted by their miſtreſs, when ſhe has effectually ruined their conſtitution and eſtate; or after as many years cohabitation, as would have tired them of a wife, they grow ſo doatingly fond of their whore, that by marriage they make her an honeſt woman, and perhaps a lady of quality.

BUT the moſt unpardonable ſort of Keepers are Married Men, and Old Men. I will give the reader a ſhort ſketch of each of theſe characters, and leave him to judge for himſelf.

CYNTHIO about two years ago was married to *Clarinda*, one of the fineſt women in the world. Her temper and diſpoſition was as agreeable as her perſon, and her chief endeavour was to pleaſe her huſband. But *Cynthio*'s folly and vanity ſoon got

got the better of his conſtancy and gratitude; and it was not ſix months after his marriage, before he took a girl he was formerly acquainted with into keeping. His dear *Polly* uſes him like a dog; and he is cruel enough to revenge the ill-treatment he receives from her upon his wife. He ſeldom viſits her, but when his wench has put him out of humour; and once, though indeed unknowingly, communicated to her a filthy diſeaſe, for which he was obliged to his miſtreſs. Yet is he ſtill ſo infatuated as to doat on this vile huſſy, and wiſhes it in his power to annul his marriage, and legitimate his baſtards by *Polly*. Though it is palpable to every one but *Cynthio*, that *Polly* has no attraction but the name of Miſtreſs, and *Clarinda* no fault but being his Wife.

Sir *Thrifty Gripe* is arrived at his grand climacteric, and has juſt taken a girl into keeping. 'Till very lately the multiplication-table was his rule of life, and "a penny ſaved is a penny got" was his favourite maxim. But he has ſuddenly deſerted *Wingate* for *Rocheſter*, and the *'Change* for *Covent-Garden*. Here he met with the buxom *Charlotte*, who at once opened his heart and his purſe, and ſoon began to ſcatter his guineas in paying her debts, and ſupplying her freſh expences. Her equipage is as genteel and

elegant as that of a ducheſs; and the wiſe men in the *Alley* ſhake their heads at Sir *Thrifty* as the greateſt ſpendthrift in town. Sir *Thrifty* was formerly married to a merchant's daughter, who brought him a fortune of 20,000 l. but after ſhe had two ſons by him, he ſent her into the North of *Wales* to live cheap, and prevent the probable expence of more children. His ſons were obliged to an uncle for education; and Sir *Thrifty* now ſcarce allows them enough to ſupport them. His miſtreſs and he almoſt always appear together at public places, where ſhe conſtantly makes a jeſt of him, while the old dotard dangles at her elbow, like *January* by the ſide of *May*. Thus Sir *Thrifty* lives, curſed by his own ſons, jilted by his miſtreſs, and laughed at by the reſt of the world.

It is very diverting to obſerve the ſhifts, to which perſons in middling or low life are reduced, in order to bear this new incumbrance, with which they ſometimes chuſe to load themſelves. The extravagance of a girl has put many a clerk on defrauding his maſter, ſent many a diſtreſſed gentleman's watch to the pawnbroker's, and his cloaths to *Monmouth-Street*, as well as the poor gentleman himſelf to the gaming-table, or perhaps to *Hounſlow-Heath*. I know a templar, who always keeps a girl for the firſt month after he

he receives his allowance; at the end of which his poverty obliges him to diſcard her, and live on mutton-chops and porter for the reſt of the quarter: and it was but lately, that my mercer diſcovered his apprentice, to be concerned with two others in an aſſociation, for maintaining one trull common to the whole three.

THIS review of one of the chief ſources of extravagance, in the higher and middling walks of life, will help us to account for the frequent mortgages and diſtreſſes in families of faſhion, and the numerous bankruptcies in trade. Here alſo I cannot help obſerving, that in this caſe, the miſbehaviour of the women is, in a great meaſure, to be charged to the men: for how can it be expected, that a lady ſhould take any pleaſure in diſcharging the domeſtic duties of a wife, when ſhe ſees her huſband's affections placed abroad? Nothing, indeed, can be advanced in vindication of looſe conduct in the fair ſex; but conſidering our modern morals, it is ſurely not much to be wondered at, when the huſband openly affronts his family by keeping a wench, if the wife alſo takes care to provide herſelf a gallant.

NUMB. LII. *Thurſday, January* 23, 1755.

Quem ſi puellarum inſereres choro,
Mirè ſagaces fallaret hoſpites
Diſcrimen obſcurum, ſolutis
Crinibus, ambiguoque vultu. HOR.

In form ſo delicate, ſo ſoft his ſkin,
So fair in feature, and ſo ſmooth his chin,
Quite to unman him nothing wants but this;
Put him in coats, and he's a very Miſs.

— — — Non illa collo calathiſve Minervæ
Fæmineas aſſueta manus. —— ——
VIRG.

See the She-Rake her ſofter ſex diſown:
The breeches more become her than the gown.

I AM perſuaded, that my readers will agree with me in thinking, that the writers of the following letters ought to change cloaths; ſince, as the caſe ſtands at preſent, the one ſeems to be a Pretty Miſs in breeches, and the other a Blood in petticoats.

To

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

ROCKS, deſarts, wilds, waſtes, ſavages, and barbarians, make up the ſum total of the odious country. I am juſt returned from a viſit there; and would not paſs another three weeks in the ſame way to be lord of the manor.

HAVING received frequent invitations from Sir *Sampſon Five-bars*, and having heard much of the beauty of his three ſiſters, in an evil hour I took a reſolution to ſacrifice this *Chriſtmas* to him at his ſeat in *Wiltſhire*. I flattered myſelf with the hopes, that the novelty and oddneſs of the ſcene would ſerve me at leaſt to laugh at; and that if the ruſtics were not mere ſtocks and ſtones, my cloaths and diſcourſe would have taught them to talk and dreſs like human creatures. Need I tell you, that I was diſappointed? Sir *Sampſon* is what the country people call an hearty man: He has the ſhape and conſtitution of a porter, and is ſturdy enough to encounter *Broughton* without mufflers; "when he ſpeaks, thunder breaks;" he hunts almoſt every morning, and takes a toaſt and tankard for his breakfaſt. You may eaſily imagine, that what was pleaſure to him muſt be

torture to me; and, indeed, I would as ſoon draw in a mill, or carry a chair for my diverſion, as follow any of their horrid country amuſements. But Sir *Sampſon*, out of his abundant good-nature, inſiſted on lending me a gun, and ſhewing me a day's ſport of ſhooting. For this purpoſe he loaded me with an huge gun, threw a bag and pouch acroſs my ſhoulders, and made me look for all the world like *Robinſon Cruſoe!* After I had followed him, through woods, and thickets, and briars, and brambles, a ſervant, who was with us, hollowed out, *Mark!* when the baronet's gun went off ſo ſuddenly, that it threw me into a ſwoon; and at laſt I could hardly be convinced, that Sir *Sampſon* had ſhot nothing but a woodcock

AFTER this you will conclude, that I was not to be prevailed on to hunt. Once, indeed, Miſs *Fanny* did tempt me to accompany her on a morning-ride; but even of this I heartily repented. Miſs *Fanny*, I found, valued neither hedge nor ditch, has the ſtrength of a chairwoman, and in ſhort is more like *Trulla* in *Hudibras*, or *Boadicea* in the play, than a woman of faſhion. Unluckily too, the horſe I rode was ſkittiſh and unruly; ſo that while I was ſcampering after Miſs *Fanny*, a ſudden ſtart brought me to

to the ground. I received no hurt, but the fall ſo fluttered my ſpirits, that Miſs *Fanny* was obliged to take me up behind her. When we arrived at the houſe, I was in the utmoſt confuſion; for the booby ſervants ſtood gaping and grinning at my diſtreſs, and Sir *Sampſon* himſelf told me, with a laugh as horrible as *Caliban*'s, that he would lend me one of his maids, to carry me out an airing every morning.

BESIDES theſe and fifty other mortifications, I could ſcarce get any reſt during the whole time I remained there: every other morning I was conſtantly waked by the hungry knight, juſt returned from the chace and bawling for dinner. My breakfaſt was what they called their afternoon tea, at which I always aſſiſted the ladies; for I ſhould infallibly have periſhed, had I ſtaid in the hall, amidſt the jargon of toaſts and the fumes of tobacco. I thought, indeed, my time might be much more agreeably employed in the parlour; but even here my diſappointment was grievous paſt expreſſion. Theſe fair ones, for ſuch they were, were hale indeed and ruddy; and having been always cooped up, like turkeys in a pen, were really no better than *belles ſauvages*, being totally ignorant of the genteel airs and languiſhing *delicateſſe* of women of faſhion.

Their cloaths were huddled on merely with a view to cover their nakedneſs; and they had no notion, that their eyes were given them for any other purpoſe than to ſee, and (what is more ſtrange) to read, forſooth! For my part, Mr. Town, unleſs a woman can uſe her eyes to more advantage, I ſhould as ſoon fall in love with my lap-dog or my monkey; and what conſtitutes the difference between a lady and her cookmaid, but her taſte in dreſs? Mobs and handkerchiefs anſwer the end of covering, but the main purpoſe of dreſs is to reveal. I really almoſt begin to think, that theſe aukward creatures were ſo ſtupid and unaccountable, as to have no deſign upon me. To complete the oddity of their characters, theſe girls are conſtant at church, but never dreamed of promoting an intrigue there; employ their whole time there in praying, never heard of ſuch things as cut fans, and are ſo attentive to the queer old put of a preacher, that they ſcarce look or liſten to any one elſe. After ſervice too the doctor is always taken home to dinner, and is as conſtant at table on Sunday as a roaſt ſurloin and a plumb-pudding.

But even with theſe unaccountable females, I thought I could have paſſed my evenings tolerably,

rably, if I could have got them to cards, which have the charming faculty of rendering all women equally agreeable. But theſe, I found, they were almoſt wholly unaccuſtomed to. I once, indeed, heard the dear cards mentioned, and was in hopes of ſomething like an aſſembly. But what was my mortification! when, inſtead of ſeeing half a dozen card-tables, &c. ſet out, and whiſt, brag, or lanſquenet going forward, I ſaw theſe ſtrange women place themſelves at an huge round table, with country girls and cherry-cheeked bumkins, to play, according to annual *Chriſtmas* cuſtom, at Pope Joan and Snip-ſnap-ſnorum.

It would be endleſs to recount the miſeries I ſuffered in thoſe three weeks. Even the neceſſaries of life were denied me; and I could ſcarce have been more at a loſs among the *Hottentots*. Would you think it, Sir? though this houſe had a family in it, and a family of females too, not a drop of Benjamin-waſh, nor a duſt of almond-powder could be procured there, nor indeed in all the pariſh; and I was forced to ſcrub my hands with filthy waſh-ball, which ſo ruined their complexion, that laying in dog-ſkin gloves will not recover them this fortnight. Add to this, that I never could dreſs for want of pomatum, ſo that my hair was always in *diſheville*; and I

am

am ſure, I ſhould not have been known at the *Dilettanti*. At length, Sir, my ſnuff and ſalts were pretty nigh exhauſted: and to add to my diſtreſs, I loſt my ſnuff-box. Theſe loſſes were irreparable there; not all the country afforded ſuch ſnuff and ſalts as mine; I could as ſoon live without food as without either; and not a box could I touch but one of *Deard*'s, and of my own chuſing. So I hurried up to town; and being juſt recovered from the fatigue of my journey I ſend you this, in hopes that my woeful experience will deter all my friends, from following a chace as mad and hair-brained as any of Sir *Sampſon*'s; ſince it is impoſſible to exiſt a day there with tolerable eaſe, and neither wit nor beauty are worth one pinch, unleſs they are improved by a Town Education.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble ſervant,

DILLY DIMPLE.

MY other correſpondent, by the familiarity of her addreſs, muſt, I am ſure, be a *Woman of Faſhion*.

DEAR

DEAR TOWN!

DID I know your chriſtian name I would call you by it, to ſhew you at firſt ſetting out, that I know the world, and was born and bred in high life.

THE deſign of this epiſtle is to expreſs to you the uneaſineſs, that ſome of us women of ſpirit feel at being incumbered with petticoats; and to convince you, by our way of life, that had we been men, we ſhould have been Bucks of the firſt head. Be aſſured, however, that ſuch of us as are unmarried are ſtrictly virtuous. We have, indeed, been accuſed of copying the dreſs of the nymphs of *Drury*. And can any thing be invented more becoming? *Fanny*, it muſt be owned, has Taſte. What ſo ſmart as a cocked hat? And who but ſees the advantages of ſhort petticoats, unleſs it be ſome ſquire's aukward daughter, who never yet heard of a *Poloneze*, and never accidentally ſhews her leg without bluſhing?

IT is true, this ſimilitude in dreſs now and then occaſions ſome droll miſtakes. In the park the joke has been ſometimes carried ſo far, I have been obliged to call the ſentry: and how did a young Templar ſtart and ſtare, when having

having juſt made an appointment with him, he ſaw me ſtep into a chair adorned with coronets!

IF you frequent *Ranelagh*, you muſt undoubtedly have ſeen or heard me there. I am always ſurrounded with a croud of fellows; and my voice and laugh is ſure to be the loudeſt, eſpecially while *Beard* is ſinging. One is my *dear* lord, another my *ſweet* colonel; and the reſt I call *Tom*, or *Dick*, or *Harry*, as I would their footmen. At the play I always enter in the firſt act. All the eyes of the houſe are turned upon me. I am quite compoſed. Before I am ſettled, the act is over; and to ſome I nod or curtſy, with others I talk and laugh, 'till the curtain falls.

WHAT would I give to change my ſex! *Entre nous*, I have a ſtrong inclination to ſee the world in maſquerade. If you love me, keep it ſecret; and ſhould you hear of any prank more wild and buckiſh than uſual, conclude it to be played by me in men's cloaths.

Your's, as you mind me,

HARRIOT HARE-BRAIN.

NUMB.

NUMB. LIII. *Thurſday, January* 30, 1755.

—— —— —— Aconita bibuntur. JUV.

Drams are our bane, ſince Poiſons lurk within,
And ſome by Cordials fall, and ſome by Gin.

NOTHING is more natural, than for the quacks of all profeſſions to recommend their wares to thoſe perſons, who are moſt likely to ſtand in need of them. Thus Mrs. *Giles* very properly acquaints the fair ſex, that ſhe ſells her fine compound, for taking off ſuperfluous hairs, at a guinea an ounce; and ladies of quality are conſtantly informed, where they may be furniſhed with the neweſt brocades, or the choiceſt variety of *Chelſea*-China figures for deſerts. It is alſo very neceſſary, that the *beau monde* ſhould be acquainted, that *Eau de Luce* may be had here in *England*, the ſame as at *Paris:* But I muſt own, I was very much ſurpriſed at ſeeing repeated advertiſements in the papers from the "*Rich Cordial Warehouſe*," introduced by an addreſs "TO THE PEOPLE OF FASHION." I cannot but look upon this as a libel on our perſons of diſtinction; and I know not whether it may not be

be conſtrued into *ſcandalum magnatum*; as it tacitly inſinuates, that our Right Honourables are no better than Dram-drinkers.

THERE is a well-known ſtory of the famous *Rabelais*, that having a mind to impoſe on the curioſity of his landlord, he filled ſeveral vials with an innocent liquor, and tied labels to them, on which was written—Poiſon for the King,—Poiſon for the Dauphin—Poiſon for the Prime Miniſter—and for all the principal courtiers. The ſame might be ſaid of theſe Rich Cordial Liquors; which, however they may recommend themſelves to the People of Faſhion by their foreign titles and extraction, are to be conſidered as poiſons in maſquerade: and inſtead of the pompous names of *Eau d'Or*, *Eau Divine*, and the like, I would have labels fixed on the bottles (in imitation of *Rabelais)* with—Poiſon for my Lord Duke,—Poiſon for the Viſcount,—Poiſon for the Counteſs.

WE live, indeed, in ſo polite an age, that nothing goes down with us, but what is either imported from *France* and *Italy*, or dignified with a foreign appellation. Our dreſs muſt be entirely *à là mode de Paris*; and I will venture to enſure great ſucceſs to the *Monſieur* taylor, who tells us in the public papers, that he has juſt been to

France

France to ſee the neweſt faſhions. A dinner is not worth eating, if not ſerved up by a *French* cook; our wines are of the ſame country; and the Dram-drinkers of faſhion are invited to comfort their ſpirits with Rich Cordials from *Chamberry*, *Neuilly*, and *l'Iſle de Rhè*. A plain man muſt undoubtedly ſmile at the alluring names, which are given to many of theſe *liqueurs*; nor is it poſſible to gueſs at their compoſition from their titles. The virtues as well as the intent, of Viper Water may be well known: but who would imagine, that *Flora Granata*, or *Belle de Nuit* ſhould be intended only to ſignify a Dram? For my own part, I ſhould rather have taken *Maraſquino* for an *Italian* Fidler, and have concluded, that *Jacomonoodi* was no other than an Opera-ſinger.

BUT dram-drinking, however different in the phraſe, is the ſame in the practice, in every ſtation of life; and ſipping Rich Cordials is no leſs deteſtable, than in the vulgar idiom Bunging your eye. What ſignifies it, whether we muddle with *Eau de Mellifleurs* or plain Anniſeed? or whether we fetch our Drams from the Rich Cordial Warehouſe, or the Blackamoor and Still? The lady of St. *James*'s, who paints her face with frequent applications of Coffee or Chocolate

Chocolate Water, looks as hideous as the trollop of St. *Giles*'s, who has laid on the ſame colours by repeated half quarterns of Gin Royal. There are many cuſtoms among the great, which are alſo practiſed by the lower ſort of people: and if perſons of faſhion wrap up their Drams in the diſguiſe of a variety of ſpecious titles, in this too they are rivalled by the vulgar. Madam Gin has been chriſtened by as many names, as a *German* princeſs: every petty chandler's ſhop will ſell you *Sky-blue*, and every night-cellar furniſh you with *Holland Tape*, *three yards a penny*. Nor can I ſee the difference between *Oil of Venus*, *Spirit of Adonis*, and *Parfait Amour*, for the uſe of our quality, and what among the vulgar is called *Cupid's Eye-water*, *Strip me naked*, and *Lay me down ſoftly*.

To theſe elegant and genteel appellations it is, perhaps, chiefly owing, that Drams are not confined merely to the vulgar, but are in eſteem among all ranks of people, and eſpecially among the ladies. Many a good woman, who would ſtart at the very mention of Strong Waters, cannot conceive there can be any harm in a Cordial. And as the fair ſex are more particularly ſubject to a depreſſion of ſpirits, it is no wonder, that they ſhould convert their apothecaries

apothecaries ſhops into Rich Cordial Warehouſes, and take Drams by way of phyſic; as the common people make Gin ſerve for meat, drink, and cloaths. The ladies perhaps may not be aware, that every time they have recourſe to their Hartſhorn or Lavender Drops, to drive away the vapours, they in effect take a Dram: and they may be aſſured, that their Cholic, Surfeit, and Plague Waters are to be ranked among ſpirituous liquors, as well as the common ſtuff at the Gin-ſhop. The College of Phyſicians, in their laſt review of the *London* Diſpenſatory, for this very reaſon expelled the Strong Water, generally known by the ſoothing name of Hyſteric Water; becauſe it was a lure to the female ſex to dram it by authority, and to get tipſy *ſecundùm artem.*

If any of my fair readers have at all given into this pernicious practice of Dram-drinking, I muſt intreat them to leave it off betimes, before it has taken ſuch hold of them, as they can never ſhake off. For the deſire of Drams ſteals upon them, and grows to be habitual, by imperceptible degrees: as thoſe, who are accuſtomed to take Opiates, are obliged to encreaſe the doſe gradually, and at laſt cannot ſleep without it. The following letter may ſerve to convince them of the

the deplorable ſituation of a lady, who covers her drinking under the pretence of mending her conſtitution.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

I HAVE the misfortune to be married to a poor ſickly creature, who labours under a complication of diſorders, and which nothing can relieve but a continued courſe of Strong Liquors; though, poor woman! ſhe would not elſe touch a Dram for the world. Sometimes ſhe is violently troubled with the tooth-ach, and then ſhe is obliged to hold a glaſs of Rum in her mouth, to numb the pain: at other times ſhe is ſeized with a racking fit of the cholic, and nothing will ſo ſoon give her eaſe as ſome right *Holland*'s Gin. She has the gout in her conſtitution; and whenever ſhe feels a twitch of it, the only thing is ſheer Brandy, to keep it from her head: but this is ſometimes too *cold* for her, and ſhe is forced to drive it out of her ſtomach with true *Iriſh* Uſquebaugh. She is never free from the vapours, notwithſtanding ſhe is continually drinking Hartſhorn and Water: and ever ſince ſhe miſcarried, ſhe is ſo hyſterical in the night-time, that ſhe never lies without a Cordial-

Water

Water bottle by her bedſide. I have paid the apothecary above fifty pounds for her in one year; and his bill is laced down with nothing but Drops, Peper-Mint Water, and the Cordial Draught repeated.

HER very diet muſt always be made *heartening*; otherwiſe it will do her no good. Tea would make her low-ſpirited, except ſhe was to qualify every diſh with a large ſpoonful of Rum. She has a glaſs of Mountain with Bitters an hour before dinner to get her an appetite; and her ſtomach is ſo poor, that when ſhe is at table, ſhe muſt force every bit down with a Glaſs of Madeira. We uſually have a tiff of Punch together in the evening: but the acid would gripe her, and the water keep her awake all the night, if it was not made *comfortable* with more than an equal portion of Spirit.

BUT notwithſtanding the grievous complaints ſhe hourly labours under, ſhe is very hale; and her complexion is, to all appearance, as healthy and florid, as a milk-maid's: except, indeed, that her noſe and forehead are ſubject to red pimples, blotches, and breakings out, which the apothecary tells me are owing to a kind of a *phlogiſtic* humour in her blood. For my part, conſidering

conſidering the quantity of combuſtibles ſhe continually pours down, I ſhould imagine the fire in her ſtomach would kindle a flame in her countenance; and I ſhould not wonder, if ſhe looked as horrible, as thoſe who hang their face over a bowl of Burnt Brandy at Snap-Dragon.

I am, SIR, your humble ſervant,

TIMOTHY NOGGAN.

T

NUMB. LIV. *Thurſday, February* 6, 1755.

Luſit amabiliter, donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem verti cæpit jocus. ——— HOR.

Frolicks for men of ſpirit only fit,
Where rapes are jeſts, and murder is ſheer wit.

THE nobleſt exploit of a man of the Town, the higheſt proof and utmoſt effort of his genius and pleaſantry, is the FROLICK. This piece of humour conſiſts in playing the moſt wild and extravagant pranks, that wantonneſs and debauchery can ſuggeſt; and is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of the Buck and Blood. Theſe facetious gentlemen, whenever Champagne has

has put them in ſpirits, ſally out "flown with "inſolence and wine" in queſt of adventures. At ſuch a time, the more harm they do, the more they ſhew their wit; and their Frolicks, like the mirth of a monkey, are made up of miſchief.

THE Frolick formerly ſignified nothing more than a piece of innocent mirth and gaiety: but the modern ſenſe of the word is much more lively and ſpirited. The *Mohocks*, and the members of the *Hell-Fire-Club*, the heroes of the laſt generation, were the firſt, who introduced theſe elevated Frolicks, and ſtruck out mighty good jokes from all kinds of violence and blaſphemy. The preſent race of Bucks commonly begin their Frolick in a tavern, and end it in the round-houſe; and during the courſe of it practiſe ſeveral mighty pretty pleaſantries. There is a great deal of humour in what is called *beating the rounds*, that is in plain *Engliſh*, taking a tour of the principal bawdy-houſes: breaking lamps, and ſkirmiſhes with watchmen, are very good jeſts; and the inſulting any dull ſober fools, that are quietly trudging about their buſineſs, or a rape on a modeſt woman, are particularly facetious. Whatever is in violation of all decency and order, is an exquiſite piece of wit: and in ſhort, a Frolick, and *playing the devil* bear the ſame explanation in a modern gloſſary.

It is ſurpriſing how much invention there is in theſe exploits, and how wine inſpires theſe gentlemen with thoughts more extraordinary and ſublime, than any ſober man could ever have deviſed. I have known a whole company ſtart from their chairs, and begin tilting at each other merely for their diverſion. Another time theſe exalted geniuſes have caſt lots, which ſhould be thrown out of the window; and at another made a bonfire of their cloaths, and ran naked into the ſtreets. I remember a little gentleman not above five feet high, who was reſolved, merely for the ſake of the Frolick, to lie with the Tall Woman; but the joke ended in his receiving a ſound cudgeling from the hands of his *Thaleſtris*. It was no longer ago than laſt winter, that a party of jovial Templars ſet out an hour or two after midnight on a voyage to *Liſbon*, in order to get good Port. They took boat at the *Temple* ſtairs, and prudently laid in, by way of proviſions, a cold veniſon paſty and two bottles of raſberry brandy: but when they imagined they were juſt arrived at *Graveſend*, they found themſelves ſuddenly overſet in *Chelſea-Reach*, and very narrowly eſcaped being drowned. The moſt innocent Frolicks of theſe men of humour are carried on, in a literary way, by advertiſements in the news-papers, with which they often

often amuſe the town, and alarm us with bottle conjurors, and perſons who will jump down their own throats. Sometimes they divert themſelves by impoſing on their acquaintance with fictitious intrigues, and putting modeſt women to the bluſh by deſcribing them in the public papers. Once, I remember, it was the Frolick to call together all the wet nurſes, that wanted a place; at another time, to ſummon ſeveral old women to bring their male tabby cats, for which they were to expect a conſiderable price; and not long ago, by the proffer of a curacy, they drew all the poor parſons to St. *Paul*'s coffee-houſe, where the Bucks themſelves ſat in another box to ſmoke their ruſty wigs and brown caſſocks.

But the higheſt Frolick, that can poſſibly be put in execution, is a genteel murder; ſuch as running a waiter through the body, knocking an old feeble watchman's brains out with his own ſtaff, or taking away the life of ſome regular ſcoundrel, who has not ſpirit enough to whore and drink like a gentleman. The nobleſt Frolick of this kind I ever remember, happened a few years ago at a country town. While a party of Bucks were making a riot at an inn, and toſſing the chairs and tables and looking-glaſſes into the

ſtreet, the landlady was indiſcreet enough to come up ſtairs, and interrupt their merriment with her impertinent remonſtrances; upon which they immediately threw her out of the window after her own furniture. News was ſoon brought of the poor woman's death; and the whole company looked upon it as a very droll accident, and gave orders that ſhe ſhould be charged in the bill.

THESE wild pranks are inſtances of great ſpirit and invention: but alas! the generality of mankind have no taſte for humour. Few people care to have a ſword in their ribs for the ſake of the joke, or to be beat to mummy, or ſhot through the head, for the diverſion of the good company. They ſometimes imagine the jeſt is carried too far; and are apt to apply the words of the old fable, "It may be ſport to you, but "it is death to us." For theſe reaſons, a ſet of theſe merry gentlemen are as terrible, to the ordinary part of the world, as a troop of Banditti; and an affair, which has been thought very high fun in *Pall-Mall* or *Covent-Garden*, has been treated in a very ſerious manner at *Weſtminſter-Hall* or the *Old-Bailey*. Our legiſlature has been abſurd enough to be very careful of the lives of the loweſt among the people; and the council for

for an highwayman would ſooner plead diſtreſs as an excuſe for diſcharging his piſtol, than mere wantonneſs and Frolick. Nor do the governments abroad entertain a better opinion of this ſort of humour: for it is but a few years, ſince a gentleman on his travels, who was completing a Town Education by the polite tour, ſhot a waiter through the head; but the joke was ſo ill received that the gentleman was hanged within four and twenty hours. It would be adviſeable therefore for theſe gentlemen, ſince the taſte of the age is ſo incorrigible, to lay aſide this high-ſeaſoned humour. For their piſtol, as it were, recoils upon themſelves; and ſince it may produce their own deaths, it would be more prudent not to draw their wit out of their ſcabbards.

Our ladies of quality, who have at length adopted *French* manners with *French* faſhions, and thrown off all ſtarchneſs and reſerve with the ruff and the fardingale, are very fond of a Frolick. I have, indeed, lately obſerved with great pleaſure the commendable attempts of the other ſex to ſhake off the ſhackles of cuſtom; and I make no doubt, but a libertine lady will ſoon become a very common character. If their paſſion for Gaming continues to increaſe in the

ſame proportion that it has for ſome time paſt, we ſhall very ſoon meet with abundance of ſharpers in petticoats; and it will be mentioned as a very familiar incident, that a party of female gamblers were ſeized by the conſtables at a gaming-table. I am alſo informed, that it is grown very common among the ladies to toaſt pretty fellows; and that they often amuſe themſelves with concerting ſchemes for an excellent Frolick. A Frolick is, indeed the moſt convenient name in the world to veil an intrigue: and it is a great pity, that huſbands and fathers ſhould ever object to it. I can ſee no harm in a lady's going diſguiſed to mob it in the gallery at the play-houſe; and could not but ſmile at the pretty innocent wanton, who carried the joke ſo far as to accompany a ſtrange gentleman to a bagnio; but when ſhe came there, was ſurpriſed to find, that he was fond of a Frolick as well as herſelf, and offered her violence. But I particularly admire the ſpirit of that lady, who had ſuch true reliſh for a Frolick, as to go with her gallant to the maſquerade, though ſhe knew he had no breeches under his Domino.

I MOST heartily congratulate the fine ladies and gentlemen of the age on the ſpirit, with which they perſue their diverſions; and I look upon a bold

bold Frolick as the peculiar privilege of a perſon of faſhion. The ladies undoubtedly ſee a great deal of pleaſantry in an intrigue, and mimic the dreſs and manners of the courteſans very happily and facetiouſly; while the gentlemen, among many other new fancies, have made the old blunder of the Merry Andrew appear no longer ridiculous, and are mightily pleaſed with the *comical humours of a murder*. The frolicks now in vogue will probably continue to be the amuſements of the polite world for a long time: but whenever the faſhion is about to vary, I beg leave to propoſe the Frolick recommended, if I remember right, to the Duke of *Wharton* by Dr. *Swift*. "When "you are tired of your other Frolicks, I would "have you take up the Frolick of BEING GOOD; "and my word for it, you will find it the "moſt agreeable Frolick you ever practiſed "in your life."

O

NUMB. LV. *Thurſday, February* 13, 1755.

—— Nil obſtat. Cöis tibi penè videre eſt
Ut nudam, ne crure malo, ne ſit pede turpi:
Metiri poſſis oculo latus. —— —— HOR.

The taper leg, ſlim waiſt, and lovely ſide,
Nor ſtays nor envious petticoats ſhall hide;
But full in ſight the tempting boſom ſwell,
While Bucks with wonder view the Naked Belle.

THERE once prevailed among us a ſect called *The* ADAMITES, whoſe doctrine, like that of our preſent *Moravians*, was calculated to comfort the fleſh as well as the ſpirit; and many things, generally accounted indecent and immodeſt, were with them regarded as principles of religion. The chief article maintained by this ſect was, that it was proper, like our great forefather *Adam*, to go naked; and the proſelytes to this faith came abroad in the public ſtreets and open day-light without any cloathing. But this primitive ſimplicity did not agree with the notions of thoſe degenerate days; and the ADAMITES were looked upon as an intolerable nuiſance. Their religion, like all others, was ſoon attended with perſecution; and ſome of the converts

converts were dragged naked at the cart's tail, ſome ſet in the ſtocks, and others ſent to *Bridewell.*

SINCE that remarkable period the male part of our ſpecies have been decently covered; but the female world has made ſeveral bold attempts to throw off the incumbrance of cloaths. Caps, handkerchiefs, tuckers, and modeſty-pieces have been long diſcarded; and the ladies have continued every year to ſhed ſome other part of their dreſs, as uſeleſs and unornamental. But theſe are only half aſſertions of the female rights and natural liberty in compariſon to the project, which, it is thought, will be ripe for execution by the ſummer. A ſet of ladies of the firſt faſhion have agreed to found a ſect of

E V I T E S,

who are to appear in public, with no other covering than the original Fig-leaf. The primitive ſimplicity of appearance will be reſtored; and though ſome may be cenſorious enough to imagine, that their confidence ariſes from very different principles, it may juſtly be ſaid of our ladies of quality, as of our firſt parents before the Fall, "They are naked, and ARE NOT ASHAMED."

My country readers, and all thoſe who live at a diſtance from the polite world, may perhaps look upon this ſcheme as merely fantaſtical and imaginary; but nothing is more true. The milliners are at this time very buſy in making up artificial Fig-leaves, and adorning them according to the different fancies of the wearers. There is more taſte diſplayed in contriving an elegant Fig-leaf, than has hitherto been exerted in forming a genteel ſword-knot. Some have bunches of the gayeſt coloured ribbands dangling looſely from the ſtalk, others taſſels of gold and ſilver-lace, and a few, deſigned for ladies of the higheſt diſtinction, bunches of diamonds. This and the *Pompon*, which it is ſaid has been lately worn merely as a type of the Fig-leaf, will make up the common dreſs of the whole female world: but if ever the weather ſhould be too ſevere for the ladies to appear (as *Bayes* expreſſes it) *in puris naturalibus*, they are to wear fleſh-coloured ſilks with *Pompons* and Fig-leaves as uſual.

There are perhaps perſons who, as they ſtill retain ſome of the leaven of decency in their compoſition, will be ſtartled at this project. I muſt own, however, that it does not appear to me to be in the leaſt extraordinary or ſurpriſing: for,

for, conſidering the preſent dreſs of our women of faſhion, there remains no further ſtep to be taken, except abſolute nakedneſs. The ſtays and petticoat have been ſo unmercifully pruned and cut away in order to diſcover latent beauties, that if thoſe of the preſent mode were to fall into the hands of our diſtant poſterity, they would conclude, that the preſent race of women muſt have been a generation of pigmies; for they could never poſſibly conceive, that they were of common ſize, and wore any garments ſo little calculated either for uſe or ornament. If one might judge by appearances, the ſmall degree of modeſty, that is left in the polite world, ſeems to be among the men; and one is almoſt tempted to look for the rakes and perſons of intrigue in the other ſex. I was preſent a few nights ago at the repreſentation of the *Chances*; and when I looked round the boxes, and obſerved the looſe dreſs of all the ladies, and the great reliſh with which they received the high-ſeaſoned jeſts in that comedy, I was almoſt apprehenſive, that the old ſtory of the outrage of the *Romans* on the *Sabine* women would be inverted, and that the ladies would riſe up and commit a rape on the men.

BUT notwithſtanding all that may be ſaid againſt this project for eſtabliſhing nakedneſs, it is not without example. Among the *Hottentots*, a very wiſe and polite nation, the ladies at this day go quite naked, except a looſe mantle thrown over their ſhoulders, and a ſhort apron before inſtead of a Fig-leaf. It is alſo well known, that the *Spartans* allowed their unmarried women to wear a ſort of looſe robe, which at every motion diſcovered their charms through ſeveral openings, contrived for that purpoſe. There would certainly be no harm in extending this liberty to the whole ſex; and I am not in the leaſt inclined to liſten to the malignant inſinuations, that when a married woman endeavours to look particularly tempting, it is not merely to pleaſe her huſband, but to captivate a gallant. It may perhaps be further objected, that our Northern climate is too cold to ſtrip in: but this little inconvenience is amply compenſated, by the ſecurity the ladies will create to themſelves by taking ſuch extraordinary liberties, and carrying matters ſo very far, that it will be indecent even to reprehend them.

THERE is, however, a very large part of the ſex, for whom I am greatly concerned on this occaſion: I mean the Old and the Ugly. Whatever

ever the Belles may get by this faſhion, theſe poor ladies will be great ſufferers. Their faces are already more than is agreeable to be ſhewn; but if they expoſe ſickly ſkins furrowed and purſed up like a waſher-woman's fingers, the ſight will become too diſguſting. During the preſent mode I have obſerved, that the diſplay of a yellow neck or clumſy leg has created but few admirers: and it is reaſonable to conclude, that when the new faſhion begins to prevail univerſally, although our men of pleaſure will be glad to ſee the young and beautiful, (whom they would deſire to take into their arms,) ſtripping as faſt as poſſible, yet they are not ſo fond of primitive and original ſimplicity, as to be captivated by a lady, who has none of the charms of *Eve*, except her nakedneſs.

SOME perſons of more than ordinary penetration will be apt to look on this project in a political light, and conſider it as a ſcheme to counterwork the Marriage-Act. But as the chief ladies, who concerted it, are already provided with huſbands, and are known to be very well affected to the government, this does not appear probable. It is more likely to be an artifice of the Beauties to make their ſuperiority inconteſtible, by drawing in the dowdies of the ſex to ſuffer by ſuch an injurious

injurious contraſt. However this may be, it is very certain, that the moſt lovely of the ſex are about to employ the whole artillery of their charms againſt us, and indeed ſeem reſolved to ſhoot us flying. On this occaſion it is to be hoped, that the practice of painting, which is now ſo very faſhionable, will be entirely laid aſide; for whoever incruſts herſelf in paint can never be allowed to be naked; and it is ſurely more elegant for a lady to be covered even with ſilk and linnen, than to be daubed, like an old wall, with plaiſter and rough-caſt.

AFTER this account of the ſcheme of our modiſh females now in agitation, which the reader may depend upon as genuine, it only remains to let him know how I came by my intelligence. The PARLIAMENT OF WOMEN, lately propoſed, is now actually ſitting. Upon their firſt meeting, after the preliminaries were adjuſted, the whole houſe naturally reſolved itſelf into a Committee on the affairs of Dreſs. The Fig-leaf Bill, the purport of which is contained in this paper, was brought in by a noble Counteſs, and occaſioned ſome very warm debates. Two ladies in particular made ſeveral remarkable ſpeeches on this occaſion: but they were both imagined to ſpeak, like our male patriots,

patriots, more for their own private intereſt than for the good of the public. For one of theſe ladies, who inſiſted very earneſtly on the decency of ſome ſort of covering, and has a very beautiful face, is ſhrewdly ſuſpected not to be ſo much above all rivalry in the turn and proportion of her limbs; and the other, who was impatient to be undreſſed with all expedition, was thought to be too much influenced by her known partiality to a favourite mole, which now lies out of ſight. The Bill, however, was paſſed by a conſiderable majority, and is intended to be put in force by Midſummer Day next enſuing.

W

NUMB. LVI. *Thurſday, February* 20, 1755.

Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores:
Necte, Amarylli, modò, et Veneris, dic, vincula necto.
Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnin.
Limus ut hic dureſcit, et hæc ut cera liqueſcit,
Uno eodemque igni; ſic noſtro Daphnis amore.

VIRGIL.

Three colours weave in three-fold knots, and cry,
" In three-fold bond this true-love's knot I tye."
As the ſame fire makes hard this cake of clay,
In which this waxen image melts away,
Thus, God of Love, be my true ſhepherd's breaſt,
Soft to my flame, but hard to all the reſt.
Ye ſongs, ſpells, philters, amulets, and charms,
Bring, quickly bring my Daphnis *to my arms.*

THE idle ſuperſtitions of the vulgar are no where ſo conſpicuous as in the affairs of love. When a raw girl's brain is once turned with a ſweetheart, ſhe converts every trifling accident of her life into a good or bad omen, and makes every thing conſpire to ſtrengthen her in ſo pleaſing a deluſion. *Virgil* repreſents *Dido*, as ſoon as ſhe has contracted her fatal paſſion for *Æneas*, going to the prieſt to have her fortune told. In like manner the love-ſick girl runs to the cunning-man, or croſſes the gipſy's hand with

with her laſt ſix-pence, to know when ſhe ſhall be married, how many children ſhe ſhall have, and whether ſhe ſhall be happy with her huſband. She alſo conſults the cards, and finds out her lover in the Knave of Hearts. She learns how to interpret dreams, and every night furniſhes her with meditations for the next day. If ſhe happens to bring out any thing in converſation, which another perſon was about to ſay, ſhe comforts herſelf that ſhe ſhall be married firſt; and if ſhe tumbles as ſhe is running up ſtairs, imagines ſhe ſhall go to church with her ſweet-heart, before the week is at an end.

It would puzzle the moſt profound antiquary to diſcover, what could give birth to the ſtrange notions cheriſhed by fond nymphs and ſwains. The God of Love has more ſuperſtitious votaries, and is worſhipped with more unaccountable rites, than any fabulous deity whatever. Nothing, indeed, is ſo whimſical as the imagination of a perſon in love. The dying ſhepherd carves the name of his miſtreſs on the trees, while the fond maid knits him a pair of garters with an amorous poſey; and both look on what they do as a kind of charm to ſecure the affection of the other. A lover will rejoice to give his miſtreſs a bracelet or a top-knot; and ſhe perhaps will take pleaſure in

in working him a pair of ruffles. These they will regard as the soft bonds of love; but neither would on any account run the risk of *cutting love*, by giving or receiving such a present as a knife or a pair of scissars. To wear the picture of the beloved object constantly near the heart, is universally accounted a most excellent and never-failing preservative of affection: and if, in the course of their amour, the mistress gives the dear man her hair wove in a true lover's knot, or breaks a crooked nine-pence with him, she thinks herself assured of his inviolable fidelity.

SOME few years ago there was publickly advertised, among the other extraordinary medicines whose wonderful qualities are daily related in the last page of our news-papers, a most efficacious Love-Powder; by which a despairing lover might create affection in the bosom of the most cruel mistress. Lovers have, indeed, always been fond of enchantment. *Shakespeare* has represented *Othello* as accused of winning his *Desdemona* "by conjuration and mighty magic;" and *Theocritus* and *Virgil* have both introduced women into their pastorals, using charms and incantations to recover the affections of their sweethearts. In a word, Talismans, Genii, Witches, Fairies, and all the instruments of magic

magic and enchantment, were firſt diſcovered by lovers, and employed in the buſineſs of love.

BUT I never had a thorough inſight into all this amorous ſorcery, 'till I received the following letter, which was ſent me from the country a day or two after *Valentine*'s Day; and I make no doubt, but all true lovers moſt religiouſly performed the the previous rites mentioned by my correſpondent.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

DEAR SIR, *Feb.* 17, 1755.

YOU muſt know I am in love with a very clever man, a *Londoner*; and as I want to know whether it is my fortune to have him, I have tried all the tricks I can hear of for that purpoſe. I have ſeen him ſeveral times in coffee-grounds, with a ſword by his ſide; and he was once at the bottom of a tea-cup, in a coach and ſix with two footmen behind it. I got up laſt May morning, and went into the fields to hear the Cuckow; and when I pulled off my left ſhoe, I found an Hair in it exactly the ſame colour with his. But I ſhall never forget what I did laſt Midſummer Eve. I and my two ſiſters tried the Dumb Cake together: you muſt know, two muſt

muſt make it, two bake it, two break it, and the third put it under each of their pillows, (but you muſt not ſpeak a word all the time,) and then you will dream of the man you are to have. This we did; and to be ſure I did nothing all night but dream of Mr. *Bloſſom*. The ſame night, exactly at twelve o'Clock, I ſowed Hempſeed in our back yard, and ſaid to myſelf, *Hempſeed I ſow, Hempſeed I hoe, And he that is my true-love, come after me and mow.* Will you believe me? I looked back, and ſaw him behind me, as plain as eyes could ſee him. After that, I took a clean ſhift, and wetted it, and turned it wrong ſide out, and hung it to the fire upon the back of a chair; and very likely my ſweetheart would have come and turned it right again, (for I heard his ſtep,) but I was frightened, and could not help ſpeaking, which broke the charm. I likewiſe ſtuck up two Midſummer Men, one for myſelf, and one for him. Now if his had died away, we ſhould never have come together: but, I aſſure you, his blowed, and turned to mine. Our maid *Betty* tells me, that if I go backwards, without ſpeaking a word, into the garden upon Midſummer Eve, and gather a Roſe, and keep it in a clean ſheet of paper, without looking at it, till *Chriſtmas* day, it will be as freſh as in *June*; and if I then ſtick it in my boſom,

boſom, he that is to be my huſband will come and take it out. If I am not married before the time comes about again, I will certainly do it: and only mind, if Mr. *Bloſſom* is not the man.

I HAVE tried a great many other fancies, and they have all turned out right. Whenever I go to lye in a ſtrange bed, I always tye my garter nine times round the bed-poſt, and knit nine knots in it, and ſay to myſelf, *This knot I knit, this knot I tye, To ſee my love as he goes by, In his apparel and array, As he walks in every day.* I did ſo laſt holidays at my uncle's; and to be ſure I ſaw Mr. *Bloſſom* draw my curtains, and tuck up the cloaths at me bed's feet. Couſin *Debby* was married a little while ago, and ſhe ſent me a piece of Bride-Cake to put under my pillow; and I had the ſweeteſt dream—I thought we were going to be married together. I have, many is the time, taken great pains to pare an Apple Whole, and afterwards flung the Peel over my head; and it always falls in the ſhape of the firſt letter of his Sirname or Chriſtian name. I am ſure Mr. *Bloſſom* loves me, becauſe I ſtuck two of the Kernels upon my forehead, while I thought upon him and the lubberly ſquire my papa wants me to have: Mr. *Bloſſom*'s Kernel ſtuck on, but the other dropt off directly.

LAST

LAST Friday, Mr. TOWN, was *Valentine*'s Day; and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five Bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then, if I dreamt of my ſweetheart, *Betty* ſaid we ſhould be married before the year was out. But to make it more ſure, I boiled an Egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it up with ſalt; and when I went to bed, eat it ſhell and all, without ſpeaking or drinking after it. We alſo wrote our lovers names upon bits of paper, and rolled them up in clay, and put them into water; and the firſt that roſe up, was to be our *Valentine*. Would you think it? Mr. *Bloſſom* was my man: and I lay a-bed and ſhut my eyes all the morning, 'till he came to our houſe; for I would not have ſeen another man before him for all the world.

DEAR Mr. TOWN, if you know any other ways to try our fortune by, do but put them in your paper. My mamma laughs at us, and ſays there is nothing in them; but I am ſure there is, for ſeveral miſſes at our boarding-ſchool have tried them, and they have all happened true: and I am ſure my own ſiſter *Hetty*, who died juſt before *Chriſtmas*, ſtood in the Church-Porch laſt Midſummer

Midſummer Eve to ſee all that were to die that year in our pariſh; and ſhe ſaw her *own* apparition.

Your humble ſervant,

ARABELLA WHIMSEY.

T

NUMB. LVII. *Thurſday, February* 27, 1755.

Dulce Sodalitium! —— —— MARTIAL.

Now this is worſhipful Society.

SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no phraſe in the whole vocabulary of modern converſation, which has a more vague ſignification than the words "Good Company." People of faſhion modeſtly explain it to mean only themſelves; and, like the old *Romans*, look on all others as Barbarians. Thus a ſtar or a ribband, a title or a place, denotes Good Company; and a man riſes in the eſteem of the polite circle according to his rank or his rent-roll. This way of reaſoning is ſo well known and ſo generally adopted, that we are not ſurpriſed to hear polite perſons complain

plain at their return from the play, that the houſe was very much crouded, but that there was no company: though, indeed, I could not help ſmiling at a lady's ſaying ſhe preferred St. *James*'s church to St. *George*'s, becauſe the pews were commonly filled with Better Company.

I PROPOSE at preſent to conſider this comprehenſive term, only as it reſpects a ſociety of friends, who meet in order to paſs their time in an agreeable manner. To do this the more effectually, I ſhall take a curſory view of the ſeveral methods now in vogue, by which a ſet of acquaintance endeavour to amuſe each other. The reader will here meet with ſome very extraordinary inventions for this purpoſe; and when he has fixed his choice, may try to introduce himſelf into that company he likes beſt.

THERE is a great demand for wit and humour in ſome parts of this metropolis Among many he is reckoned the Beſt Company, who can enliven his converſation with ſtrokes of facetiouſneſs, and (in *Shakeſpeare*'s words) "ſet the "table on a roar." But as wit and humour do not always fall to the ſhare of thoſe who aim at ſhining in converſation, our jokers and witlings have wiſely deviſed ſeveral mechanical ways of

of gaining that end. I know one, who is thought a very facetious fellow by the club of which he is a member, becauſe every night, as ſoon as the clock ſtrikes twelve, he begins to crow like a cock: another is accounted a man of *immenſe humour*, for entertaining his friends with a burleſque hornpipe; and a third has the reputation of being excellent company by ſinging a ſong, and at the ſame time playing the tune upon the table with his knuckles and elbows. Mimicry is, in theſe ſocieties, an indiſpenſible requiſite in a Good Companion. Imitations of the actors and other well-known characters are very much admired; to which they have given the appellation of *taking off*. But the mimic is by no means limited to an imitation of the human ſpecies: for an exact repreſentation of the brute creation will procure him infinite applauſe. Very many of theſe wits may be met with in different quarters of the town; and it is but a week ago, ſince I was invited to paſs the evening with a ſociety, which, after a diſplay of their ſeveral talents, I found to conſiſt of a Dog, a Cat, a Monkey, an Aſs, and a Couple of Dancing Bears.

I CANNOT help looking with ſome veneration on the wit exerted in ſocieties of this ſort, ſince it has the extraordinary quality of never creating

either diſguſt or fatiety. They aſſemble every night, tell the ſame ſtories, repeat the ſame jokes, ſing the ſame ſongs; and they are every night attended with the ſame applauſe and merriment. Conſidering how much their wit is uſed, it is ſurpriſing, that it ſhould not be worn out. Sometimes, however, one of the ſociety makes a new acquiſition, which is immediately thrown into the common ſtock of humour, and conſtantly diſplayed as part of the entertainment of the evening. A gentleman of this caſt lately ſhewed me with great joy the poſtſcript of a letter, in which his correſpondent promiſed him *huge fun* the next time he ſhould ſee him, for he had got two new ſtories, and three or four excellent ſongs from one of the actors.

THESE are certainly very agreeable methods of paſſing the evening, and muſt pleaſe all perſons, who have any reliſh for wit and humour. But theſe powers of entertaining are not every where the ſtandard of Good Company. There are places, in which he is the Beſt Company, who drinks moſt. A Boon Companion lays it down as a rule, that "talking ſpoils converſa-"tion." A bumper is his argument; and his firſt care is to promote a briſk circulation of the bottle. He ſhews his eſteem for an abſent friend by

by toaſting him in a bumper extraordinary; and is frequently ſo good and loyal a ſubject, as to drink his Majeſty's health in half-pints. If he is deſired to ſing a catch, he ſtill keeps the main point in view, and gives a ſong wrote in ſo ingenious a ſtile, that it obliges the company to toſs off a glaſs at the end of every ſtanza. If he talks, it is of "healths five fathom deep," or a late *hard bout* with another ſet of jolly fellows; and he takes care, by a quick round of Toaſts, to ſupply the want of other converſation.

I HAVE ever thought the invention of Toaſts very uſeful and ingenious. They at once promote hard drinking, and ſerve as a kind of memorial of every glaſs that has been drank: They alſo furniſh thoſe with converſation, who have nothing to ſay; or at leaſt, by baniſhing all other topics, put the whole company on a level. Beſides all this, three or four rounds of Toaſts, where many are met together, muſt unavoidably lift them all into Good Company. Theſe are no ſmall advantages to ſociety; not to mention the wit and morality contained in many Toaſts.

TOASTS are doubtleſs very uſeful and entertaining: but the wiſeſt inſtitution ever made in

drinking ſocieties, is the cuſtom of appointing what is called an Abſolute Toaſt-maſter. The gentleman inveſted with this dignity is created king of the company; and, like other abſolute monarchs, he commonly makes great uſe of his power. It is particularly his office to name the Toaſt, to obſerve that every man duly toſſes off his bumper, and is in every reſpect Good Company. He is alſo to correct all miſdemeanors; and commonly puniſhes an offender by *ſconcing him a bumper:* that is, in the language of hard drinkers, not unmercifully denying him his due glaſs, but obliging him to add another to it of perhaps double the quantity. For offences of a very heinous nature, the tranſgreſſor is ordered a decanter of water, or a tankard of ſmall beer. The privilege of inflicting a bumper is exerted almoſt every moment: for there is hardly any ſort of behaviour, which does not produce this puniſhment. I have known a man ſconced for drinking, for not drinking, for ſinging, for talking, for being ſilent, and at length ſconced dead drunk, and made very Good Company.

But none of theſe qualifications abovementioned conſtitute Good Company in the genteel part of the world. Polite aſſemblies neither aim at wit and humour, nor make the leaſt pretence

to

to cultivate ſociety. Their whole evenings are conſumed at the card-table, without the leaſt attempt at any other converſation, than the uſual altercations of partners between the deals. Whiſt has deſtroyed converſation, ſpoiled ſociety, and "murdered ſleep." This kind of Good Company is as ridiculous, and more inſipid than either the ſociety of Witlings or Hard-drinkers. Toſſing off bumpers is as rational, and an employment infinitely more joyous, than ſhuffling a pack of cards an whole night: and puns, jokes, and mimicry, however ſtale and repeated, furniſh the company with converſation of as much uſe and variety, as the odd trick and four by honours.

SUCH are the agreeable evenings paſſed at *White*'s, and the other coffee-houſes about St. *James*'s. Such is the happineſs of Aſſemblies, Routs, Drums, and Hurricanes: and without Gaming what inſipid things are even Maſquerades and Ridottos! At ſuch meetings, the man, who is Good Company, plays the game very well, knows more Caſes than are in *Hoyle*, and often poſſeſſes ſome particular qualifications, which would be no great recommendation to him any where elſe. Inſtead of meeting together, like other companies, with a deſire of mutual delight, they ſit down with a deſign upon

the pockets of each other: though, indeed, it is no wonder, when one has ſtripped another of two or three thouſand pounds, if the ſucceſsful gameſter thinks the perſon he has fleeced very Good Company.

By what has been ſaid, it appears that the notion of Good Company excludes all uſeful converſation; which, in either of the above-mentioned ſocieties, would undoubtedly be deſpiſed as ſtupid and pedantick. The Witlings have too lively a genius, and too warm an imagination, to admit it; the Boon Companions can join nothing but love to a bottle; and among Gameſters, it would, like ſleep, be "mere "loſs of time, and hindrance of buſineſs." Yet an accompliſhed member of either of theſe ſocieties is called Good Company: which is juſt as proper an expreſſion, as, according to Serjeant *Kite*, *Carolus* is good *Latin* for Queen *Anne*, or a ſtout beating. But a ſet of people, who aſſemble for no other purpoſe than to Game, have, in particular, ſo very bad a title to the denomination of Good Company, that they appear to me to be the very worſt.

NUMB. LVIII. *Thurſday, March* 6, 1755.

Quicunque impudicus, adulter, ganeo, quique alienum æs grande conflaverat, quo flagitium aut facinus redimeret; prætereà, omnes undique parricidæ, ſacrilegi, convicti judiciis, aut pro factis judicium timentes; ad hoc, quos manus atque lingua perjurio et ſanguine civili alebat; poſtremò, omnes, quos flagitium, egeſtas, conſcius animus exagitabat.

SALLUST.

Would you, like Cataline's, *an army chuſe,*
Go ranſack White's, *the taverns, and the ſtews:*
Preſs every Buck and Blood, renown'd for drinking,
For wenching, gambling, fighting, and free-thinking.

A MISFORTUNE, which happened to me the other day, ſufficiently convinced me of the inconveniencies, ariſing from the indiſcriminate power lodged in our Preſs-gangs; who pay no more regard to thoſe, who plead protection from the badge of literature, than a bailiff's follower. I would not have the reader think, that I was preſſed myſelf: —— but my Devil (that is the meſſenger of the

printing-houſe) was carried off, as he was going with the copy of a CONNOISSEUR to the preſs. Learning appears to me of ſo much importance, that (in my opinion) the perſons of the loweſt retainers to it ſhould be ſacred from moleſtation; and it gives me concern, though a very loyal ſubject, that even a ballad-ſinger, or the hawker of Bloody News, ſhould be interrupted in their literary vocations. I have in vain endeavoured to recover my manuſcript again: for, though I cannot but think any one of my papers of almoſt as much conſequence to the nation, as the fitting out a fleet, the ignorant ſailors were ſo regardleſs of it's ineſtimable contents, that after much enquiry I detected them (with my Devil in conjunction) lighting their pipes with it, at a low alehouſe by *Puddle-Dock*.

THIS irretrievable loſs to the public, as well as myſelf, led me to conſider, whether ſome method might not be thought of, to raiſe ſufficient forces for the fleet and army, without diſturbing poor labourers and honeſt mechanics in their peaceful occupations. I have at length, with great pains and expence of thought, hit upon a Scheme, which will effectually anſwer that end; and without further preface ſhall lay it before the public.

I WOULD

I WOULD propoſe, that every uſeleſs member of the community ſhould be made of ſervice to his country, by being obliged to climb the ropes, or carry a muſquet; and every detrimental one ſhould be prevented from injuring his fellow-ſubjects, and ſent to annoy the common enemy. To begin with the country. There is no occaſion to rob the fields of their huſbandmen, or to fetch our ſoldiers, as the *Romans* took their Dictator, from the plough. It is well known, that every county can ſupply us with numerous recruits, if we were to raiſe them out of that idle body called Country 'Squires; many of whom are born only for the deſtruction of game, and diſturbance of their neighbours. They are mere vegetables, which grow up and rot on the ſame ſpot of ground; except a few perhaps, which are tranſplanted into the Parliament Houſe. Their whole life is hurried away in ſcampering after foxes, leaping five-bar gates, trampling upon the farmers corn, and ſwilling October. As they are by their profeſſion excellent markſmen, and have been uſed to carry a gun, they might employ their powder to more purpoſe in fetching down a *Frenchman* than a pheaſant; and moſt of them might be incorporated among the cavalry, or formed into light-bodied troops, and mounted on their own

Hunters. They might alſo be of great uſe in maroding, or getting in forage: and if they would follow an enemy with the ſame alacrity and defiance of danger, that they follow a fox, they might do prodigious execution in a perſuit. The greateſt danger would be, that if a fox ſhould perchance croſs them in their march, they would be tempted to run from their colours for the ſake of a chace; and we ſhould have them all deſert, or (in the language of fox-hunters) *gone away*.

IF the country is infeſted with theſe uſeleſs and obnoxious animals, called 'Squires, this metropolis is no leſs over-run with a ſet of idle and miſchievous creatures, which we may call Town 'Squires. We might ſoon levy a very numerous army, were we to inliſt into it every vagrant about town, who, not having any lawful calling, from thence takes upon himſelf the title of gentleman, and adds an *Eſq*; to his name. A very large corps too might be formed from the Students at the Inns of Court, who, under the pretence of following the law, receive as it were a ſanction for doing nothing at all. With theſe the ſeveral tribes of play-houſe and coffee-houſe Critics, and that collective body of them called The TOWN, may be allowed to rank: And though

though no great exploits can be expected from theſe *Invalids*, yet (as they are of no other uſe whatever) they may at leaſt ſerve in the army, like *Falſtaff*'s men, as "food for powder."

BUT a very formidable troop might be compoſed of that part of them diſtinguiſhed by the name of Bloods. The fury of their aſſaults on drawers and watchmen, and the ſpirit diſplayed in ſtorming a bagnio, would be of infinite ſervice in the field of battle. But I would recommend it to the general, to have them ſtrictly diſciplined; leſt they ſhould ſhoot ſome of their own comrades, or perhaps run away, merely for the ſake of the joke. Under proper regulations ſuch valiant gentlemen would certainly be of uſe. I had lately ſome thoughts of recommending to the Juſtices, to liſt the Bloods among thoſe brave reſolute fellows, employed as Thief-takers. But they may now ſerve nobler purpoſes in the army: And what may we not expect from ſuch intrepid heroes, who, for want of opportunity to exert their proweſs in warlike ſkirmiſhes abroad, have been obliged to give vent to their courage by breaking the peace at home?

EVERY one will agree with me, that thoſe Men of Honour, who make fighting their buſineſs,

and cannot let their ſwords reſt quietly in their ſcabbards, ſhould be obliged to draw them in the ſervice of his Majeſty. What might we not expect from theſe furious *Drawcanſirs*, if inſtead of cutting one another's throats, their ſkill in arms was properly turned againſt the enemy! A very little diſcipline would make them admirable ſoldiers: for (as *Mercutio* ſays) they are already "the very butchers of a ſilk "button." I have known one of theſe Duelliſts, to keep his hand in, employ himſelf every morning in thruſting at a bit of paper ſtuck againſt the wainſcot; and I have heard another boaſt, that he could ſnuff a candle with his piſtol. Theſe gentlemen are, therefore, very fit to be employed in cloſe engagements. But it will be neceſſary to keep them in continual action; for otherwiſe they would breed a kind of civil war among themſelves, and, rather than not fight at all, turn their weapons upon one another.

SEVERAL *Iriſh* brigades, not inferior to thoſe of the ſame country in the ſervice of the *French* king, may be formed out of thoſe able-bodied men, which are called Fortune-hunters. The attacks of theſe dauntleſs heroes have, indeed, been chiefly levelled at the other ſex: but employment may be found for theſe amorous knight-errants, ſuitable

ſuitable to their known firmneſs and intrepidity; particularly in taking places by ſtorm, where there is a neceſſity for raviſhing virgins, and committing outrages upon the women.

But, among the many uſeleſs members of ſociety, there are none ſo unprofitable as the fraternity of Gameſters. I therefore think, that their time would be much better employed in handling a muſquet, than in ſhuffling a pack of cards, or ſhaking the dice-box. As to the Sharpers, it is a pity that the ſame dexterity, which enables them to palm an ace, or cog a die, is not uſed by them in going through the manual exerciſe in the military way. Theſe latter might, indeed, be employed as marines, or ſtationed in the *Weſt-Indies*; as many of them have already croſt the ſeas, and are perfectly well acquainted with the Plantations.

The laſt propoſal, which I have to make on this ſubject, is to take the whole body of Free-thinkers into the ſervice. For this purpoſe I would impreſs all the members of the *Robin Hood* Society; and, in conſideration of his great merit, I would further adviſe, that the *Clare-Market* Orator ſhould be made Chaplain to the regiment. One of the favourite tenets of a Free-

Free-thinker is, that all men are in a natural ſtate of warfare with each other: nothing, therefore, is ſo proper for him, as to be actually engaged in war. As he has no ſqueamiſh notions about what will become of him hereafter, he can have no fears about death: I would, therefore, always have the Free-thinkers put upon the moſt dangerous exploits, expoſed to the greateſt heat of battle, and ſent upon the Forlorn Hope. For, ſince they confeſs that they are born into the world for no end whatever, and that they ſhall be nothing after death, it is but juſtice, that they ſhould be *annihilated* for the good of their country.

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LIX. *Thurſday, March* 13, 1755.

——— Monſtra evenerunt mihi!
Introiit in ædes ater alienus canis!
Anguis per impluvium decidit de tegulis!
Gallina cecinit! ——— ——— TER.

What unlucky prodigies have befallen us! A ſtrange black dog came into the houſe! A ſnake fell from the tiles through the ſky-light! An hen crowed.

Mr. VILLAGE to Mr. TOWN.

DEAR COUSIN, *March* 3, 1755.

I WAS greatly entertained with your late reflections on the ſeveral branches of magic employed in the affairs of love: I have myſelf been very lately among the Seers of Viſions and Dreamers of Dreams; and hope you will not be diſpleaſed at an account of portents and prognoſtics full as extravagant, though they are not all owing to the ſame cauſe, as thoſe of your correſpondent Miſs *Arabella Whimſey*. You muſt know, Couſin, that I am juſt returned from a viſit of a fortnight to an old aunt in the North; where I was mightily diverted with the traditional

traditional ſuperſtitions, which are moſt religiouſly preſerved in the family, as they have been delivered down (time out of mind) from their ſagacious grandmothers.

WHEN I arrived, I found the miſtreſs of the houſe very buſily employed, with her two daughters, in nailing an horſe-ſhoe to the threſhold of the door. This, they told me, was to guard againſt the ſpiteful deſigns of an old woman, who was a witch, and had threatened to do the family a miſchief, becauſe one of my young couſins laid two ſtraws acroſs, to ſee if the old hag could walk over them. The young lady aſſured me, that ſhe had ſeveral times heard Goody *Cripple* muttering to herſelf; and to be ſure ſhe was ſaying the Lord's Prayer backwards. Beſides, the old woman had very often aſked them for a pin: but they took care never to give her any thing that was ſharp, becauſe ſhe ſhould not bewitch them. They afterwards told me many other particulars of this kind, the ſame as are mentioned with infinite humour by the SPECTATOR: and to confirm them, they aſſured me, that the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was little, uſed to have fits, 'till the mother flung a knife at another old witch, (whom the devil had carried off in an high wind) and fetched blood from her.

WHEN

WHEN I was to go to bed, my aunt made a thouſand apologies for not putting me in the beſt room in the houſe; which (ſhe ſaid) had never been lain in, ſince the death of an old waſher-woman, who walked every night, and haunted that room in particular. They fancied that the old woman had hid money ſomewhere, and could not reſt 'till ſhe had told ſomebody; and my couſin aſſured me, that ſhe might have had it all to herſelf; for the ſpirit came one night to her bed-ſide, and wanted to tell her, but ſhe had not courage to ſpeak to it. I learned alſo, that they had a footman once, who hanged himſelf for love; and he walked for a great while, 'till they got the parſon to lay him in the Red Sea.

I HAD not been here long, when an accident happened, which very much alarmed the whole family. *Towzer* one night howled moſt terribly; which was a ſure ſign, that ſomebody belonging to them would die. The youngeſt miſs declared, that ſhe had heard the hen crow that morning; which was another fatal prognoſtic. They told me, that, juſt before uncle died, *Towzer* howled ſo for ſeveral nights together, that they could not quiet him; and my aunt heard the death-watch tick as plainly, as if there had

had been a clock in the room: the maid too, who ſat up with him, heard a bell toll at the top of the ſtairs, the very moment the breath went out of his body. During this diſcourſe, I overheard one of my couſins whiſper the other, that ſhe was afraid their mamma would not live long; for ſhe ſmelt an ugly ſmell, like a dead carcaſs. They had a dairy-maid, who died the very week after an hearſe had ſtopt at their door in it's way to church: and the eldeſt miſs, when ſhe was but thirteen, ſaw her own brother's ghoſt, (who was gone to the *Weſt-Indies)* walking in the garden, and to be ſure, nine months after, they had an account, that he died on board the ſhip, the very ſame day, and hour of the day, that miſs ſaw his apparition.

I NEED not mention to you the common incidents, which were accounted by them no leſs prophetic. If a cinder popped from the fire, they were in haſte to examine whether it was a purſe or a coffin. They were aware of my coming long before I arrived, becauſe they had ſeen a ſtranger on the grate. The youngeſt miſs will let nobody uſe the poker but herſelf; becauſe, when ſhe ſtirs the fire, it always burns bright, which is a ſign ſhe will have a briſk huſband: and ſhe is no leſs ſure of a good one, becauſe ſhe generally

generally has ill luck at cards. Nor is the candle leſs oracular than the fire: for the 'ſquire of the pariſh came one night to pay them a viſit, when the tallow winding-ſheet pointed towards him; and he broke his neck ſoon after in a fox-chace. My aunt one night obſerved with great pleaſure a letter in the candle; and the very next day one came from her ſon in *London*. We knew, when a ſpirit was in the room, by the candle burning blue: but poor couſin *Nancy* was ready to cry one time, when ſhe ſnuffed it out, and could not blow it in again; though her ſiſter did it at a whiff, and conſequently triumphed in her ſuperior virtue.

We had no occaſion for an almanack or the weather-glaſs, to let us know whether it would rain or ſhine. One evening I propoſed to ride out with my couſins the next day to ſee a gentleman's houſe in the neighbourhood; but my aunt aſſured us it would be wet, ſhe knew very well from the ſhooting of her corn. Beſides, there was a great ſpider crawling up the chimney, and the blackbird in the kitchen began to ſing; which were both of them as certain forerunners of rain. But the moſt to be depended on in theſe caſes, is a tabby cat, which uſually lies baſking on the parlour hearth. If the cat turned

turned her tail to the fire, we were to have an hard froſt; if the cat licked her tail rain would certainly enſue. They wondered, what ſtranger they ſhould ſee; becauſe puſs waſhed her foot over her left ear. The old lady complained of a cold, and the eldeſt daughter remarked, it would go through the family; for ſhe obſerved, that poor *Tab* had ſneezed ſeveral times. Poor *Tab*, however, once flew at one of my couſins; for which ſhe had like to have been deſtroyed, as the whole family began to think ſhe was no other than a witch.

It is impoſſible to tell you the ſeveral tokens, by which they know whether good or ill luck will happen to them. Spilling the ſalt, or laying knives acroſs, are every where accounted ill omens; but a pin with the head turned towards you, or to be followed by a ſtrange dog, I found were very lucky. I heard one of my couſins tell the cook-maid, that ſhe boiled away all her ſweethearts, becauſe ſhe had let her diſh-water boil over. The ſame young lady one morning came down to breakfaſt with her cap the wrong ſide out; which the mother obſerving, charged her not to alter it all day, for fear ſhe ſhould turn luck.

But, above all, I could not help remarking the various prognoſtics, which the old lady and her

her daughters uſed to collect from almoſt every part of the body. A white ſpeck upon the nails made them as ſure of a gift as if they had it already in their pockets. The eldeſt ſiſter is to have one huſband more than the youngeſt, becauſe ſhe has one wrinkle more in her forehead; but the other will have the advantage of her in the number of children, as was plainly proved by ſnapping their finger-joints. It would take up too much room to ſet down every circumſtance, which I obſerved of this ſort during my ſtay with them: I ſhall therefore conclude my letter with the ſeveral remarks on other parts of the body, as far as I could learn them from this prophetic family: for as I was a relation, you know, they had leſs reſerve.

IF the head itches, it is a ſign of rain. If the head aches, it is a profitable pain. If you have the tooth-ache, you don't love true. If your eye-brow itches, you will ſee a ſtranger. If your right eye itches, you will cry; if your left, you will laugh: but left or right is good at night. If your noſe itches, you will ſhake hands with, or kiſs a fool; drink a glaſs of wine, run againſt a cuckold's door, or miſs them all four. If your right ear or cheek burns, your left friends are talking of you; if your left, your right friends are talking

ing of you. If your elbow itches, you will change your bedfellow. If your right hand itches, you will pay away money; if your left, you will receive. If your ſtomach itches you will eat pudding. If your back itches butter will be cheap when graſs grows there. If your ſide itches, ſomebody is wiſhing for you. If your gartering place itches, you will go to a ſtrange place. If your knee itches, you will kneel in a ſtrange church. If your foot itches, you will tread upon ſtrange ground. Laſtly,——If you ſhiver, ſomebody is walking over your grave.

I am, dear couſin, yours, &c.

T

NUMB. LX. *Thurſday, March* 20, 1755.

——— Hæc ego mecum
Compreſſis agito *labris*, ubi, quid datur otî,
Illudo CHARTIS. —— —— HOR.

Let not a word eſcape the lips—but hiſt—
And think in ſilence on the rules of WHIST.

WHOEVER has had occaſion often to paſs through *Holbourn*, muſt have taken notice of a paſtry-cook's ſhop with the following remarkable inſcription over the door; KIDDER's PASTRY-

Pastry-School. I had the curiosity to enquire into the design of this extraordinary Academy, and found it was calculated to instruct young ladies in the art and mystery of tarts and cheese-cakes. The scholars were, indeed, chiefly of the lower class, except a few notable young girls from the city, with two or three parsons daughters, out of the country, intended for service. As housewifely accomplishments are now quite out of date among the polite world, it is no wonder that Mr. *Kidder* has no share in the education of our young ladies of quality: and I appeal to any woman of fashion, whether she would not as soon put her daughter apprentice to a washer-woman, to learn to clear-starch and get up fine linen, as send her to the Pastry-School to be instructed in raised crust and puff paste. The good dames of old, indeed, were not ashamed to make these arts their study: but in this refined age we might sooner expect to see a kitchen-wench thumbing *Hoyle*'s Treatise on Whist, than a fine lady collecting receipts for making puddings, or poring over the Complete Art of Cookery.

The education of females is at present happily elevated far above the ordinary employments of domestic œconomy; and if any School is wanted

wanted for the improvement of young ladies, I may venture to ſay, it ſhould be a School for Whiſt. Mr. *Hoyle* uſed, indeed, to wait on ladies of quality at their own houſes to give them lectures in this Science: but as that learned Maſter has left off teaching, they can have no inſtructions but from his incomparable Treatiſe; and this, I am afraid, is ſo abſtruſe, and abounding with technical terms, that even thoſe among the quality, who are tolerably well grounded in the Science, are ſcarce able to unravel the perplexity of his Caſes, which are many of them as intricate as the hardeſt Propoſition in *Euclid*. A School for Whiſt would, therefore, be of excellent uſe; where young ladies of quality might be gradually inſtructed in the various branches of lurching, renouncing, fineſſing, winning the ten-ace, and getting the odd trick, in the ſame manner as common miſſes are taught to write, read, and work at their needle.

It ſeems to be a ſtrange neglect in the education of females, that though great pains are taken to make them talk *French*, they are yet ſo ignorant of the *Engliſh* language, that before they come to their teens, they can ſcarce tell what is meant by lurching, revoking, fuzzing the cards, or the moſt common terms

now

now in uſe at all routs and aſſemblies. Hence it often happens, that a young lady is almoſt ripe for a gallant, and thoroughly verſed in the arts of the toilet, before ſhe is initiated into the myſteries of the card-table. I would therefore propoſe, that our demoiſelles of faſhion ſhould be taught the art of card-playing from their cradles; and have a pack of cards put into their hands, at the uſual time that the brats of vulgar people are employed in thumbing their horn-book. The mind of man has been often compared (before it has received any ideas) to a white piece of paper, which is capable of retaining any impreſſion afterwards made upon it. In like manner, I would conſider the minds of thoſe infants, which are born into a well-bred family, as a blank pack of cards, ready to be marked with the pips and colours of the ſuits: at leaſt I am confident that many of them, after they are grown up, have laid in very few ideas beyond them. What therefore Mr. *Locke* recommends, that we ſhould cheat children into learning their letters by making it ſeem a paſtime, ſhould be put in practice in every polite Nurſery; and the little ladies may be taught to diſtinguiſh ace, deuce, tray, *&c.* as ſoon as they could great A, little a, and the other letters of the Chris-croſs row: As to the four Honours, they will readily learn them

by the ſame method that other children get the names of dogs, horſes, *&c.* by looking at their pictures. After this, in order to compleat her education, little miſs (when of a proper age) ſhould be ſent to the Whiſt-School, or have leſſons from private maſters at home. She may now be made to get by heart the Laws of the Game, read a Chapter in *Hoyle*, and be catechiſed in laying and taking the odds: and in proceſs of time, ſhe may be ſet to ſolve any of *Hoyle*'s hardeſt Caſes, or any of the Propoſitions in his *Doctrine of Chances*; for which (as Mr. *Hoyle* himſelf tells us) no more knowledge of Arithmetic is required, that what is ſufficient to reckon the tricks, or ſcore up the game.

ALL Sciences appear equally abſtruſe to the learner at his firſt ſetting out: but I will venture to ſay, that the Science of Whiſt is more complex in itſelf than even Algebra or the Mathematics. The Aſs's Bridge in *Euclid* is not ſo difficult to be got over, nor the Logarithms of *Napier* ſo hard to be unravelled, as many of *Hoyle*'s Caſes and Propoſitions: as an inſtance of which, take the following moſt obvious and eaſy one.——A and B are Partners againſt C and D. A and B have ſcored 3, and want to ſave their Lurch. C and D are at Short Can'ye: and conſequently both Sides play

play for two Points. C has the Deal, and turns up the Knave of Hearts. C aſks his Partner D, who refuſes. B has the Lead, and runs his ſtrong Suit, Spades, two Rounds, with Ace and King. A diſcards his weakeſt Suit, Diamonds. Then B forces his Partner. A leads a ſtrong Club, which B refuſes. A forces B, who by leading Spades plays into A's Hand, who returns a Club, and ſo they get a Saw between them. After this A leads through C's Honours. B fineſſes the Ten, and plays a Spade, which A trumps. Now B by laying behind C's King and Knave of Trumps makes the Ten-ace with Ace and Queen; and A having the long Trump brings in his thirteenth Club. Conſequently A and B get a Slam againſt their Adverſaries C and D, and ſcore a ſingle Game towards the Rubbers.

SINCE, therefore, this Science is attended with ſo much difficulty, the neceſſity of a School for Whiſt is very evident: And if the plan of education, above propoſed, was put into execution, I will venture to pronounce, that young ladies, who can now ſcarce be truſted at any game beyond *One and Thirty Bone-Ace*, or *Beat the Knave out of Doors* with the maid-ſervants, would be qualified at twelve years old to make one at any card-table in town; and would even excel

their mammas, who have not had the ſame advantage of education. Many an huſband, and many a parent, I am ſure, have had reaſon to lament, that their wives and daughters have not had the happineſs of ſo early an inſtruction in this branch of female knowledge: and I make no doubt, but ſeveral Boarding-Schools will be ſet up, where young ladies may be taught Whiſt, Brag, and all kinds of Card-Work. How many ladies for want of ſuch a School, are at preſent ſhut out from the beſt company, becauſe they know no more of the game, than what is called *White-Chapel* play! In order therefore to remedy this deficiency as far as poſſible, I would further recommend it to Mr. *Hoyle* or ſome other eminent Artiſt, (in imitation of *Meſſieurs Hart* and *Dukes*, who profeſs to teach GROWN GENTLEMEN to dance) to adverti ſe, that GROWN GENTLEWOMEN may be taught to *play at Whiſt* in the moſt private and expeditious manner; ſo that any lady, who never before took a card in hand, may be enabled in a very ſhort time to play a rubber at the moſt faſhionable routs and aſſemblies.

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LXI. *Thurſday, March* 27, 1755.

Cœlum ipſum petimus ſtultitiâ. —— HOR.

E'en Heav'n we covet by prepoſterous rules,
And form t' ourſelves a Paradiſe of Fools.

IT is obſerved by the *French*, that a Cat, a Prieſt, and an old Woman are ſufficient to conſtitute a religious Sect in *England*. So univerſally, it ſeems, are learning and genius diffuſed through this iſland, that the loweſt plebeians are deep caſuiſts in matters of faith as well as politics; and ſo many and wonderful are the new lights continually breaking in upon us, that we daily make freſh diſcoveries, and ſtrike out unbeaten paths to future happineſs. The above obſervation of our neighbours is in truth rather too full: for a prieſt is ſo far from neceſſary, that a new ſpecies of doctrine would be better received by our old women, and other well diſpoſed good people, from a layman. The moſt extraordinary tenets of religion are very ſucceſsfully propagated under the ſanction of the leathern apron, inſtead of the caſſock: Every corner of the town has a barber, maſon, bricklayer, or ſome other handicraft teacher; and there are

almoſt as many ſects in this metropolis, as there are pariſh-churches.

As to the Old Women, ſince the paſſions of females are ſtronger in youth, and their minds weaker in age, than thoſe of the other ſex, their readineſs in embracing any principles of religion, preſſed on them with particular earneſtneſs and vehemence, is not very wonderful. They hope, by the moſt rigid demeanor in the decline of life, to make amends for that unbounded looſe given to their paſſions in their younger years. The ſame violence, however, commonly accompanies them in religion, as formerly actuated them in their pleaſures; and their zeal entirely eats up their charity. They look with a malevolent kind of pity on all who are ſtill employed in *worldly* undertakings, "carry prayer books in "their pockets," and piouſly damn all their relations and acquaintance with texts of ſcripture. I know an old gentlewoman of this caſt, who has formed herſelf as a pattern of ſtaid behaviour; and values herſelf for having given up at threeſcore the vanities of ſixteen. She denounces heavy judgments on all frequenters of public diverſions, and forebodes the worſt conſequences from every party of pleaſure. I have known her foretell the ruin of her niece from a country dance:

dance: nay, ſhe can perceive irregular deſires flaming from a gay coloured top-knot, and has even deſcried adultery itſelf lurking beneath the thin veil of a worked apron, or beaming from a diamond girdle-buckle.

BUT we might perhaps ſuffer a few good Old Ladies to go to heaven their own way, if theſe Sects were not pernicious on many other accounts. Such ſtrange doctrines are very apt to unſettle the minds of the common people, who often make an odd tranſition from infidelity to enthuſiaſm, and become bigots from arrant free-thinkers. Their faith however, it may be well imagined, is not a ſaving faith; as they are worked up to an adoration of the CREATOR, from the ſame ſlaviſh principle that induces the *Indians* to worſhip the Devil. It is amazing, how ſtrongly fear operates on theſe weak creatures, and how eaſily a canting, whining raſcal can mould them to his purpoſe. I have known many a rich tradeſman wheedled and threatened out of his ſubſiſtence, and himſelf and unhappy family at laſt lectured into the work-houſe. Thus do theſe vile hypocrites turn a poor convert's head to ſave his ſoul; and deprive him of all happineſs in this world, under pretence of ſecuring it to him eternally in the next.

NOTHING can do religion more injury, than theſe ſolemn mockeries of it. Many of theſe Sects conſiſt almoſt entirely of battered proſtitutes, and perſons of the moſt infamous character. Reformation is their chief pretence: wherefore the more abandoned thoſe are, of whom they make proſelytes, the more they pride themſelves on their converſion. I remember a debauched young fellow, who pretended a ſudden amendment of his principles, in order to repair his ſhattered fortune. He turned *Methodiſt*, and ſoon began to manifeſt a kind of ſpiritual fondneſs for a pious ſiſter. He wooed her according to the directions of the rubric, ſent her ſermons inſtead of *billet-doux*, "greeted "her with an holy kiſs," and obtained his miſtreſs by appearing in every reſpect a thorough *devoteè*. But alas! the good gentleman could never be prevailed on to comply with religious ordinances, or appear any more at church or meeting after the performance of the marriage ceremony. The loweſt of the vulgar alſo, for their peculiar ends, frequently become ſectaries. They avail themſelves of a mock converſion to redeem their loſt characters; and, like criminals at *Rome*, make the church a ſanctuary for villainy. By this artifice they recommend themſelves to the charity of weak but well-meaning Chriſtians,

Chriſtians, and often inſinuate themſelves as ſervants into *Methodiſt* families.

LE SAGE, with his uſual humour, repreſents *Gil Blas* as wonderfully charmed with the ſeeming ſanctity of *Ambroſe de Lamela*, when he took him into his ſervice; and *Gil Blas* is even not offended at his remiſſneſs the very firſt night, when his new ſervant tells him, that it was owing to his attending his devotions: but it ſoon appears, that this ſly valet had been employed in concerting the robbery of his maſter. A due attention to religion is ſo rare a quality in all ranks of people, that I am far from blaming it in ſervants: but when I ſee their religion ſhewing itſelf in lazineſs, and obſerve them neglecting their common buſineſs under the pretext of performing acts of ſupererogation, I am apt to queſtion their ſincerity, and to take every ſervant of that kind for a mere St. *Ambroſe*. An old *Moravian* aunt of mine, of whom I have formerly made worthy mention, would never have any ſervants, who did not belong to the ſociety of the *United Brethren*. But ſo little did the good lady's endeavours to preſerve virtue and a ſpirit of devotion in her houſe ſucceed, that the generality of the men fell into evil courſes, and moſt of the pious ſiſterhood left the family with big bellies.

I WOULD not be thought to deny my fellow-ſubjects full liberty of conſcience, and all the benefits of the Toleration Act; yet I cannot help regarding theſe weak, if not ill-meant diviſions from the eſtabliſhed church, as a dangerous kind of Free-thinking; not ſo ſhocking indeed, as the impious avowal of atheiſm and infidelity, but often attended with the ſame bad conſequences. A religion, founded on madneſs and enthuſiaſm, is almoſt as bad as no religion at all; and what is worſt, the unhappy errors of particular Sects expoſe the pureſt religion in the world to the ſcoffs of unbelievers. Shallow witlings exerciſe their little talents for ridicule on matters of religion, and fall into atheiſm and blaſphemy in order to avoid bigotry and enthuſiaſm. The abſurdities of the Sectaries ſtrengthen them in their ridiculous notions, and produce many other evils, as will appear from the following ſhort hiſtory.

IN the glorious reign of Queen *Elizabeth* there reſided in theſe kingdoms a worthy lady, called RELIGION. She was remarkable for the ſweetneſs of her temper; which was chearful without levity, and grave without moroſeneſs. She was alſo particularly decent in her dreſs as well as behaviour; and preſerved with uncommon mildneſs the ſtricteſt regularity in her family. Though ſhe had a noble genius, led a very ſober life,

life, and attended church conſtantly every Sunday, yet in thoſe days ſhe kept the beſt company, was greatly admired by the Queen, and was even intimate with moſt of the Maids of Honour. What became of her and her family, is not known: but it is very certain, that they have at preſent no connection with the polite world. Some affirm, that the line is extinct: though I have indeed been told, that the late Biſhop *Berkley*, and the preſent Biſhops of *** and *** are deſcended from the principal branches of it, and that ſome few of the family are reſident on ſmall livings in the country.

We are told by a certain faſhionable author, that there were formerly two men in a mad-houſe at *Paris*, one of whom imagined himſelf the Father, and the other the Son. In like manner, no ſooner did the good lady Religion diſappear, but ſhe was perſonated by a crazy old beldam, called Superstition. But the cheat was inſtantly diſcovered: for, inſtead of the mild diſcipline, with which her predeceſſor ruled her family, ſhe governed entirely by ſeverity, racks, wheels, gibbets, ſword, fire and faggot. Inſtead of chearfulneſs, ſhe introduced gloom; was perpetually croſſing herſelf with holy water; and, to avert the terrible judgments of which ſhe was

hourly in fear, ſhe compiled a new almanack, in which ſhe wonderfully multiplied the number of red letters. After a miſerable life ſhe died melancholy mad, but left a will behind her, in which ſhe bequeathed a very conſiderable ſum to build an hoſpital for religious lunatics; which, I am informed, will ſpeedily be built on the ſame ground, where the Foundery, that celebrated *Methodiſt* meeting-houſe, now ſtands.

SUPERSTITION left behind her a ſon called ATHEISM, begot on her by a *Moravian* teacher at one of their Love-Feaſts. ATHEISM ſoon ſhewed himſelf to be a moſt profligate abandoned fellow. He came very early upon town, and was a remarkable Blood. Among his other frolicks he commenced author, and is ſaid to have written in concert with lord *Bolingbroke*. After having ſquandered a large fortune, he turned gameſter, then pimp, and then highwayman; in which laſt occupation he was ſoon detected, taken, and thrown into *Newgate*. He behaved very impudently in the Condemned Hole, abuſed the Ordinary whenever that gentleman attended him, and encouraged all his fellow-priſoners, in the *Newgate* phraſe, to die hard. When he came to the gallows, inſtead of the pſalm he ſung a bawdy catch, threw away the book, and bid

Jack

Jack Ketch tuck him up like a gentleman. Many of his relations were preſent at the execution, and ſhook their heads, repeating the words of *Mat* in the *Beggar's Opera*, "Poor fellow! "we are ſorry for you; but it is what we muſt "all come to,"

O

NUMB. LXII. *Thurſday, April* 3, 1755.

—— Qualem Cereris vult eſſe ſacerdos. JUV.

What female, though to Papal modes they run,
Would brook the life and manners of a Nun?

HAVING lately informed my readers, that the FEMALE PARLIAMENT is now ſitting, I ſhall proceed to lay before them the ſubſtance of a Debate, that happened in the *Committee of Religion*, and which was unexpectedly occaſioned by a Motion that was made by Miſs *Grave-airs*. This Committee had long been looked upon as uſeleſs, but for form ſake continued to meet, though it was adjourned immediately: But one day, there being more members preſent than uſual, the Chair-woman was no ſooner in the Chair, than the lady abovementioned addreſſed her in the following ſpeech.

MADAM,

MADAM,

IT is with no leſs ſurpriſe than concern, that I reflect on the danger, to which the greater part of my ſex, either through ignorance or choice, are now expoſed; and I have the ſtrongeſt reaſons to believe, that nothing but the vigorous and timely Reſolutions of this wiſe Aſſembly can prevent them from changing their religion, and becoming ROMAN CATHOLICS. What ſubject can be more intereſting and important to Us, whether we conſider ourſelves as a Committee of Religion, a Parliament of Women, or an Aſſembly of Proteſtants? Was ſuch a deſign to be carried into execution, the free uſe of our tongues would be taken away; we ſhould never be ſuffered perhaps to ſpeak to the other ſex, but through grates and bars; and this place of our Aſſembly would probably be the abode of Nuns and Friers. But leſt you ſhould think me thus alarmed without reaſon, I ſhall now lay before you the grounds of my complaint; that, if it is not too late, we may prevent the evil, or, if it is, we may remove it.

MY fears are grounded on thoſe remarks, that have long been made on the Dreſs of the ſex. Conſtant as the men have ſtiled us to the love of change,

change, little have they imagined, that Popery was invariably the object, to which every innovation was deſigned to lead. So long ago as when, to the honour of our ſex, a Queen was upon the throne, it was the faſhion, as we may learn from * *Pope*, for the ladies to wear upon their breaſts a flaming CROSS. The ſame faſhion has been tranſmitted to the preſent times. What, Madam, is this but downright Popery? In the Catholic countries they are contented with erecting Crucifixes in their roads and churches; but alas! in this Proteſtant kingdom Croſſes are alike to be ſeen in places ſacred and profane, the court, the play-houſe,—and (pardon me ladies) this venerable Aſſembly itſelf is not without them. I am apt to ſuſpect, that this heterodox introduction of the Croſs into the female dreſs had an higher original than the days of Queen *Anne*, whoſe affection for the Church was very well known. It ſeems rather to have been imported among us, together with the *Jeſuits*, by the Popiſh conſorts of the firſt or ſecond *Charles*: or perhaps the ladies firſt wore it in complaiſance to the *Engliſh* Pope *Joan*, Queen *Mary*. This much is certain, that at the ſame time our pious reformer Queen

* *Upon her breaſt a ſparkling Croſs ſhe wore,*
Which Jews might kiſs, and Infidels adore.
Rape of the Lock.

Elizabeth expelled the Croſs from our altars, ſhe effectually ſecured the necks of our ladies from this ſuperſtition, by the introduction of the Ruff.

THE next part of our dreſs that I ſhall mention, which ſavours of Popery, is the CAPUCHIN. This garment in truth has a near reſemblance to that of the Frier, whoſe name it bears. Our grandmothers had already adopted the HOOD; their daughters by a gradual advance introduced the reſt; but far greater improvements were ſtill in ſtore for Us. We all of us remember, for it is not above two years ago, how all colours were neglected for that of PURPLE. In Purple we glowed from the hat to the ſhoe; and in ſuch requeſt were the ribbands and ſilks of that favourite colour, that neither the milliner, mercer, nor dyer himſelf could anſwer the demand. Who but muſt think, that this aroſe from Popiſh principles? And though it may be urged, that the admired *Fanny*, who firſt introduced it, is no Nun, yet you all may remember, that the Church of *Rome* herſelf has been ſtyled the SCARLET, or as ſome render it, the PURPLE WHORE.

BUT to prove indiſputably our manifeſt approaches to Popery, let me now refer you to that faſhionable cloak, which (ſorry I am to ſee it)

is

is wore by the far greater part even of this Aſſembly, and which indeed is with great propriety ſtyled the CARDINAL. For were his Holineſs the Pope to be introduced among us, he would almoſt fancy himſelf in his own Conclave: and were I not too well acquainted with my ſiſters principles, I myſelf ſhould be induced to think, that to thoſe in ſuch grave attire nothing but a cloyſter and a grate was wanting. As to thoſe of gayer colours, you need not be told, that there are White and Grey Friers abroad as well as Black; and as the *Engliſh* are ſo remarkable for improving on their originals, we ſhall not then be ſurpriſed at the variety of colours that appear among us.

IT has been whiſpered too, that ſome of my ſiſters have been ſo fond of the Monkiſh auſterities, as to have their heads ſhaved. This I do not aver of my own knowledge; but, if it is ſo, they ſtill condeſcend to wear artificial locks: though it would not be at all ſtrange, if they alſo ſhould ſoon be laid aſide, as they are already prepared for it by leaving off their caps. I ſhall only deſire you ſtill farther to reflect, how faſhionable it is for the ladies to ſhine with borrowed faces; and then I believe you will readily allow, that their votaries, the men, are in great danger alſo

alſo of being ſeduced to Popery; ſince do they not already, by the compliments they pay to a painted face, addreſs an Image and adore a Picture?

WHAT has now been ſaid will induce you, I hope to pay a proper regard to the following Reſolutions; which, I humbly move, may be agreed to by this Committee, and repreſented to the Houſe.

Reſolved,

That it is the opinion of this Committee, that in order to prevent the growth of Popery, no garments ſhall for the future be imported, of Popiſh make, or diſtinguiſhed by Popiſh names.

Reſolved,

That in order to inforce a due obedience every one ſhall be obliged to practiſe the auſterities of the Sect they imitate; ſo that, for example, the *Cardinals* ſhall be compelled to lead a ſingle life, and the *Capuchins* to go bare-foot.

Laſtly,

It is recommended that, as a farther ſanction to the bill propoſed, every offender, who ſhall be deemed incorrigible, ſhall be baniſhed from all

all routs, and tranſported to her country ſeat for ſeven winters.

THIS motion was ſtrongly ſeconded by lady *Mend'em*; who urged in it's ſupport that to her certain knowledge, many of the ſex very frequently aſſembled at one another's houſes, and particularly on the Sabbath, where Maſs Books were actually laid before them, and the warmeſt adoration paid to ſome ſmall Pictures or painted Images, which, ſhe was told, reſembled ſome Kings and Queens that had been long canonized: and the Offerings, that were conſtantly made at their Shrines, would (ſhe ſaid) be found, on a moderate computation, to exceed thoſe that were formerly made at the tomb of *Thomas à Becket*. She added, that after the Catholic cuſtom, they always faſted on thoſe nights, or, if they ſupped at all, it was only on FISH.

THE chief ſpeaker on the other ſide of the queſtion was lady *Smart*, one of the repreſentatives for *Groſvenor-Square*; who by the bye was ſtrongly ſuſpected of being a prejudiced perſon, her enemies not denying that ſhe had charms, which could almoſt ſanctify error itſelf. Nobody, ſhe ſaid, could ſuſpect the ſex of inclining to Popery, who obſerved the averſion they all diſcovered

vered to a ſingle life. The uſes of the obnoxious garments were allowed to be many; the names at leaſt were innocent: and the cry againſt them, ſhe was ſure, could only be raiſed by the old and the ugly; ſince nothing could be ſo fantaſtic, as not to become a pretty woman.

HER ladyſhip was joined by the Beauties preſent; but they being few, their objections were over-ruled, and the Motion was carried. The next day the Houſe, on receiving the Report, after ſome debate agreed to the Reſolutions, and a Bill was ordered to be prepared and brought in accordingly. Though at the ſame time they were of opinion, *Nem. Con.* that, if the FIG-LEAF BILL took place, theſe reſtrictions would be quite needleſs.

NUMB. LXIII. *Thurſday, April* 10, 1755.

Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis.
VIRG.

From a long line of Grandams draws his Blood,
And counts his great great Grandſires from the Flood.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR, *Cambridge, April* 4.

IF you are a true ſportſman, and have the honour of the Turf at heart, you muſt have obſerved with the utmoſt concern a late account in the news-papers, that "WHITE-NOSE died "at *Doncaſter* of a mortification in his foot." An article of this nature, and at ſuch a time, muſt ſtrike a damp on all gentlemen breeders; and for my part I cannot help looking on the preſent races at *Newmarket*, as funeral games in honour of the memory of WHITE-NOSE. The death of a ſtallion of ſuch conſequence is a public calamity to all Knowing Ones in the kingdom; nor does ſuch an accident bring with it the leaſt conſolation; eſpecially ſince it is not the faſhion to PIT the lives of horſes, as well as men, againſt each other.

ITALIAN

ITALIAN grey-hounds, *Dutch* lap-dogs, monkeys, and maccaws, have been honoured with monuments and epitaphs. But a race-horſe as much ſurpaſſes theſe inſignificant animals, as WHITE-NOSE was ſuperior to a pack-horſe: and I cannot but think, that an obeliſk (with a proper inſcription drawn up by Meſſieurs *Heber* and *Pond)* ſhould be erected near *Devil's-Ditch* or *Choak-Jade* on *Newmarket Heath*, in honour to his memory. With what aſtoniſhment might we then read of his *powerful deep rate*, by which all the horſes that ran againſt him were *no-where?* With what rapture ſhould we then recount his rapid victories in the field, (more ſurpriſing than thoſe of the duke of *Marlborough)* by which he WON *Tewkeſbury*, WON *Chipping-Norton*, WON *Lincoln*, WON *York*, &c? But, above all, we ſhould admire the noble BLOOD which flowed in his veins, and with reverence contemplate the illuſtrious names of his great, great, great, great grandſires and grandams. There is not the leaſt *flaw* in the BLOOD of WHITE-NOSE's family: and his epitaph might conclude, in imitation of that famous one on the duke of *Newcaſtle*'s monument, "that all the Sons were remarkable "Stallions, and all the Daughters excellent "Breeders."

THE

THE pedigree of our race-horſes have been always preſerved with as much care and exactneſs, as the Tree of Deſcent among the family of a *Spaniſh* grandee or *Poliſh* nobleman; nor does the *Welchman* derive greater honour from proving himſelf the fiftieth couſin to *Cadwallader* or *Caractacus* through a long line of *David Ap Shenkins*, *Ap Morgans*, *Ap Powells*, *Ap Prices*, than the horſe by being half brother to the *Godolphin Barb*, or full couſin by the dam's ſide to the *Bloody Shoulder'd Arabian*. The *Romans* were no leſs curious in the breed of their horſes, and paid the greateſt honours to thoſe, that beat the whole CIRCUS *hollow*. They even erected monuments to their memory; of which *Lypſius* gives us the following remarkable inſtance. *Clariſſimè lapis vetus, quem Romæ olim vidi et exſcripſi. In medio vir eſt, qui dextrâ baculum, ſiniſtrâ pabulum tenet: extrinſecus duo ſunt aſſilientes equi cum geminâ inſcriptione*;—AQUILO, Nepos AQUILONIS *vicit* CXXX. *ſecundas tulit* LXXXVIII. *tertias tulit* XXXVII. — Altera, — HIRPINUS, Nepos AQUILONIS *vicit* CXIV. *ſecundas tulit* LVI. *tertias tulit* XXXVI. *Habes itaque ipſum hìc* HIRPINUM, *atque adeò ejus* Avum AQUILONEM. I could wiſh, that the ſame honours were paid to our horſes: I would at leaſt propoſe, that the names, pedigrees, and a liſt of the plates won by victorious horſes,

horſes, ſhould be inſcribed on the poſts of all courſes, where they have made themſelves famous. Theſe memorials might ſerve to perpetuate the renown of our racers, and would furniſh poſterity with a more complete hiſtory of the Turf than the *Sportſman's Calendar*.

You will undoubtedly obſerve, Mr. Town, that in the extract concerning horſes, with which I have juſt preſented you from *Lypſius*, a man is alſo mentioned; the account of whom would, if modernized, run in the following terms. "In the middle of the monument ſtood "a man with a whip in his right hand, and a "feed of corn in his left." Hence it appears, that the *Romans* intended to do honour to the charioteer as well as the horſes; and it is a pity, that we do not alſo imitate them in this particular, and pay equal reſpect to our Jockeys. The chariot-race was not more celebrated among the ancients, than the horſe-race is at preſent; and the *Circus* at *Rome* never drew together ſo noble an aſſembly as the modern Courſe. Nor do I ſee any reaſon, why *Theron* ſhould be more applauded for carrying off the prize at *Elis* or *Piſa*, than *Tom Marſhal* for winning the plate at *York* or *Newmarket*. The charioteers of old were, indeed, compoſed of the greateſt princes and

and perſons of the firſt rank, who prided themſelves on their dexterity in managing the reins, and driving their own chariots. In this they have been imitated by ſeveral of our modern gentry, who value themſelves on being excellent coachmen: and it is with infinite pleaſure, that I have lately obſerved perſons of faſhion at all races affect the dreſs and manners of grooms. And as gentlemen, like the ancient charioteers, begin to enter the race themſelves, and ride their own horſes, it is probable, that we ſhall ſoon ſee the beſt Jockeys among the firſt of our nobility.

THAT the encomiums of the horſe ſhould ſo frequently be enlarged on, without entering into the praiſes of the Jockey, is indeed ſomething wonderful; when we conſider how much the beaſt is under his direction, and that the ſtrength and fleetneſs of *Victorious* or *Driver* would be of no uſe without the ſkill and honeſty of the rider. Large ſums have been loſt by an horſe running, accidentally without doubt, on the wrong ſide of the poſt; and We Knowing-Ones, Mr. TOWN, have frequently ſeen great dexterity and management exerted, in contriving that one of the beſt horſes in the field ſhould be diſtanced. The Jockey has, indeed, ſo great a ſhare in the

ſucceſs of the race, that every man, who has ever betted five pounds, is acquainted with his conſequence; and does not want to be told, that the victory depends at leaſt as often on the rider as the horſe.

I CANNOT help agreeing with Lady *Pentweazle* in the farce, that "if there was as much care taken "in the breed of the human ſpecies, as there is "in that of dogs and of horſes, we ſhould not "have ſo many puny half-formed animals as we "daily ſee among us:" and every thorough ſportſman very well knows, that as much art is required in bringing up a Jockey, as the beaſt he is to ride. In every reſpect the ſame care muſt he had to keep him in wind; and he muſt be in like manner dieted, put in ſweats, and exerciſed, to bring him down to a proper weight. Much depends upon the ſize of the man as well as horſe: for a rider of the ſame dimenſions with a grenadier would no more be fit to come upon the Turf as a Jockey, than an aukward thing taken out of the ſhafts of a dray could ever appear at the ſtarting poſt as a race-horſe. This is obvious to every one; and I could not help ſmiling at what my landlord at the *White Bear* ſaid the other day to a little fellow-commoner of St. *John*'s, (who would fain be

be thought a Knowing One) by way of compliment: "My worthy maſter, ſaid the landlord, "it is a thouſand pities you ſhould be a gownſ-"man, when you would have made ſuch a ſpe-"cial poſtboy or Jockey."

My chief inducement to write to you at preſent, Mr. Town, was to deſire you to uſe your endeavours to bring the Jockey into equal eſteem with the animal he beſtrides; and to beg, that you would promote the ſettling an eſtabliſhed ſcheme for the preſervation of his breed. In order to this I would humbly propoſe, that a ſtud for the Jockeys ſhould be immediately built near the ſtables at *Newmarket*; that their genealogies ſhould be duly regiſtered; that the breed ſhould be croſſed as occaſion might require, and that the beſt horſemen, and of the lighteſt weights, ſhould intermarry with the full ſiſters of thoſe who had won moſt plates; and, in a word, the ſame methods uſed for the improvement of the Jockeys as their horſes. I have here ſent you the exact pedigree of a famous Jockey, taken with all that care juſt now preſcribed: and I doubt not, if my ſcheme was univerſally put in execution, but we ſhould excel all other nations in our horſemen, as we already do in our horſes.

To RIDE this SEASON.

AN able JOCKEY, fit to ſtart for Match, Sweep-ſtakes, or King's Plate; well ſized; can mount twelve Stone, or ſtrip to a Feather; is ſound Wind and Limb, and free from Blemiſhes. He was got by *Yorkſhire Tom*, out of a full ſiſter to *Deptford Nan*: His Dam was got by the noted *Matchim Tims*; his Grandam was the *German Princeſs*; and his Great Grandam was Daughter to *Flanders Moll*. His Sire won the King's Plate at *York* and *Hambleton*, the Lady's Subſcription Purſe at *Nottingham*, the Give-and-Take at *Lincoln*, and the Sweep-Stakes at *Newmarket*. His Grandſire beat *Dick Rogers* at *Epſom* and *Burford*, and *Patrick M'Cutt'em* over the *Curragh* of *Kildare*. His Great Grandſire, and Great Great Grandſire, rode for King *Charles* the ſecond: and ſo noble is the Blood, which flows in this Jockey's Veins, that none of his Family were ever Diſtanced, Stood above Five Feet Five, or Weighed more than Twelve Stone.

W

NUMB.

NUMB. LXIV. *Thurſday, April* 17, 1755.

Canes legatos miſere, ———
Ut ſeſe eriperent hominum contumeliis.
PHÆDR.

Hounds, Pointers, Maſtiffs, Lap-dogs ſue for help,
With many a doleful howl, and piteous yelp.

RETURNING the other night from the coffee-houſe, where I had juſt been reading the *Votes, I found myſelf on a ſudden oppreſſed by a drowſineſs, that ſeemed to promiſe me as ſound a repoſe in my great chair, as my dog already enjoyed by the fire-ſide. I willingly indulged it; and had hardly cloſed my eyes, before I fell into the following dream.

METHOUGHT the door of my room on a ſudden flew open, and admitted a great variety of Dogs of all ſorts and ſizes, from the maſtiff to the lap-dog. I was ſurprized at this appearance; but my amazement was much encreaſed, when I ſaw a large Grey-hound ad-

* A Bill had been brought into Parliament for laying a Tax upon Dogs.

vancing towards me, and heard him thus addreſs me in an human voice.

"You cannot, Sir, be ignorant of the panic that prevails among all our ſpecies, on account of a ſcheme now on foot for our deſtruction. That ſlaughter, which was formerly made among the wolves of this land, and in which our anceſtors bore ſo large a ſhare, is now going to be revived among Us. I, for my own part, have no hopes of eſcaping, as you will eaſily judge when you hear my caſe. My maſter owes his ſubſiſtence to his labour, and with his wages can juſt maintain me and his three children. In return, I now and then afford him a comfortable meal, by killing him a rabbit in the ſquire's warren, or picking up an hare, on a Sunday morning. The other ſervices I render him are of equal importance to him, and pleaſure to myſelf. I am his conſtant companion to the field in the morning, and back again at night: he knows that his cloaths and his wallet are ſafe in my keeping; and he is ſure to be rouzed on any midnight alarm, when I am in the houſe.

It is with horror I reflect on the numbers of my relations, who will ſwing their laſt, and againſt

againſt whom this law ſeems, indeed, to be levelled. Is it not enough, that our merits are neglected, and thought inferior to thoſe of a ſlow-footed race, who inhabit a ſpacious kennel in the ſquire's yard, and who are as many hours in killing an hare as we are minutes? Yet they are kept by the great, attended by the noble, and every day treated with horſe-fleſh; while I live among the poor, am threatened by the rich, and now probably ſhall be deſtroyed by public authority.

I CANNOT deny, but that the favour of the ladies is frequently extended to a ſmall and degenerate rare; who, though they bear our name, may very properly be ſtiled the *Fribbles* of our ſpecies. 'Tis true, they are of foreign extraction, which alone is ſufficient merit; and ſeem, indeed, to be as much preferred by the *beau monde* to our *Engliſh* Grey-hounds, as their countrymen in the *Haymarket* are to our *Engliſh* ſingers. But though this breed is ſo diminutive, that I myſelf have courſed one of them for an hare, yet I will venture to pronounce, that, be the tax what it will, not a *Fido* in the land will be ſacrificed to the laws.

OUR requeſt to you is to diſplay our merits to the world, and convince mankind of the in-

nocence of our intentions, and the hardſhips that we already labour under. Though I have enlarged on my own caſe, I have the honour to addreſs you in the name of all my brethren; ſuch of them, I mean, as think themſelves endangered by this ſcheme for our deſtruction. At the ſame time, we deſire you to apprize the public of the hazard they may run, by coming to an open rupture; ſince, in ſuch a caſe, the Maſtiffs and the Bull-dogs are determined to join their forces, and will ſell their lives at the deareſt rate."

THIS laſt reſolution was confirmed by a general growl. After which I was thus accoſted by another of the company, of the Pointing-breed.

"LITTLE did I think, that the pains I have taken, and the blows I have ſuffered, to perfect me in the art I profeſs, would have been thus requited. Having loſt the beſt of maſters by an accident from his gun, which I can ſcarce ever think of without an howl, I have now, like my friend *Smoker*, the misfortune to live with a poor man. A misfortune I muſt call it; ſince alas! he will not be able to ſave me from the halter, by paying my ranſom. He too, I am afraid, will

will be reduced to beggary; ſince, at preſent, I and his gun are his chief ſupport. If he is deprived of me, and thereby prevented from what the rich maliciouſly term *poaching*, his beſt reſource will be to diſpatch himſelf with his gun before he ſurrenders it, or to hang himſelf with the ſame rope that ties up me. When I was a puppy, I was every day fed in the kitchen, and careſſed in the parlour; and I have now a brother, that always points for the beſt of company. What though our race has been frequently reproached? What though we, together with the Spaniels, have been accuſed, I do not ſay wrongfully, of crouching to our enemies, and licking the hand that beats us? Is not this every day practiſed among Your ſpecies? And is it not countenanced by the greateſt examples? In fawning and flattering we are by no means ſingular; and crouching and cringing are not confined to the brute ſpecies.

I VERY heartily ſecond the requeſt of my friend; and I doubt not but the arguments you will uſe in our behalf will be able to divert the ſtorm that threatens us. This you may be aſſured of, that if my life is ſpared through your means, it ſhall be devoted to your ſervice; and you ſhall ſup, as often as you pleaſe, on a brace of birds."

THIS ſpeech was attended with a bark of applauſe; and I was next accoſted by a Lap-dog, who, after dolefully ſhaking his ears, began the following harangue.

"THOUGH I am aware, that many of my ſpecies will remain unhurt by this ſcheme deviſed for our deſtruction, yet I have on my own account, great reaſon to be alarmed. I was born, indeed, in a noble family in St. *James*'s Square, but unfortunately was, within theſe three months, reſigned over to my preſent miſtreſs, an old maid, who has been through her whole life as frugal of her money as her favours. She is, indeed, ſo very ſaving, that I have more than once been beat for lapping up her breakfaſt cream; and it was but laſt week, that I was ſeverely corrected for devouring a ſheep's heart, for which ſhe had been to market herſelf. Such a miſtreſs will undoubtedly ſacrifice me to this cruel tax; and though you may perhaps imagine, that the loſs of life in theſe circumſtances is not much to be regretted, yet death is a terrible remedy, and a living dog is better than a dead lion. But if ſome of our ſpecies muſt periſh, ſurely a regard ſhould be had to national merit; and the ſtorm ſhould firſt fall on thoſe foreign intruders, who, by the flatneſs of their noſes, are ſuppoſed to be of *Dutch* extraction.

If

If the ladies alſo have any regard for the honour of their country, or any love remaining for us, it becomes them to take our caſe into conſideration. And I make no doubt, ſince the FEMALE PARLIAMENT is now ſitting, (if you, Sir, would but draw up a petition in our favour,) as the other ſex have taken neceſſary precautions for the preſervation of the Game, the ladies would in their turn bring in a bill for the preſervation of Lap-dogs."

VARIOUS were the arguments, that many others uſed in their own behalf. The Maſtiff inſiſted on the protection he afforded us, and the terror he ſtruck into thieves and houſe-breakers. King *Charles*'s black favourites came fawning upon me, and hoped that their breed might be preſerved in deference to the taſte of ſo witty a monarch. I could not help ſmiling at the argument made uſe of by a Bull-dog from *Norfolk*; who declared, that he was ſo inſtrumental to the mirth of the county, that he firmly believed they would never part with him: but begged at the ſame time, that, if ſentence muſt paſs, it might be changed into baniſhment, and that *Spain* (where Bull-feaſts are held in ſo much honour) might be the place of his tranſportation.

THE eloquence and geſture of my four-footed viſiters had ſuch an influence over me, that I was juſt going to anſwer them in the manner they could wiſh; when my own Dog on a ſudden jumped into my lap, and rouzed me from my dream.

NUMB. LXV. *Thurſday, April* 24, 1755.

Nec tamen indignum eſt, quòd vobis cura placendi,
Cùm comptos habeant ſæcula noſtra Viros.
OVID.

Blame not the Belles, ſince modern times can ſhew,
That ape of female foppery, call'd a Beau.

To Mr. *TOWN*.

SIR,

AS no one has a greater reſpect for the fair ſex than myſelf, I was highly pleaſed with a letter inſerted ſome time ago in your paper, ridiculing the deteſtable uſe of paint among the ladies. This practice, is, indeed, too general; and for my part, when I meet a blooming freſh-coloured face in town, I no more take it for the real face belonging to the lady, than I imagine Queen

Queen *Anne*'s portrait delineated on a ſign-poſt to be her Majeſty's fleſh and blood.

BUT this faſhion is not confined to the ladies. I am aſhamed to tell you, that we are indebted to *Spaniſh Wool* for many of our maſculine ruddy complexions. A pretty fellow lackers his pale face with as many varniſhes as a fine lady; and it is well known, that late hours at the card-table, amuſements at *Haddock*'s, immoderate draughts of Champagne, and ſleeping all night upon a bulk, will ſtrip the moſt healthy complexion of it's roſes. Therefore, to repair the loſs, they are obliged to ſubſtitute the unwholeſome diſguiſe of art for the native hue of a vigorous conſtitution.

I MUST leave it to you, Mr. TOWN, or your ingenious correſpondent, to enlarge upon this ſubject; and will only juſt appeal to the ladies, whether a ſmooth fair face is a proper recommendation of a man to their favour; and whether they do not look upon thoſe of the other ſex as a contemptible ſort of rivals, who aſpire to be thought charming and pretty? As many females are alſo conſcious, that they themſelves endeavour to conceal by art the defects of nature, they are apt to ſuſpect thoſe of our ſex, who are ſo very ſollicitous to ſet off their perſons: and, indeed,

I fear

I fear it will be found, upon examination, that moſt of our pretty fellows, who lay on Carmine are painting a rotten poſt.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

W. MANLY.

MANY of my readers will, I dare ſay, be hardly perſuaded, that this cuſtom could have ever prevailed as a branch of male foppery: But it is too notorious, that our fine gentlemen, in ſeveral other inſtances beſides the article of paint, affect the ſoftneſs and delicacy of the fair ſex. The male beauty has his waſhes, perfumes, and coſmetics; and takes as much pains to ſet a gloſs on his complexion, as the footman in japanning his ſhoes. He has his dreſſing-room, and (which is ſtill more ridiculous) his Toilet too; at which he ſits as many hours repairing his battered countenance, as a decayed toaſt dreſſing for a birth-night. I had once an opportunity of taking a ſurvey of one of theſe Male-Toilets; and, as ſuch a curioſity may perhaps prove entertaining to my readers, I ſhall here give a deſcription of it.

HAVING occaſion one morning to wait on a Very Pretty Fellow, I was deſired by the *Valet de Chambre*

de Chambre to walk into the dreſſing-room, as his maſter was not ſtirring. I was accordingly ſhewn into a neat little chamber, hung round with *Indian* paper, and adorned with ſeveral little images of Pagods and Bramins, and veſſels of *Chelſea* China, in which were ſet various-coloured ſprigs of artificial flowers. But the Toilet moſt excited my admiration; where I found every thing was intended to be agreeable to the *Chineſe* taſte. A looking-glaſs, encloſed in a whimſical frame of *Chineſe* paling, ſtood upon a *Japan* table, over which was ſpread a coverlid of the fineſt Chints. I could not but obſerve a number of boxes of different ſizes, which were all of them *Japan*, and lay regularly diſpoſed on the table. I had the curioſity to examine the contents of ſeveral: in one I found lip-ſalve, in another a roll of pig-tail, and in another the ladies black ſticking plaiſter; but the laſt which I opened very much ſurprized me, as I ſaw nothing in it but a number of little pills. I likewiſe remarked, on one part of the table, a tooth-bruſh and ſponge, with a pot of *Deleſcot*'s opiate; and on the other ſide, water for the eyes. In the middle ſtood a bottle of *Eau de Luce*, and a roll of perfumed pomatum. Almond paſtes, powder-puffs, hair-combs, bruſhes, nippers, and the like, made up the reſt of this fantaſtick equi-

page.

page. But among many other whimſies, I could not conceive for what uſe a very ſmall ivory comb could be deſigned, till the valet informed me, that it was a comb for the eye-brows.

It muſt be confeſſed, that there are ſome men of ſuch a delicate make and ſilky conſtitution, that it is no wonder, if gentlemen of ſuch a lady-like generation have a natural tendency to the refinements and ſoftneſſes of females. Theſe tender dear creatures are generally bred up immediately under the wing of their mammas, and ſcarce fed with any thing leſs innocent than her milk. They are never permitted to ſtudy, leſt it ſhould hurt their eyes, and make their heads ache; nor ſuffered to uſe any exerciſes like other boys, leſt a fine hand ſhould be ſpoiled by being uſed too roughly. While other lads are flogged into the five declenſions, and at length laſhed through a whole ſchool, theſe pretty maſters are kept at home to improve in whipt-ſyllabubs, paſtry, and *face-painting*. In conſequence of which, when other young fellows begin to appear like men, theſe dainty creatures come into the world with all the accompliſhments of a lady's woman.

BUT if the common foibles of the female world are ridiculous even in theſe equivocal half-men, theſe neuter ſomethings between male and female, how aukwardly muſt they ſit upon the more robuſt and maſculine part of mankind? What indeed can be more abſurd, than to ſee an huge fellow with the make of a porter, and fit to mount the ſtage as a champion at *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre, ſitting to varniſh his broad face with paint and Benjamin-waſh? For my part, I never ſee a great looby aiming at *delicateſſe*, but he ſeems as ſtrange and uncouth a figure as *Achilles* in petticoats. This folly is alſo to be particularly condemned, when it appears in the more ſolemn characters of life, to which a gravity of appearance is eſſential; and in which the leaſt mark of foppery ſeems as improper, as a phyſician would ſeem ridiculous preſcribing in a bag-wig, or a ſerjeant pleading in the Court of Common Pleas in his own hair inſtead of a night-cap perriwig. As I think an inſtance or two of this kind would ſhew this folly in the moſt ſtriking light, I ſhall here ſubjoin two characters; in whom, as it is moſt improper, it will conſequently appear moſt ridiculous.

JOHN HARDMAN is upwards of ſix feet high, and ſtout enough to beat two of the ſturdieſt chairmen,

chairmen, that ever came out of *Ireland*. Nature, indeed, ſeems to have intended *John* himſelf to carry a chair: but fortune has enabled him to appear in whatever character he likes beſt; and he has wiſely diſcovered, that none will ſit ſo eaſy on him as that of a pretty fellow. It is therefore his ſtudy to new-mould his face and perſon. He throws his goggle eyes into leers, languiſhes, and ogles; and endeavours to draw up his hideous mouth, which extends from one ear to the other, into a ſimper. His voice, which is naturally of a deeper baſs than an hurdy-gurdy, is in a manner ſet to a new tune; and his ſpeech, which is very much tinctured with the broad dialect of a particular county, is delivered with ſo much nicety and gentleneſs, that every word is minced and clipt, in order to appear ſoft and delicate. When he walks, he endeavours to move his unweildy figure along in the pert trip, or eaſy ſhambling pace of our pretty fellows: and he commonly carries a thin jemmy ſtick in his hand, which naturally reminds us of *Hercules* with a diſtaff.

THE Reverend Mr. JESSAMY, (who took orders, only becauſe there was a good living in the family) is known among the ladies by the name of the Beau-Parſon. He is, indeed, the moſt

moſt delicate creature imaginable; and differs ſo much from the generality of the clergy, that I believe the very ſight of a plumb-pudding would make him ſwoon. Out of his Canonicals, his conſtant dreſs is what they call Parſon's-Blue lined with white, a black ſattin waiſtcoat, velvet breeches, and ſilk ſtockings. His pumps are of dog-ſkin, made by *Tull*; and it is ſaid, that he had a joint of one of his toes cut off, whoſe length, being out of all proportion, prevented his having an handſome foot. His very grizzle is ſcarce orthodox: for, though it would be open Schiſm to wear a bag, yet his wig has always a bag-front, and is properly cropt behind, that it may not eclipſe the luſtre of his diamond ſtock-buckle. He cannot bear the thoughts of being ſea-ſick; or elſe he declares he would certainly go abroad, where he might again reſume his laced cloaths, and appear like a gentleman in a bag-wig and ſword.

T

NUMB. LXVI. *Thurſday, May* 1, 1755.

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus quâ quiſque per ora
Cederet. ——— ——— ——— HOR.

Where all, their beauties to full view diſplay'd,
May undiſguis'd *appear in* Maſquerade.

AMONG the many exotic diverſions, that have been tranſplanted into this country, there is no one more cultivated, or which ſeems to have taken deeper root among us, than that modeſt and rational entertainment the Maſquerade. This, as well as the Opera, is originally of *Italian* growth, and was brought over hither by the celebrated *Heideger*; who, on both accounts, juſtly acquired among his own countrymen the honourable title of *Sur-Intendant des Plaiſirs d' Angleterre.*

I HAVE called the Maſquerade a modeſt and rational entertainment. As to the firſt, no one can have the leaſt ſcruple about it's innocence, if he conſiders, that it is always made a part of the education of our polite females; and that the moſt virtuous woman is not aſhamed to appear there.

there. If it be objected, that a lady is expoſed to hear many indecencies from the men, (as the maſk gives them a privilege to ſay any thing, though ever ſo rude) it may be anſwered, that no lady is obliged to take the affront to herſelf; becauſe, as ſhe goes diſguiſed, the indignity is not offered to her in her own proper perſon. Beſides, according to *Dryden*,

She cannot bluſh, becauſe they cannot ſee.

As to the rationality of this entertainment, every one will agree with me, that theſe midnight orgies are full as rational as ſitting up all night at the card-table. Nor is it more ſtrange, that five or ſix hundred people ſhould meet together in diſguiſes purpoſely to conceal themſelves, than that the ſame number ſhould aſſemble at a rout, where moſt of the company are wholly unacquainted with each other.

But we can never enough admire the wit and humour of theſe meetings; which chiefly conſiſts in exhibiting the moſt fantaſtic appearances, that the moſt whimſical imagination can poſſibly deviſe. A common perſon may be content with appearing as a Chineſe, a Turk, or a Frier: but the true genius will ranſack, earth, air, and ſeas,

ſeas, reconcile contradictions, and call in things inanimate, as well as animate to his aſſiſtance; and the more extravagant and out of nature his dreſs can be contrived, the higher is the joke. I remember one gentleman above ſix foot high, who came to the Maſquerade dreſt like a child in a white frock and leading-ſtrings, attended by another gentleman of a very low ſtature, who officiated as his nurſe. The ſame witty ſpark took it into his head at another time to perſonate Fame, and was ſtuck all over with peacock's feathers by way of eyes: but when he came to faſten on his wings, they were ſpread to ſo enormous a length, that no coach or chair was ſpacious enough to admit him; ſo that he was forced to be conveyed along the ſtreets on a chairman's horſe, covered with a blanket. Another gentleman, of no leſs humour, very much ſurpriſed the company by carrying a thatched houſe about him, ſo contrived, that no part of him could be ſeen, except his face, which was looking out of the caſement: but this joke had like to have coſt him dear, as another wag was going to ſet fire to the building, becauſe he found by the leaden policy affixed to the front, that the tenement was inſured. In a word, dogs, monkeys, oſtriches, and all kinds of monſters, are as frequently to be met with at the Maſquerade,

Maſquerade, as in the *Covent-Garden* Pantomimes; and I once ſaw with great delight a gentleman, who perſonated one of *Bayes*'s recruits, prance a minuet on his hobby-horſe, with a dancing bear for his partner.

I HAVE ſaid before, that the Maſquerade is of foreign extraction, and imported to us from abroad. But as the *Engliſh*, though ſlow at invention, are remarkable for improving on what has already been invented, it is no wonder that we ſhould attempt to heighten the *guſto* of this entertainment, and even carry it beyond the licence of a foreign Carnival. There is ſomething too inſipid in our fine gentlemen ſtalking about in dominos; and it is rather cruel to eclipſe the pretty faces of our fine ladies with hideous maſks; for which reaſons it has been judged requiſite to contrive a Maſquerade upon a new plan, and in an entire new taſte. We all remember, when (a few years ago) a celebrated lady endeavoured to introduce a new ſpecies of Maſquerade among us, by lopping off the exuberance of dreſs; and ſhe herſelf firſt ſet the example, by ſtripping to the character of *Iphigenia* undreſt for the ſacrifice. I muſt own it is a matter of ſome ſurpriſe to me, conſidering the propenſity of our modern ladies to get rid of their

their cloaths, that other *Iphigenias* did not immediately ſtart up; and that Nuns and Veſtals ſhould be ſuffered ever after to be ſeen among the Maſks. But this project, it ſeems, was not then ſufficiently ripe for execution, as a certain aukward thing, called Baſhfulneſs, had not yet been baniſhed from the female world; and to the preſent enlightened times was reſerved the honour of introducing, however contradictory the term may ſeem, a NAKED MASQUERADE.

WHAT the above-mentioned lady had the hardineſs to attempt alone, will, (I am aſſured) be ſet on foot by our perſons of faſhion, as ſoon as the hot days come in. *Ranelagh* is the place pitched upon for their meeting; where it is propoſed to have a Maſquerade *Al Freſco*, and the whole company to diſplay all their charms *in puris naturalibus*. The *Pantheon of the Heathen Gods*, *Ovid's Metamorphoſes*, and *Titian's Prints*, will ſupply them with a ſufficient variety of undreſt characters. One ſet of ladies, I am told, intend to perſonate *Water-Nymphs* bathing in the canal: Three ſiſters, celebrated for their charms, deſign to appear together as the *Three Graces*: And a certain lady of quality, who moſt reſembles the Goddeſs of Beauty, is now practiſing, from a model of the noted ſtatue of *Venus de Medicis*,

dicis, the moſt ſtriking attitude for that character. As to the gentlemen, they may moſt of them repreſent very ſuitably the half-brutal forms of *Satyrs*, *Pans*, *Fauns*, and *Centaurs*: Our Beaux may aſſume the ſemblance of the beardleſs *Apollo*, or (which would be more natural) may admire themſelves in the perſon of *Narciſſus*; and our Bucks might act quite in character, by running about ſtark-naked with their miſtreſſes, and committing the maddeſt freaks, like the Prieſts and Prieſteſſes of *Bacchus* celebrating the *Bacchanalian* Myſteries.

If this ſcheme for a NAKED MASQUERADE ſhould meet with encouragement, (as there is no doubt but it muſt) it is propoſed to improve it ſtill further. Perſons of faſhion cannot but lament, that there are no diverſions allotted to Sunday, except the card-table; and they can never enough regret, that the Sunday evening tea-drinkings at *Ranelagh* were laid aſide, from a ſuperſtitious regard to religion. They, therefore, intend to have a particular ſort of Maſquerade on that day; in which they may ſhew their taſte, by ridiculing all the old womens tales contained in that idle book of fables, the Bible, while the vulgar are devoutly attending to them at church. This, indeed, is not without a pa-

rallel: We have already had an inſtance of an *Eve*; and by borrowing the ſerpent in *Orpheus* and *Eurydice*, we might have the whole ſtory of the Fall of Man exhibited in Maſquerade.

It muſt, indeed, be acknowledged, that this project has already taken place among the loweſt of the people, who ſeem to have been the firſt contrivers of a NAKED MASQUERADE: and laſt ſummer I remember an article in the newspapers, that "ſeveral perſons of both ſexes were "aſſembled Naked at *Pimlico*, and being car-"ried before a magiſtrate were ſent to *Bride-*"*well.*" This, indeed, is too refined a pleaſure to be allowed the vulgar; and every body will agree with me, that the ſame act, which at the *Green Lamps* or *Pimlico* appears low and criminal, may be extremely polite and commendable in the *Haymarket* or at *Ranelagh*.

W

NUMB. LXVII. *Thurſday, May* 8, 1755.

O imitatores, ſervum pecus! —— HOR.

Dull imitators! like the ſervile hack,
Still ſlowly plodding in the beaten track.

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

BAYES in the *Rehearſal* frequently boaſts it as his chief excellence, that he treads on no man's heels, that he ſcorns to follow the ſteps of others; and when he is aſked the reaſon of inſerting any abſurdity in his play, he anſwers, *becauſe it is new.* The poets of the preſent time run into the contrary error: They are ſo far from endeavouring to elevate and ſurpriſe by any thing original, that their whole buſineſs is Imitation; and they jingle their bells in the ſame road with thoſe that went before them, with all the dull exactneſs of a packhorſe.

THE generality of our writers wait 'till a new walk is pointed out to them by ſome leading genius; when it immediately becomes ſo hackneyed and beaten, that an author of credit is

almoſt aſhamed to appear in it among ſuch bad company. No ſooner does one man of parts ſucceed in any particular mode of writing, but he is followed by a thouſand dunces. A good elegy makes the little ſcribblers direct their whole bent to ſubjects of grief; and, for a whole winter, the preſs groans with melancholy. One novel of reputation fills all the garrets of *Grub-Street* with reams of hiſtories and adventures, where volume is ſpun out after volume, without the leaſt wit, humour, or incident. In a word, as *Bayes* obviated all objections to his nonſenſe by ſaying *it was new*, if a modern writer, was aſked why he choſe any particular manner of writing, he might reply, *becauſe it is the faſhion.*

TRUE genius will not give into ſuch idle extravagant flights of imagination as *Bayes*; it will not turn funerals into banquets, or introduce armies in diſguiſe; but ſtill it will not confine itſelf to the narrow track of Imitation. I cannot help thinking, that it is more owing to this ſervile ſpirit in the authors of the preſent times, than to their want of abilities, that we cannot now boaſt a ſet of eminent writers: and it is worthy obſervation, that, whenever any age has been diſtinguiſhed by a great number of excellent authors, they have moſt of them cultivated

tivated *different* branches of poetry from each other. This was the caſe in the age of *Auguſtus*, as appears from the works of *Virgil*, *Horace*, *Ovid*, &c. And to come down as late as poſſible, this is evident from our laſt famous ſet of authors, who flouriſhed in the beginning of this century. We admire *Swift*, *Pope*, *Gay*, *Bolingbroke*, *Addiſon*, &c. but we admire each for his particular beauties ſeparate and diſtinguiſhed from the reſt.

THESE looſe thoughts were thrown together merely to introduce the following little poem, which I think deſerves the attention of the public. It was written by a very ingenious gentleman, as a letter to a friend, who was about to publiſh a volume of miſcellanies; and contains all that original ſpirit, which it ſo elegantly recommends.

To * * * *.

Since now, all ſcruples caſt away,
Your works are riſing into day,
Forgive, though I preſume to ſend
This honeſt counſel of a friend.
Let not your verſe, as verſe now goes,
Be a ſtrange kind of meaſur'd proſe;

Nor let your proſe, which ſure is worſe,
Want nought but meaſure to be verſe.
Write from your own imagination,
Nor curb your muſe by Imitation:
For copies ſhew, howe'er expreſt,
A barren genius at the beſt.

— But Imitation's all the mode ——
Yet where one hits, ten miſs the road,

The mimic bard with pleaſure ſees
Mat. Prior's unaffected eaſe;
Aſſumes his ſtyle, affects a ſtory,
Sets every circumſtance before ye,
The day, the hour, the name, the dwelling,
And "mars a curious tale in telling;"
Obſerves how EASY *Prior* flows,
Then runs his numbers down to proſe.

Others have ſought the filthy ſtews
To find a dirty ſlip-ſhod Muſe.
Their groping genius, while it rakes
The bogs, the common-ſew'rs, and jakes,
Ordure and filth in rhyme expoſes,
Diſguſtful to our eyes and noſes;
With many a —— daſh that muſt offend us,
And much * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * *

* * * * * * * * * *Hiatus* non *deflendus.*

O *Swift!* how wouldſt thou bluſh to ſee,
Such are the bards who copy Thee?

This, *Milton* for his plan will chuſe,
Wherein reſembling *Milton*'s Muſe?
Milton, like thunder, rolls along
In all the majeſty of ſong:
While his low mimics meanly creep,
Not quite awake, nor quite aſleep:
Or, if their thunder chance to roll,
'Tis thunder of the muſtard-bowl.
The ſtiff expreſſion, phraſes ſtrange,
The epithet's prepoſterous change,
Forc'd numbers, rough and unpolite,
Such as the judging ear affright,
Stop in mid verſe. Ye mimics vile!
Is't thus ye copy *Milton*'s ſtyle?
His faults religiouſly ye trace,
But borrow not a ſingle grace.

How few, ſay whence can it proceed?
Who copy *Milton*, e'er ſucceed!
But all their labours are in vain;
And wherefore ſo? The reaſon's plain.
Take it for granted, 'tis by thoſe
Milton's the model moſtly choſe,
Who can't write verſe, and won't write proſe.

Others, who aim at fancy, chuſe
To wooe the gentle *Spenſer*'s Muſe.
This poet fixes for his theme,
An allegory, or a dream;
Fiction and truth together joins
Through a long waſte of flimzy lines;
Fondly believes his fancy glows,
And image upon image grows;
Thinks his ſtrong muſe takes wond'rous flights
Whene'er ſhe ſings of PEERLESS WIGHTS,
Of DENS, of PALFREYS, SPELLS and KNIGHTS:
'Till allegory, (*Spenſer*'s veil
T' inſtruct and pleaſe in moral tale)
With him's no veil the truth to ſhroud,
But one impenetrable cloud.

Others, more daring, fix their hope
On rivalling the fame of *Pope*.
Satyr's the word, againſt the times. ——
Theſe catch the cadence of his rhymes,
And borne from earth by *Pope*'s ſtrong wings,
Their Muſe aſpires, and boldly flings
Her dirt up in the face of kings.
In theſe the ſpleen of *Pope* we find;
But where the greatneſs of his mind?
His numbers are their whole pretence,
Mere ſtrangers to his manly ſenſe.

Some

Some few, the fav'rites of the Muſe,
Whom with her kindeſt eye ſhe views;
Round whom *Apollo*'s brighteſt rays
Shine forth with undiminiſh'd blaze;
Some few, my friend, have ſweetly trod
In Imitation's dangerous road.
Long as TOBACCO's mild perfume
Shall ſcent each happy curate's room;
Oft as in elbow chair he ſmokes,
And quaffs his ale, and cracks his jokes;
So long, O * *Brown*, ſhall laſt thy praiſe,
Crown'd with TOBACCO-LEAF for Bays:
And whoſoe'er thy verſe ſhall ſee,
Shall fill another PIPE to thee.

* *Iſaac Hawkins Brown*, Eſq; Author of a Piece called *The* PIPE OF TOBACCO, a moſt excellent Imitation of ſix different Authors.

NUMB. LXVIII. *Thurſday, May* 15, 1755.

——— Nunc et campus, et areæ,
Leneſque ſub noctem ſuſurri
Compoſitâ repetantur horâ. HOR.

Now Venus *in* Vaux-Hall *her altar rears,*
While fiddles drown the muſic of the ſpheres:
Now girls hum out their loves to ev'ry tree,
" *Young* Jockey *is the lad, the lad for me.*"

THE various ſeaſons of the year produce not a greater alteration in the face of nature, than in the polite manner of paſſing our time. The diverſions of winter and ſummer are as different as the dog-days and thoſe at *Chriſtmas*; nor do I know any genteel amuſement, except Gaming, that prevails during the whole year. As the long days are now coming on, the theatrical gentry, who contributed to diſſipate the gloom of our winter evenings, begin to divide themſelves into ſtrolling companies; and are packing up their tragedy wardrobes, together with a ſufficient quantity of thunder and lightning, for the delight and amazement of the country. In the mean time, the ſeveral public Gardens near this metropolis are trimming their trees, levelling their

their walks, and burniſhing their lamps, for our reception. At *Vaux-Hall* the artificial ruins are repaired; the caſcade is made to ſpout with ſeveral additional ſtreams of block-tin; and they have touched up all the pictures, which were damaged laſt ſeaſon by the fingering of thoſe curious *Connoiſſeurs*, who could not be ſatisfied without *feeling* whether the figures were alive. The magazine at *Cuper*'s, I am told, is furniſhed with an extraordinary ſupply of gunpowder, to be ſhot off in ſquibs and ſky-rockets, or whirled away in blazing ſuns and *Catharine* wheels: and it is not to be doubted, in caſe of a war, but that *Neptune* and all his *Tritons* will aſſiſt the *Britiſh* navy; and as we before took *Porto-Bello* and *Cape-Breton*, we ſhall now gain new victories over the *French* fleet every night, upon that canal.

HAPPY are they, who can muſter up ſufficient, at leaſt to hire tickets at the door, once or twice in a ſeaſon! Not that theſe pleaſures are confined to the rich and the great only: for the lower ſort of people have their *Ranelaghs* and their *Vaux-Halls*, as well as the quality. *Perrot*'s inimitable Grotto may be ſeen for only calling for a pot of beer; and the royal diverſion of duck-hunting may be had into the bargain, together with a decanter of *Dorcheſter*, for your ſix-pence at

Jenny's Whim. Every ſkettle-alley half a mile out of town is embelliſhed with green arbours and ſhady retreats; where the company is generally entertained with the melodious ſcraping of a blind fiddler. And who can reſiſt the luſcious temptation of a fine juicy ham, or a delicious buttock of beef ſtuffed with parſley, accompanied with a foaming decanter of ſparkling home-brew'd, which is ſo invitingly painted at the entrance of almoſt every village ale-houſe?

Our Northern climate will not, indeed, allow us to indulge ourſelves in all thoſe pleaſures of a garden, which are ſo feelingly deſcribed by our poets. We dare not lay ourſelves on the damp ground in ſhady groves, or by the purling ſtream; but are obliged to fortify our inſide againſt the cold by good ſubſtantial eating and drinking. For this reaſon, the extreme coſtlineſs of the proviſions at our public Gardens has been grievouſly complained of by thoſe gentry, to whom a ſupper at theſe places is as neceſſary a part of the entertainment, as the ſinging or the fire-works. Poor Mr. *John* ſees with an heavy heart the profits of a whole week's card-money, devoured in tarts and cheeſe-cakes, by Mrs. Houſe-keeper or My Lady's Own Woman; and the ſubſtantial Cit, who comes from behind the counter two or

or three evenings in the ſummer, can never enough regret the thin wafer-like ſlices of beef and ham, that taſte of nothing but the knife.

I WAS greatly diverted laſt ſaturday evening at *Vaux-Hall* with the ſhrewd remarks made on this very head by an honeſt citizen, whoſe wife and two daughters had, I found, prevailed on him to carry them to the Garden. As I thought there was ſomething curious in their behaviour, I went into the next box to them, where I had an opportunity of ſeeing and over-hearing every thing that paſt.

AFTER ſome talk,—"Come, come, (ſaid the "old don) it is high time, I think, to go to "ſupper." To this the ladies readily aſſented; and one of the miſſes ſaid, "Do let us have a "chick, papa." "Zounds (ſaid the father) "they are half a crown a-piece, and no bigger "than a ſparrow." Here the old lady took him up—"You are ſo ſtingy, Mr. *Roſe*, there is "no bearing you. When one is out upon plea-"ſure, I love to appear like ſomebody: and "what ſignifies a few ſhillings once and away, "when a body is about it?" This reproof ſo effectually ſilenced the old gentleman, that the youngeſt miſs had the courage to put in a word for

for ſome ham likewiſe. Accordingly the waiter was called, and diſpatched by the old lady with an order for a chicken and a plate of ham. When it was brought, our honeſt cit twirled the diſh about three or four times, and ſurveyed it with a very ſettled countenance; then taking up the ſlice of ham, and dangling it to and fro on the end of his fork, aſked the waiter, "how "much there was of it." "A ſhilling's worth, "Sir," ſaid the fellow.—"Prithee, ſaid the don, "how much doſt think it weighs?——An "ounce?——A ſhilling an ounce! that is ſix-"teen ſhillings *per* pound!——A reaſonable "profit truly!——Let me ſee——ſuppoſe now "the whole ham weighs thirty pounds:—At a "ſhilling *per* ounce, that is, ſixteen ſhillings "*per* pound, why your maſter makes exactly "twenty-four pounds of every ham; and if he "buys them at the beſt hand, and ſalts them "and cures them himſelf, they don't ſtand him "in ten ſhillings a-piece." The old lady bade him hold his nonſenſe, declared herſelf aſhamed for him, and aſked him if people muſt not live: then taking a coloured handkerchief from her own neck, ſhe tucked it into his ſhirt-collar, (whence it hung like a bib) and helped him to a leg of the chicken. The old gentleman, at every bit he put into his mouth, amuſed himſelf with ſaying,

ſaying,—" There goes two-pence—there goes " three-pence—there goes a groat.—Zounds " a man at theſe places ſhould not have a ſwallow " ſo wide as a tom-tit."

THIS ſcanty repaſt, we may imagine, was ſoon diſpatched; and it was with much difficulty our citizen was prevailed on to ſuffer a plate of beef to be ordered. This too was no leſs admired, and underwent the ſame comments with the ham. At length, when only a very ſmall bit was left, as they ſay, for manners in the diſh, our don took a piece of an old news-paper out of his pocket, and gravely wrapping up the meat in it, placed it carefully in his letter-caſe. " I'll " keep thee as a curioſity to my dying day; and " I'll ſhew thee to my neighbour *Horſeman*, and " aſk him if he can make as much of his ſteaks." Then rubbing his hands, and ſhrugging up his ſhoulders—" Why now (ſays he) to-morrow " night I may eat as much cold beef as I can " ſtuff in any tavern in *London*, and pay nothing " for it." A diſh of tarts, cheeſe-cakes, and cuſtards next made their appearance at the requeſt of the young ladies, who paid no ſort of regard to the father's remonſtrance, " that they were " four times as dear as at the paſtry-cooks."

SUPPER

SUPPER being ended, madam put her ſpouſe in mind to call for wine.—" We *muſt* have ſome " wine, my dear, or we ſhall not be looked " upon, you know." " Well, well, ſays the " don, that's right enough. But do they ſell " their liquor too by the ounce? —— " Here, " drawer, what wine have you got?" The fellow, who by this time began to ſmoke his gueſts, anſwered — " We have exceeding good " *French* wine of all ſorts, and pleaſe your honour. " Would your honour have a bottle of Cham- " pagne, or Burgundy, or Claret, or" ——— " No, no, none of your wiſhy-waſhy outlandiſh " rot-gut for me: interrupted the citizen.—— " A tankard of the Alderman beats all the red " Claret wine in the *French* king's cellar.—— " But come, bring us a bottle of ſound old " Port: And d'ye hear? let it be good."

WHILE the waiter was gone, the good man moſt ſadly lamented, that he could not have his pipe; which the wife would by no means allow, " becauſe (ſhe ſaid) it was ungenteel to " ſmoke, where any ladies were in company." When the wine came, our citizen, gravely took up the bottle, and holding it above his head, " Aye, aye, ſaid he, the bottom has had a good " kick.——And mind how confoundedly it is " pinched

" pinched on the ſides.—Not above five gills, I " warrant. — An old ſoldier at the *Jeruſalem* " would beat two of them.—But let us ſee how " it is brewed." He then poured out a glaſs; and after holding it up before the candle, ſmelling to it, ſipping it twice or thrice, and ſmacking his lips, drank it off: but declaring that ſecond thoughts were beſt, he filled another bumper; and toſſing that off, after ſome pauſe, with a very important air, ventured to pronounce it drinkable. The ladies, having alſo drank a glaſs round, affirmed it was very good, and felt warm in the ſtomach: and even the old gentleman relaxed into ſuch good humour by the time the bottle was emptied, that out of his own free will and motion he moſt generouſly called for another Pint, but charged the waiter " to pick " out an honeſt one."

WHILE the glaſs was thus circulating, the family amuſed themſelves with making obſervations on the Garden. The citizen expreſſed his wonder at the number of lamps, and ſaid it muſt coſt a great deal of money every night to light them all: the eldeſt miſs declared, that for her part ſhe liked the Dark Walk beſt of all, becauſe it was *ſolentary:* little miſs thought the laſt ſong mighty pretty, and ſaid ſhe would buy it,

it, if ſhe could but carry home the tune: and the old lady obſerved, that there was a great deal of good compony indeed; but the gentlemen were ſo rude, that they perfectly put her out of countenance by ſtaring at her through their ſpy-glaſſes. In a word, the tarts, the cheeſe-cakes, the beef, the chicken, the ounce of ham, and every thing ſeemed to have been quite forgot, 'till the diſmal moment approached, when the reckoning was called for. As this ſolemn buſineſs concerns only the gentlemen, the ladies kept a profound ſilence; and when the terrible account was brought, they left the pay-maſter undiſturbed, to enjoy the miſery by himſelf: only the old lady had the hardineſs to ſquint at the ſum total, and declared "it was pretty reaſonable *conſidering*."

OUR citizen bore his misfortunes with a tolerable degree of patience. He ſhook his head as he run over every article, and ſwore he would never buy meat by the ounce again. At length, when he had carefully ſummed up every figure, he bade the drawer bring change for ſix-pence: then pulling out a leathern purſe from a ſnug pocket in the inſide of his waiſtcoat, he drew out ſlowly, piece by piece, thirteen ſhillings; which he regularly placed in two rows upon the table.

table. When the change was brought, after counting it very carefully, he laid down four half-pence in the ſame exact order; then calling the waiter, — "There, ſays he, there's your "damage —— thirteen and two-pence —— And "hearkye, there's three-pence over for yourſelf." The remaining penny he put into his coat-pocket; and chinking it —— "This, ſays he, "will ſerve me to-morrow to buy a paper "of tobacco."

THE family now prepared themſelves for going; and as there were ſome ſlight drops of rain, madam buttoned up the old gentleman's coat, that he might not ſpoil his laced waiſtcoat; and made him flap his hat, over which ſhe tied his pocket handkerchief, to ſave his wig: And as the coat itſelf (ſhe ſaid) had never been worn but three Sundays ſhe even parted with her own Cardinal, and ſpread it the wrong ſide out over his ſhoulders. In theſe accoutrements he ſallied forth, accompanied by his wife with her upper petticoat thrown over her head, and his daughters with the ſkirts of their gowns turned up, and their heads muffled up in coloured handkerchiefs. I followed them quite out of the Garden: and as they were waiting for their hack to draw up, the youngeſt miſs aſked, "When ſhall we come "again

" again, papa?" " Come again? (ſaid he) What " a pox would you ruin me? Once in one's " life is enough; and I think I have done very " handſome. Why it would not have coſt me " above four-pence half-penny to have ſpent my " evening at *Sot's Hole*; and what with the " curſed coach-hire, and all together, here's al- " moſt a pound gone, and nothing to ſhew for " it."—" Fye, Mr. *Roſe*, I am quite aſhamed " for you," replies the old lady. " You are " always grudging me and your girls the leaſt " bit of pleaſure; and you cannot help grum- " bling, if we do but go to *Little Hornſey* to drink " tea. I am ſure, now they are women grown " up, they ought to ſee a little of the world;— " and they *ſhall*." The old don was not willing to perſue the argument any further; and the coach coming up, he was glad to put an end to the diſpute by ſaying,—" Come, come, let us " make haſte, wife; or we ſhall not get home " time enough to have my beſt wig combed " out again; —— and to-morrow, you know, " is Sunday."

W

NUMB. LXIX. *Thurſday, May* 22, 1755.

Dignior eſt veſtro nulla puella choro.

TIBULL.

Behold a train of female wits aſpire,
With men to mingle in the Muſes' choir.

IN a viſit, which I paid the other day to a lady of great ſenſe and taſte, I was agreeably ſurpriſed by having two little volumes put into my hands, which have been lately publiſhed under the title of "POEMS by *EMINENT LADIES*." Theſe volumes are, indeed, (as the author of the preface has remarked) "the "moſt ſolid compliment that can poſſibly be "paid to the fair ſex." I never imagined, that our nation could boaſt ſo many excellent Poeteſſes, (whoſe works are an honour to their country) as were here collected together: And it is with the higheſt ſatisfaction I can aſſure my female readers in particular, that I have found a great number of very elegant pieces among the compoſitions of theſe ladies, which cannot be ſurpaſſed (I had almoſt ſaid, equalled) by the moſt celebrated of our male-writers.

THE

THE pleaſure, which I received from reading theſe poems, made ſuch an impreſſion on my mind, that at night, as ſoon as I fell aſleep, my fancy preſented to me the following Dream. I was tranſported, I know not how, to the regions of *Parnaſſus*; and found myſelf in the Court of *Apollo*, ſurrounded by a great number of our moſt eminent poets. A cauſe of the utmoſt importance was then depending; and the debate was, whether the *Engliſh* ladies, who had diſtinguiſhed themſelves in poetry, ſhould be allowed to hold the ſame rank, and have the ſame honours paid them, with the men. As the moderns were not permitted to plead in their own ſuit, *Juvenal* was retained on the ſide of the male poets, and *Sappho* undertook the defence of the other ſex. The *Roman* Satiriſt, in his ſpeech at the bar, inveighed bitterly againſt women in general, and particularly exclaimed againſt their dabbling in literature: But when *Sappho* came to ſet forth the pretenſions, which the ladies juſtly had to poetry, and eſpecially in love affairs, *Apollo* could no longer reſiſt the importunity of the *Muſes* in favour of their own ſex. He therefore decreed, that all thoſe females, who thought themſelves able to manage *Pegaſus*, ſhould immediately ſhew their ſkill and dexterity in riding him.

PEGASUS

PEGASUS was accordingly brought out of the ſtable, and the *Muſes* furniſhed him with a ſide-ſaddle. All the ladies, who had courage enough to venture on his back, were prepared to mount: but as a great diſpute aroſe among ſome of the competitors about precedency, (each of them claiming a right to ride firſt) it was at length agreed, that they ſhould get into the ſaddle according to ſeniority.

UPON this a lady advanced; who, though ſhe had ſomething rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet had a noble preſence, that commanded at once awe and admiration. She was dreſſed in an old-faſhioned habit, very fantaſtic, and trimmed with bugles and points; ſuch as was worn in the time of king *Charles* the firſt. This lady, I was informed, was the Ducheſs of NEWCASTLE. When ſhe came to mount, ſhe ſprung into the ſaddle with ſurpriſing agility; and giving an entire looſe to the reins, *Pegaſus* directly ſet up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of ſight. However, it was acknowledged, that ſhe kept a firm ſeat, even when the horſe went at his deepeſt rate; and that ſhe wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When ſhe came to diſmount, *Shakeſpeare* and *Milton* very kindly offered their hand to help her down,

down, which ſhe accepted. Then *Euterpe* came up to her with a ſmile, and begged her to repeat thoſe beautiful lines againſt Melancholy, which (ſhe ſaid) were ſo extremely pictureſque. The Ducheſs, with a moſt pleaſing air immediately began ——

* Dull Melancholy ———
She'll make you ſtart at ev'ry noiſe you hear,
And viſions ſtrange ſhall to your eyes appear.
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow ſound;
She hates the light, and is in darkneſs found;
Or ſits by blinking lamps, or tapers ſmall,
Which various ſhadows make againſt the wall.
She loves noughtelſe but noiſe which diſcord makes;
As croaking frogs, whoſe dwelling is in lakes;
The raven hoarſe, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And ſhrieking owls, that fly i'th' night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where ruſhing waters run about.
She loves to walk in the ſtill moon-ſhine night,
And in a thick dark grove ſhe takes delight:
In hollow caves, thatch'd houſes, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone ſhe dwells.
There leave her to herſelf alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleaſure ſwell.

* *Poems by Eminent Ladies*, Vol. II. Page 200.

All

All the while that theſe lines were repeating, *Milton* ſeemed very attentive; and it was whiſpered by ſome, that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penſeroſo* to this lady's * *Dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy.*

The Celebrated ORINDA, Mrs. KATHERINE PHILIPS, was next placed in the ſaddle, amid the ſhouts and applauſes of the lords *Roſcommon* and *Orrery*, *Cowley*, and other famous wits of her time. Her dreſs was ſimple, though of a very elegant make: it had no profuſe ornaments, and approached very nearly to the cut and faſhion of the preſent age. Though ſhe never ventured beyond a canter or an hand-gallop, ſhe made *Pegaſus* do his paces with ſo much eaſe and exactneſs, that *Waller* himſelf owned he could never bring him under ſo much command. After her Mrs. KILLIGREW, aſſiſted by *Dryden*, and ſeveral other ladies of that age took their turns to ride: and every one agreed, that (making ſome allowances for their ſex) they could not be excelled by the moſt experienced riders among the men.

* *Poems by Eminent Ladies.* Vol. II. Page 199. N. B. This Lady, it is ſuppoſed, wrote before *Milton.*

A BOLD maſculine figure now puſhed forward in a thin, airy, gay habit, which hung ſo looſe about her, that ſhe appeared to be half undreſt. When ſhe came up to *Pegaſus*, ſhe clapped her hand upon the ſide-ſaddle, and with a ſpring leaped acroſs it, ſaying that ſhe would never ride him but aſtride. She made the poor beaſt friſk, and caper, and curvet, and play a thouſand tricks; while ſhe herſelf was quite unconcerned, though ſhe ſhewed her legs at every motion of the horſe, and many of the *Muſes* turned their heads aſide bluſhing. *Thalia*, indeed, was a good deal pleaſed with her frolicks; and *Erato* declared, that next to her favourite *Sappho* ſhe ſhould always prefer this lady. Upon enquiring her name, I found her to be the free-ſpirited Mrs. BEHN. When ſhe was to diſmount, Lord *Rocheſter* came up, and caught her in his arms: and repeating part of her * *Ode to Deſire*,

——— ——— ——— *To a myrtle bower*
He led her nothing loth. ——— MILTON.

I HAD now the pleaſure to ſee many ladies of our own times, whoſe names I was very well acquainted with, advance towards *Pegaſus*. Among the reſt I could not but wonder at the

* *Poems by Eminent Ladies*, Vol. I. Page 167.

aſtoniſhing

aſtoniſhing dexterity, with which the admired Mrs. LEAPOR of *Brackley* guided the horſe, though ſhe had not the leaſt aſſiſtance from any body. Mrs. BARBER of *Ireland* was aſſiſted in getting upon the ſaddle by *Swift* himſelf, who even condeſcended to hold the ſtirrup while ſhe mounted. Under the Dean's direction ſhe made the horſe to pace and amble very prettily: notwithſtanding which ſome declared, that ſhe was not equal to her friend and country-woman Mrs. GRIERSON.

ANOTHER lady, a native of the ſame kingdom, then briſkly ſtepped up to *Pegaſus*; and deſpiſing the weak efforts of her huſband to prevent her, ſhe boldly jumped into the ſaddle, and whipping and cutting rode away furiouſly helter ſkelter over hedge and ditch, and trampled on every body who came in her road. She took particular delight in driving the poor horſe, who kicked and winced all the while, into the moſt filthy places; where ſhe made him fling about the dirt and mire, with which ſhe beſpattered almoſt every one that came near her. Sometimes, however, ſhe would put a ſtop to this mad career; and then ſhe plainly convinced us, that ſhe knew as well how to manage *Pegaſus* as any of the females, who had tried before her.

Being told that this lady was no other than the celebrated biographer of her own actions, Mrs. PILKINGTON, I had the curioſity to take a nearer view of her; when ſtepping up towards her, and offering my aſſiſtance to help her down, methought ſhe returned my civility with ſuch an uncourteous ſlap on the face, that (though I awaked at the inſtant) I could not help fancying for ſome time, that I felt my cheek ngle with the blow.

W

NUMB. LXX. *Thurſday, May* 29, 1755.

— Cauſam hanc juſtam eſſe in animum inducite,
Ut aliqua pars laboris minuatur mihi.

TER.

Write, Correſpondents, write, whene'er you will;
'Twill ſave me trouble, and my paper fill.

MY publiſher having acquainted me, that he intends to cloſe the volume with this number, I ſhall take the opportunity to throw together ſeveral letters, which I have received in the courſe of this work, and to ballance with all my correſpondents; at the ſame time aſſuring them,

them, that I ſhall be very glad to open a freſh account with them in my next Volume.

IN the infancy of this undertaking, I was honoured with the following very kind billet from a brother of the quill; the terms of which I am ſorry it was not in my power to comply with.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN be of great aſſiſtance to you, if you want any help. I will write for you every other week, or oftener if you chuſe it. As a ſpecimen of my powers, I have ſent you an eſſay, which is at your ſervice. It is ſhort, but a very good one.

Your's at command,

T. TURNPENNY.

P. S. Pleaſe to ſend by the bearer a Guinea.

THE contents of the poſtſcript I naturally referred to the conſideration of my publiſher, who conſequently had a right to determine on the goodneſs of my friend's eſſay; but, whatever was the reaſon, I heard no more of it. The commerce between bookſeller and author is,

indeed, of very great ſervice, eſpecially to the latter: for, though I myſelf muſt undoubtedly be excepted out of the number, yet it muſt be confeſſed, that the moſt famous wits have owed their ſupport to this pecuniary intercourſe. Meat and drink, and the other conveniencies of life, are as neceſſary to an author, as pen, ink and paper: and I remember to have ſeen, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. *Tonſon*, a curious manuſcript of the great *Dryden* himſelf, wherein he petitions his bookſeller to advance a ſum of money to his taylor.

THE next letter comes likewiſe from an author, who complains of an evil, which does not, indeed, often affect many of our fraternity; I mean, the cuſtom of giving money to ſervants.

Dear Mr. TOWN,

I HAVE been happy all this winter in having the run of a nobleman's table, who was pleaſed to patronize a work of mine, and to which he allowed me the honour of prefixing his name in a dedication. We geniuſes have a ſpirit, you know, far beyond our pockets: and (beſides the extraordinary expence of new cloaths to appear decent) I aſſure you I have laid out every farthing, that I ever received from his lordſhip's

lordſhip's bounty, in tips to his ſervants. After every dinner I was forced to run the gantlope through a long line of powdered pick-pockets: and I could not but look upon it as a very ridiculous circumſtance, that I ſhould be obliged to give money to a fellow, who was dreſſed much finer than myſelf. In ſuch a caſe, I am apt to conſider the ſhowy waiſtcoat of a foppiſh footman, or butler out of livery, as laced down with the ſhillings and half-crowns of the gueſts.

I WOULD therefore beg of you, Mr. TOWN, to recommend the poor author's caſe to the conſideration of the gentlemen of the cloth; humbly praying, that they would be pleaſed to let us go ſcot-free as well as the clergy. For though a good meal is in truth a very comfortable thing to us, it is enough to blunt the edge of our appetites, to conſider that we muſt afterwards pay ſo dear for our ordinary.

I am, SIR,

Your humble ſervant,

JEFFERY BAREBONES.

By ſome of my papers I find I have drawn upon me the cenſure, not only of the Free-thinkers, but of the Moravians, Methodiſts, and other numerous ſectaries, which have lately ſtarted up in oppoſition to our eſtabliſhed religion. The following letter, occaſioned by my ſixty-firſt number, bears about it ſo many marks of an original, that it certainly comes from one of their teachers, who (as his ſtile ſmells ſo much of the craft) is undoubtedly ſome inſpired ſhoe-maker, or enlightened bricklayer. I have, therefore, printed it without any alteration, except in the ſpelling.

Mr. CONNOISSEUR.

SIR,

I Have taken the pains as uſual to read your paper; and as you receive letters, I thought proper among the reſt to ſend one alſo, to let you know, that I did not know that a cat was capable of conſtituting a religious ſociety before. A prieſt may, 'tis true; and ſo may another rational creature, and perhaps an old woman alſo. But, Sir, you argue, that what a *French* fool or lunatic ſays on this head, is true; but you make more out, I obſerve, from the old woman and the leathern apron, than you do of the cat. For,

if

if old women will, or does conſtitute a religious ſociety, I underſtand from the foundation you ſeem to argue, that you are as much an old woman as they. For to argue or reaſon from an old woman's ſtory, and for all your learning, and policy, and cunningneſs, and judgment you ſeem to have, you have but little of yourſelf: and as you ſeem to ridicule religion, and compare it to atheiſm or lunacy, I would beg the favour to know, Sir, what religion You are of: but by your talk I fear you are of none at all.

THIS New Doctrine, Sir, that you revile, is the real goſpel, which you will find ſo, if you hear it, and compare it with the ſcriptures, if you believe any ſcripture at all. For you ſay, Sir, that the moſt extraordinary tenets of religion are very ſucceſsfully propagated under the ſanction of leathern aprons inſtead of caſſocks. Well, and ſuppoſe it is: you acknowledge it is received by well-diſpoſed people; and if it is, then it is plain, as you ridicule it, you are not one of theſe well diſpoſed. But, Sir, this New Doctrine, as you call it, is not only propagated under the ſanction of leathern aprons, by barbers, bricklayers, and the like, but by many of the clergy now in the eſtabliſhed church: and if you often went to hear them, but not as a critic to carp at what

what is there ſpoken, you would underſtand more what this New Doctrine meant, and whether it drives men to enthuſiaſm, and the like, or no.

SIR, what you touch on the Moravians, I will not ſay any thing about or againſt: for perhaps it is too true. But, Sir, I would adviſe you to know a little more of religion experimentally for yourſelf, before you pretend to condemn others. And, Sir, if you are informed, that there will be a mad-houſe built on the ground where the Foundery ſtands, or the Methodiſts Meeting-houſe, as you call it, perhaps there may be as many criticiſing lunatics in it, as religious ones; and very likely more. Sir, I beg you would take care, you don't bother your brains too much about other people's affairs; leſt I ſhould have the pain, not the pleaſure, of ſeeing you there.

I HAVE juſt given you a ſketch of the ridiculing the New Doctrine, and wiſh you could find ſome better employ, if ſo be it was with a leathern apron before you; for I think it would become you better than this point does. Sir, I hope you will excuſe my freedom with you, as others muſt yours with them.

Your humble ſervant,

WISH NO HARM.

THE laſt letter, which I ſhall add, comes from an unknown correſpondent, who has already obliged me more than once, If I may judge from the hand-writing.

SIR,

SOME time ago you archly remarked, that there was not one *Woman* left, but that the whole ſex was elevated into LADIES. You might at the ſame time have taken notice of the wonderful increaſe among the other ſex in the order of GENTLEMEN.

BESIDES thoſe, who are univerſally acknowledged of this rank from their birth and ſituation in life, the courteſy of *England* alſo entitles all perſons, who carry arms, to that dignity: ſo that his Majeſty's three regiments of guards are compoſed entirely of Gentlemen; and every priggiſh fellow, who can clap a *queüe* to his peruke, and hang a ſword aukwardly dangling by his ſide, from thence aſſumes the importance, as well as name of a Gentleman. Idleneſs and ignorance being too often the diſgrace of thoſe, who are Gentlemen born and bred, many inveſt themſelves with that dignity, though with no other qualifications. If the pride, poverty, or neglect of parents, has prevented their ſon from being

being bound apprentice, or if the idle raſcal has ſhewn his indentures a light pair of heels, in either caſe *Tom* is of no trade, and conſequently a Gentleman. I know at this time a man, who came from *Ireland* laſt ſummer with an hayfork, but before winter raiſed himſelf to the rank of a Gentleman; and every day I go to *Windmill-ſtreet*, I ſee a very honourable Gentleman betting large ſums of money, whom I formerly remember Marker of the Tennis Court. Add to this, that all attorneys clerks, apprentices, and the like are Gentlemen every evening; and the citizen, (who drudges all the reſt of the week behind the counter) every Sunday, together with his laced waiſtcoat and ruffles, puts on the Gentleman. Every author, Mr. TOWN, is a Gentleman, if not an Eſquire, by his profeſſion; and all the players, from *King Richard* to the *Lieutenant of the Tower*, are Gentlemen.

THE body of Gentlemen is ſtill more numerous; but I have not leiſure at preſent to climb up to garrets, or dive into cellars after them. I ſhall only obſerve, that many of the abovementioned members of this order die with the ſame reputation that they lived, and go out of the world, like *Squire Maclean*, or *Gentleman Harry*.

Your humble ſervant, &c.

*** BEFORE I diſmiſs this new edition of my works, I think it my duty to return thanks to my kind readers for their candid reception of theſe Papers, as they were ſeparately publiſhed: Though I cannot but be ſenſible, that either through haſte, inadvertence, or other avocations, they unavoidably abounded with many faults; from which I have endeavoured to clear them as much as poſſible in their preſent form. Mr. *Faulkner* of *Dublin* is very welcome, therefore, to his *Iriſh* edition, printed *literatim* from my *Folio*; in which, I dare ſay, the very errors of the preſs are moſt religiouſly preſerved.

I CANNOT but regret, indeed, that there is ſtill wanting one principal ornament to theſe little volumes; I mean, the DEDICATION. Not that there are wanting perſons highly deſerving of all the praiſes, which the moſt obſequious and moſt devoted Author could poſſibly laviſh on them: for in all ages, and in all nations, theſe have always abounded. *Latin* Authors, for example, have never failed to pay their compliments to the illuſtrious family of the *Iſſimi*; ſuch as the *laudatiſſimi*, the *eminentiſſimi*, the *commendatiſſimi*, the *famigeratiſſimi*, the *doctiſſimi*, the *nobiliſſimi*, &c. and among our own writers no leſs reſpect

reſpect has been ſhewn to the numerous race of the *moſt* famous, the *moſt* ingenious, the *moſt* learned, the *moſt* eminent, &c. It is but juſtice, that thoſe, who offer the incenſe, ſhould "live by "the altar:" yet, notwithſtanding I gave notice to any Rich Citizen, Nobleman, or Others, that my Dedication ſhould be diſpoſed of to the Beſt Bidder, I have received no overtures on that head. In the City, this *Courſe of Exchange* has not yet been eſtabliſhed; and among people of quality, the market has been over-ſtocked, and flattery is become a mere drug; while ſome of them, who have taken up the trade themſelves, have, perhaps, conſidered me as a rival or interloper in the buſineſs.

IT remains only to give an account of the Authors concerned in this work. I am ſorry, that I do not know the names of any of the Voluntiers, to whom I have been greatly indebted: and as to thoſe, who have engaged for the drudgery of the week, various conjectures have been formed about them. Some are ſure, that the papers ſigned T are written by Mr. *Such an One*,—becauſe it is the firſt letter of his name; and others, by *Another*,—becauſe it is not: O is the mark of the *Honourable* ———, or *Lord* ———; they know it by the ſtile: And W muſt

muſt be the work of a certain famous wit, and no other: —— *Aut Eraſmus, aut Diabolus.* But to put this matter out of all doubt, and to ſatisfy the curioſity of my readers, all I am at liberty at preſent to divulge is, that none of the papers (to my knowledge) were written by the *Honourable* ———, or *Lord* ———, or —— *Eſquire*; but that thoſe which are marked with a T, and thoſe with an O, and thoſe with a W, (as well as thoſe which hereafter may perhaps be ſigned N,) are furniſhed by the ingenious and learned gentleman, who has ſubſcribed his name to this paper.

T, O, W, N.

END of the SECOND VOLUME.

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